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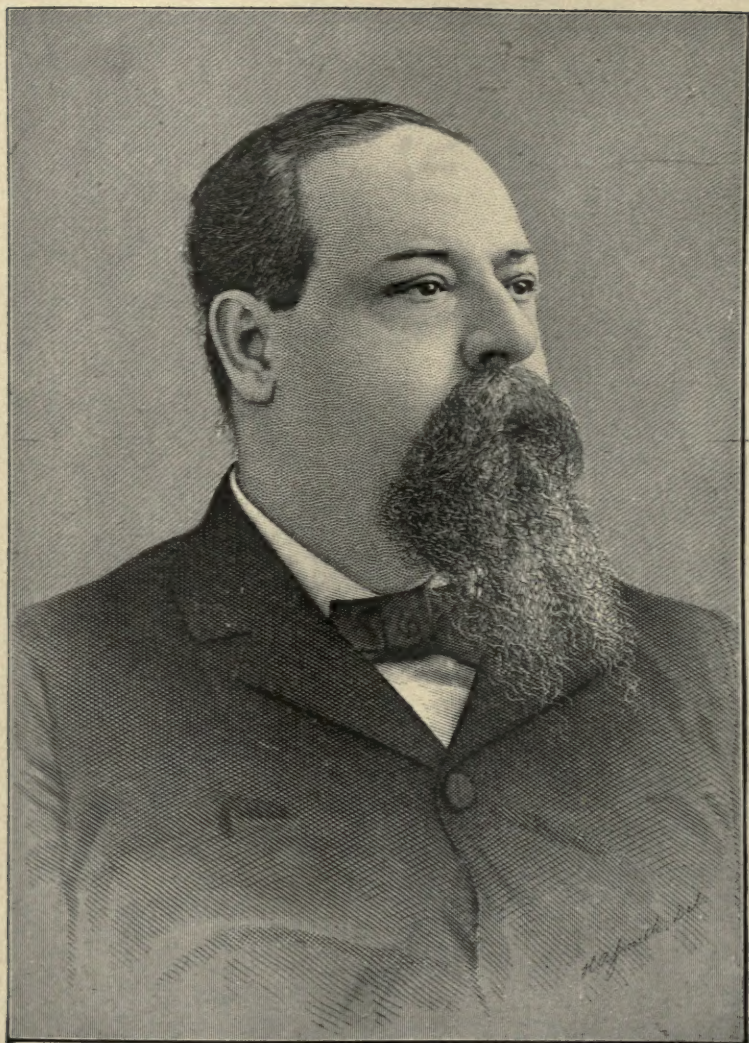












*Thos. W. Clamphire*

ECHOES

FROM THE

# ROCKY MOUNTAINS

REMINISCENCES AND THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE ROMANTIC AND  
GOLDEN AGE OF THE GREAT WEST, WITH A GRAPHIC  
ACCOUNT OF ITS DISCOVERY, SETTLEMENT  
AND GRAND DEVELOPMENT.

BY

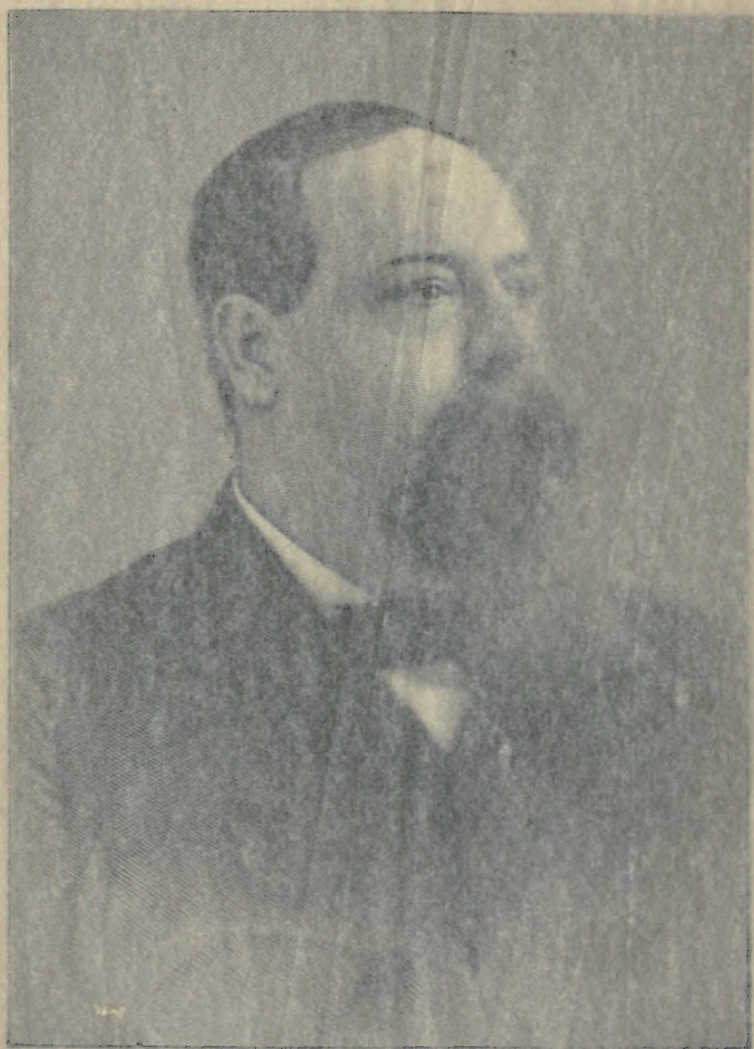
JOHN W. CLAMPITT

*Counselor at Law.*

ELABORATELY ILLUSTRATED

THE NATIONAL BOOK CONCERN.

134 Van Buren Street,  
CHICAGO.



*Mr. W. Clamping*

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DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY,  
PRINTERS, ENGRAVERS AND BINDERS.  
CHICAGO.

TO THE  
PIONEERS OF THE PACIFIC,  
MEN WHO NOBLY BRAVED THE WAVES OF PERILOUS FORTUNE  
AND  
LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES  
IN FOUNDING THE GREAT COMMONWEALTHS OF THE  
PACIFIC COAST.  
THIS WORK IS DEDICATED.

"What lives they lived! What deaths they died!  
A thousand canons dark'ning wide  
Below Sierra's slopes of pride  
Receive them now. And they who died  
Along the dim, far desert route—  
Their ghosts are many. Let them keep  
Their vast possession. The Piute,  
The tawny warrior, will dispute  
No boundary with these. And I—  
Who saw them live, who felt them die—  
Say, let their unplowed ashes sleep."

m/s

4/29/80

## INTRODUCTION.

The pages of this book record many scenes, events and perils clustering about the life of the writer during a residence of several years as an officer of the Federal Government in the far West, in the territory embracing the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean.

It likewise relates the earlier voyages of discovery in its trackless depths. First by that known as the Lewis and Clarke expedition at the instigation of President Jefferson, who sought a highway to the Pacific Ocean, through our newly acquired territory, known as the Louisiana Purchase; and by that of the path-finder, John C. Fremont, who later on verified the dream of Jefferson and opened up a highway to myriads of gold seekers.

It tells of the early settlement of California, the Pacific coast and Northwestern Territories consequent upon the discovery of the precious metal in Sutters' Mill race on the Sacramento, by Marshall the Mormon, and the swift settlement and development of that land of wealth and wonders.

Of the establishment of the Pony Express, and the great Overland Mail Express lines that speedily followed.

Of the vast system of electric wires connecting the Orient and the Occident.

Of the building of the three great lines of transcontinental railroads that pour the mineral and agricultural wealth of that region into the lap of the world, and of the national legislation promoting the vast labor.

It describes much of the wild scenery, glowing landscape, majestic waterfalls, mighty lakes, mysterious mountain vales, lost rivers and natural wonders of the far West.

It tells of massacres and assassinations of pioneers who first trod its unknown depths. Of Indian violence and treachery of the white man. Of mail-coach pillage on the highway, and the robbers of the cañons. Of the *vigilantes* of California, Montana and Idaho, and scenes and incidents connected with the exercise of their mysterious and tremendous power.

It speaks of Indian songs, legends and dances. Of the wonders of Yosemite and the Yellowstone. Of great mining industries and the

vast productions of gold and silver that enabled the Government to resume "specie payment." It relates the acquisition of territory and the means whereby we acquired title to many thousands of square miles of territory.

It is a brief review of the earlier history of events, marking the development of the great West and the perils that beset the path of the American pioneer.

It is the product of leisure hours snatched from busy professional and official life, and is presented to the reading American public as an exhibit of pioneer life, truthful and original, in many of whose exciting scenes and events the writer participated, and who was inspired to prepare the work from the deep reverence he holds for the American pioneer. It has been in the main carefully prepared from notes and records made by the author during the prosecution of his official trusts. Wherever information has been obtained from other sources, they have been fully verified before adoption. It has been in some degree a labor of love to commemorate the virtues and brave deeds of many mountain friends who have crossed the "*divide*" and passed down into the sweet Valley of Rest.

It is presented after the lapse of years, that the generation which has grown up since their fathers' heroism opened the great Pacific highway to the world may know and understand through "what perils passed and dangers undergone" the foundation of this mighty Western empire was laid.

THE AUTHOR.

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# ECHOES

FROM THE

## ROCKY MOUNTAINS

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### CHAPTER I.

THE ROMANTIC AGE OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER—THE ADVENTUROUS SETTLEMENTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST—DISCOVERY OF GOLD, 1848—THE LEWIS AND CLARKE EXPEDITION—FREMONT'S EXPEDITION—FREMONT'S EARLY LIFE AND MARRIAGE—TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS IN THE SIERRAS—COMPELLED TO EAT AS FOOD THE BODIES OF THEIR DEAD COMPANIONS—GEN. JOHN S. SUTTER—MARSHALL, THE MORMON—GENERAL SUTTER'S RANCH ON THE SACRAMENTO—THE PATHWAY TO THE PACIFIC.

THE romantic age of the Western frontier has disappeared forever. Its last vestige was destroyed by the golden spike, driven in the ides of September, 1883, on the northern line of railroad beneath the shadow of the white head of Mount Paul, where, amid the wildest scenery, its own icy springs and cascades mingle with the waters of the Independence and the Deer Lodge, and thence, through broad Pend d'Oreille and the swift Columbia, flow on together within the bosom of the Pacific, and lose their identity in its vast eternity.

Upon the adventurous footprints of Jonathan Carver, in 1763, followed the dream of Thomas Jefferson. Its realization came just within the closing outlines of a century, whose history has been the grandest yet vouchsafed to man in the struggle and mastery of mind over matter.

Within this period, however, the broadest field of romance and of chivalry was opened up to the unconquerable spirits of the age. For wild adventure, thrilling conflict and personal daring it was unsurpassed in history. Neither the age of Arthur, nor Charlemagne, nor Amadis of Gaul, nor the barons of the feudal times, nor the knights of

the middle ages, with their traces of stoic philosophy, nor the heroes of Chaucer, of Germanic traditions or classical antiquity, nor the knights of the crusades, crowned with their religious orders, nor the legends of the poets from the days of Trojan heroes to the troubadours, whose romantic deeds shine out as a bright light in the gloom of the dark ages, can obscure by comparison the chivalrous and romantic deeds of the American pioneers preceding and following the discovery of gold upon the Pacific coast.

These were the unawed men who pushed their way through the unbroken wilderness of a strange land, through hostile Indian bands, across rapid mountain streams swollen to their utmost verge, over the crags of ice-bound mountains, through the cypress depths of dark, unexplored cañons, beyond trackless wastes of alkali deserts and treacherous quicksands, through valleys whose breath was death, and across chasms from whose rocky depths came the sound of hissing, boiling waters and the cataract's roar.

And yet, amid all this hazard and toil and ceaseless endeavor—past the myriad milestones of unburied bones of souls who had laid down at once their pack and the burden of life—past the wreck of wheel and truncheon, over which the storms of the plains had swept and whitened in their solitude—rode for three thousand miles the unruffled knight of wild American adventure, the bravest soldier of fortune, whose stalwart arm and invincible courage had carved the paths of empire, following the dim trail of a human footprint until with the years it broadened into a highway of civilization; battling with the dangers and privations of his perilous journey across the continent, as if, instead of continuous peril and starvation, and, perchance, sudden death at the hands of red or white assassin, a jeweled crown, a kingly sceptre and robes of royalty waited him at its farther end.

It was not, however, the search for power that led thither the bold, adventurous spirit. It was a mightier incentive.

Few, indeed, of the hardy bands of pioneers who journeyed beyond those trackless wastes dreamed of the empire that time would unfold on the shores of the distant Pacific; that while Anglo-Saxon spirit and enterprise should lay its hand of industry upon the distant line of continent, where the horizon drops into the sea, liberty and law would go hand in hand to fashion the rude elements of material society, mold the manhood and form the superstructure of government, in



A VISION OF OUR WESTERN EMPIRE.



accordance with the progressive ideas of civilization in the home valleys they had left behind, in their conquest over nature in the daring search for gold.

The discovery of gold in large quantities upon the Pacific coast was the mighty incentive that led thither the adventurous American pioneer. Men of the coolest blood and bravest spirit flocked to the new *El Dorado*. Not since the walls of Rome fell beneath the imperial blows of Tudor and Plantagenet had such a scene been presented as the crumbling of ancient mountain walls beneath the prowess and genius of their descendants. They differed, however, from their ancient ancestry in this: this conquered empire was one of peace, not of war. The enemy they subdued was that of nature, not one of armed battalions. They were crusaders, whose aspirations were molded, governed and controlled by the sovereign, progressive ideas of the glowing century in which they lived. They were soldiers of industry, drilled by labor and hardship, and transformed from a chaotic mob of men into an organized and disciplined army, with mighty weapons of industry, who went forth only to industrial conquest. They possessed themselves of the richest mineral-bearing lands, and located their mining camps. They built villages, towns and cities so far beyond the pale of civilization that for many years they had no local existence upon the land maps of the government. All the industrial labors of the human race were pursued with tireless energy in this remote wilderness. Forests were felled, rivers bridged, mills constructed, water-courses changed, canals dug, flumes built, mines worked, and the virgin soil, which had slept unbroken amid everlasting silence since the mountains and stars watched over its birth, was, for the first time in all the ages, upthrown to the dew and the sunshine.

Such was the advent of the forces of civilization upon the Pacific coast, and the strangest part of the phenomena, that to be most wondered at, and yet in itself illustrating in a high degree the cohesive power and paramount influence of the institutions of our government, is the fact, patent to mankind, that for twenty-five years this tide of civilization moved on in all the grandeur of its rapid and complete development in the upbuilding of empire, in its barter and sale and its vast accretions of wealth under laws framed by itself and alone enforced by the general sentiment of the community.

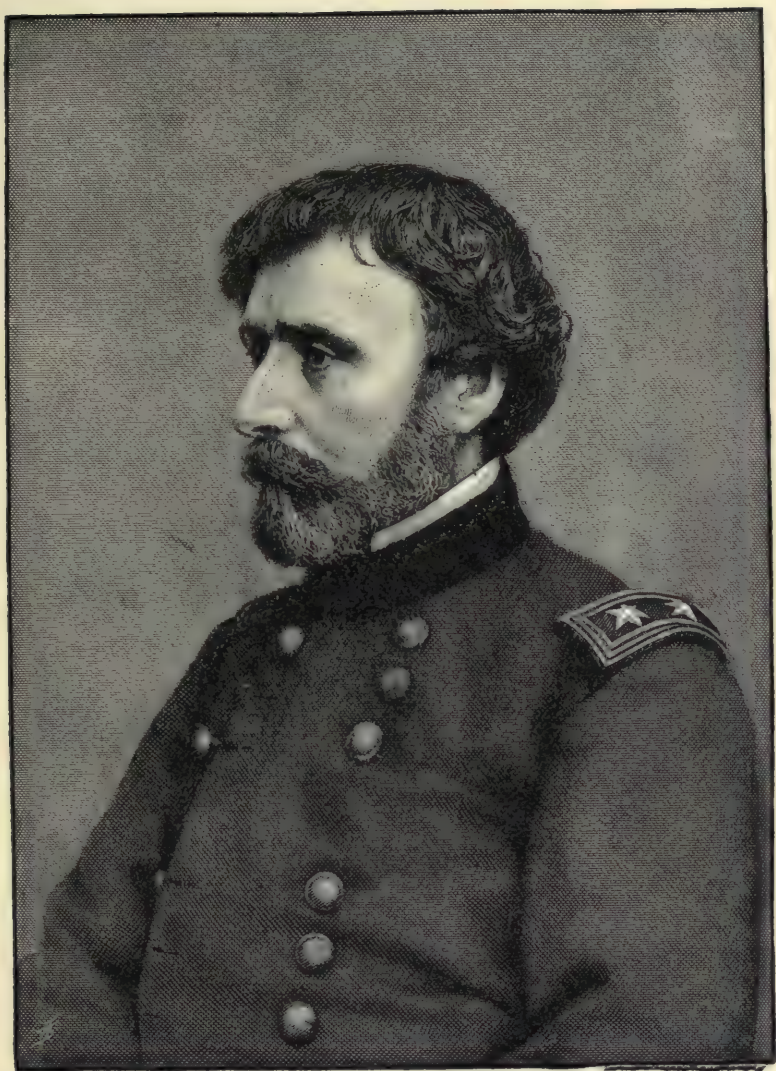
Amid all the excitement of a mining camp, the decision of a miner's court, composed of a few leading men chosen from among the miners to adjust the claims of conflicting interests, were promptly obeyed. In after years when, over this vast field of human industry in which the tireless energy of the race had found the means of development, the United States government had spread the ægis of its laws and institutions and the forms of its liberal rule, and by organic act courts of record were established to enforce the statute law, the early decisions of the miners' court, framed amid the rude elements of the incongruous and complex society of that period, were invariably accepted as law and precedent, although involving many millions of value.

The transition from industry organized upon a small scale to the larger industries of compact labor extending its diffusive energies from mining camp to city, from city to State, is exemplified in the vast creation of States and Territories upon the Pacific coast, and in that fruitful field of industry and development, peopled with many thousands of human beings and dotted with towns, villages and cities, which but a little while ago was placed upon our maps as an unknown and mysterious land, within whose weird borders the white men had never passed; where savage tribes were said to hold their wild orgies of blood, and cannibals dwelt, who loved the taste of human flesh; a land given up to darkness and death—a broad black belt of territory indicated upon our maps as the *terra incognita*, now a land of peopled towns, of wealth and riches, of labor and prosperity, of happy homes and sunshine.

And this is what hath been given us by the mighty forces of civilization first displayed and set in motion in an inhospitable land by that chivalrous crusader—the American pioneer and gold-seeker!

During the administration of Thomas Jefferson, and at his urgent appeal, Congress voted an appropriation for the initial survey of the vast wilderness lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, by an expedition to discover a practicable route for travel and traffic, to follow the Missouri River to its source, pass over the mountain headlands and descend the water-courses of the western coast until they merged into the Pacific Ocean.

The expedition that accomplished this perilous work is known as the "Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804." Merriweather Lewis



*W. Fremont*



was a native of Virginia, and in the year 1800 a captain in the regular army of the United States. Shortly afterward he became Jefferson's private secretary, and so impressed the President with his qualifications for the great task that he appointed him leader of the expedition to the Pacific Ocean.

William Clark was likewise a native of Virginia, and a lieutenant of artillery in the regular army, and was ordered by the President to join the Rocky Mountain Expedition, and it is said that to his thorough knowledge of the Indians and their habits the success of the expedition was mainly due. In 1813 he was appointed governor of Missouri, and held the office until the complete organization of the State government. In 1822 he was made superintendent of Indian affairs, which office he continued to hold until his death.

Poor Lewis met a sadder fate. Brilliant, brave and generous, he was withal subject to periods of great mental depression, in one of which he slew himself, near Nashville, Tennessee. Before this, however, he rose to considerable distinction, was made governor of the Territory of Louisiana, and Jefferson's own hand traced the lines of his memorial, which was published in 1814, together with the "Narrative of the Lewis and Clark Expedition."

The wonderful journey they made across the unknown continent began at St. Louis, then but a trading post, early in the month of May, 1804. They wintered at a point fifty miles above the present location of the town of Bismarck, on the Missouri River. After innumerable hardships and many perils by field and flood and Indian treachery, on the 7th of November, 1805, they beheld for the first time the broad waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Their homeward journey began in the month of March, of the year following, and they reached St. Louis again in the month of September of the same year, thus traversing the vast wilderness, exploring an untrodden field, and revealing the hidden mysteries of a land of silence and darkness. They returned over the route marked out by the hand of Jefferson, and over which the present Northern Pacific Railway now runs. Thus has the dream of Jefferson been realized within a century, along the northern border of what was once "The Great American Desert." It was, however, left to a familiar figure of contemporary history to pierce the rim of darkness surrounding the great black belt of territory lying central on the continent

between the Missouri and the Pacific. To John C. Fremont are this honor and this fame accorded, and the lofty peak which he ascended, 13,750 feet above the level of the sea, bears his name, and becomes the eternal monument of his genius, courage and resolution.

It is unnecessary to do more than to refer to the early life of the great "Pathfinder," as his late achievements are familiar to all. In 1840 he received from President Van Buren a commission as lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers. While in the city of Washington, preparing reports of certain explorations in which he had been engaged, he met Jessie Benton, the daughter of the senator from Missouri. At that time she was a pretty girl of sixteen years, and, fascinated by the gallant address of the young lieutenant, she engaged herself to him in marriage. This act greatly enraged the senator, and he endeavored to break up the match by causing Fremont to be sent upon a distant expedition, to examine the Des Moines River. He, however, completed the work within a year, and returned to claim his bride. The opposition of the senator still continuing, he contracted a secret marriage. Then, fired with the hope of distinguishing himself by some brave movement in the line of his profession, and of presenting a great contribution to the geographical science of the world, he planned a geographical survey of the Territories of the United States.

These plans were partially approved, and he was directed to explore the Rocky Mountains, particular attention to be given to the South Pass, with a view to an overland communication with the Pacific Ocean. This he accomplished with but a handful of men, discovering the route to California through the great South Pass, followed soon after by tens of thousands of gold-seekers. His reports attracted great attention both at home and abroad.

In the following year (1843) he planned a second expedition to explore the unknown country lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast — a land of forms and shadows, wild and weird, and open alone to the speculations of those who had trodden upon its borders.

He started with his band of men in the month of May, explored the Kansas River, went through the South Pass, and, after an unbroken journey of 1,700 miles, on the 7th of September came in sight of the saline waters of the Great Salt Lake.



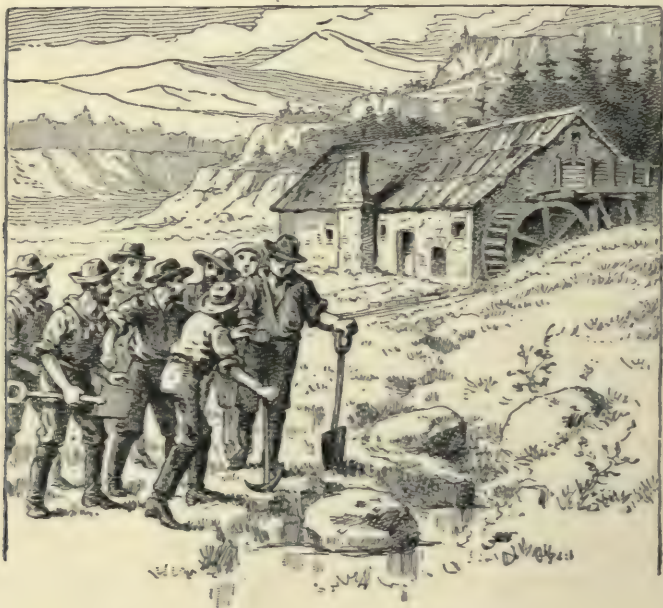
GENERAL SUTTER.



At this point he diverged northward to the tributaries of the Columbia River as far as Fort Vancouver, and in the month of November began his return through an unknown region barred by rugged mountain ridges. Falling into deep snows in a barren and desolate country, with death from cold and starvation awaiting his farther progress, he concluded that the lives of his party depended upon their ability to cross the snowy range and proceed to San Francisco, instead of the United States. The Indians declared the mountains had never been crossed by a human being and refused to guide them. His lofty spirit, however, overcame all obstacles, and, traversing the snow deeps of the lofty range, in forty days his party reached Sutter's Fort, on the Sacramento, more like ghosts than living human beings, having been reduced to skeletons by starvation.

The history of this man is full of interest. His name was John Augustus Sutter. He was born in Baden in the year 1803, and became an officer in the Swiss service, where he served honorably for a number of years. In 1834 he emigrated to this country, and established himself as a trader at Santa Fé. In 1838 he pushed his way to the Pacific coast, thence to the Sandwich Islands, and far up afterward to unexplored Alaska, on the return voyage from which, in 1839, he was wrecked in San Francisco Bay. Here he determined to locate, and obtaining a grant of land from the Mexican government he established, in 1841, on the spot where Sacramento now stands, a settlement he called New Helvetia. He was made governor of Northern California by the Mexicans, and when by treaty at the close of the Mexican War it passed under the jurisdiction of the United States, he was appointed by our government Alcalde and Indian agent. His settlement was flourishing; he built large saw mills; became the proprietor of other large industrial interests, and gathered within his control considerable wealth. He became noted far and near for his generous nature and his charitable deeds, and no lost or wearied traveler or sojourner in that remote region was ever refused food and shelter and warm-hearted encouragement. In the month of February, 1848, Marshall, who had contracted to build a saw mill for General Sutter on the Sacramento, while digging the mill race discovered in the sand particles of gold. Upon further examination it was ascertained that the whole bed of the stream was filled with rich deposits of the precious metal, which likewise spread over a large area of territory.

Then began that wonderful *hegira* to the new *El Dorado*, more particularly described in the chapter on mining. But this great discovery, which enriched so many of mankind, impoverished the generous proprietor of Sutter's Mills. His mills and workshops, once full of activity, became idle for the want of labor to successfully run them. He could not afford the wages that men could earn working in the mines. His works by degrees were destroyed and his lands pre-empted by the gold-diggers who, seeking the precious metals in their

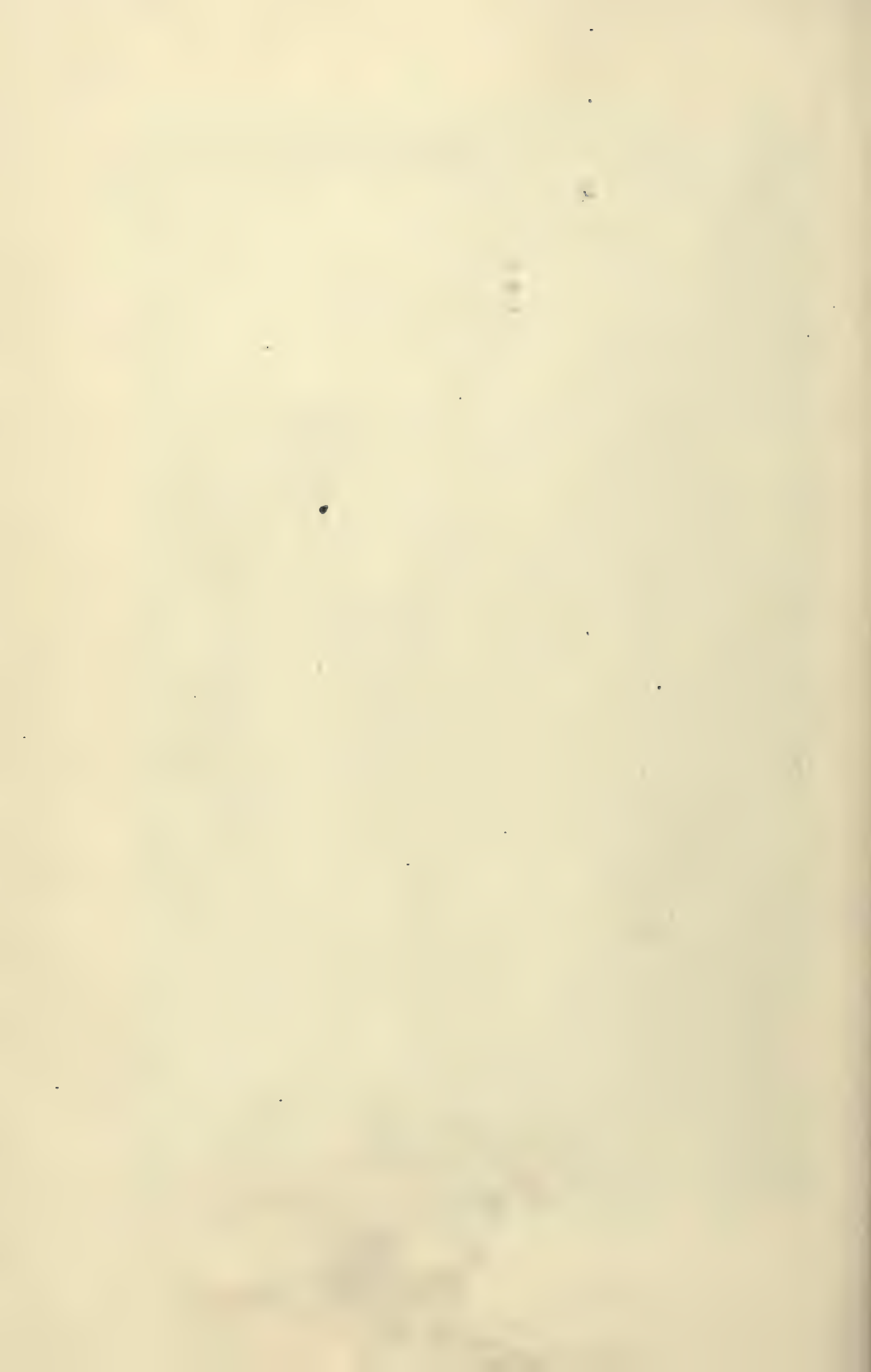


DISCOVERY OF GOLD AT SUTTER'S MILL.

hiding places, found them within his possessions. Year by year everything of value was swept from the noble-hearted pioneer, and in his old age he was left penniless, and in 1873 he removed from California to Pennsylvania. Often have I beheld this venerable man with frosted head standing within the halls of Congress, appealing in his old age and poverty for a pittance of that which had been taken from him under the forms of law. Finally, Congress granted him an annual pension of \$3,000. He lived but a year to enjoy the "bitter little that of life remained." Worn with life's cares and anxieties, and the betrayals which in his advanced years fell heavily upon him, this brave



SUTTER'S FORT.



soldier of the wilderness, whose arms of industry flashed far brighter in the sun of civilization than war's plumed helmet, laid down his burden at seventy-seven and went to repose in the land of shadows.

Warmed back again into life and health by the old General's hospitality, and obtaining a new outfit, Fremont proceeded southward along the western range of the Sierras and discovered a gap in that range, through which he passed into the great basin beyond, and thence safely to the Missouri, reaching Washington City again on the 9th of August, 1844.

The same year he organized another expedition and explored the great basin and the maritime region of California. The war with Mexico intervening, it was not until 1848 that he organized another exploring party. He now sought a passage to California along the upper waters of the Rio Grande. In this attempt to cross the snow-covered Sierras the guide lost his way, and the party was subjected to the most terrible suffering, compelled by starvation to subsist upon the flesh of their dead companions, one-third of their number perishing from hunger and cold.

Dissatisfied with the results of this effort, the following year he organized another party of thirty men, and in the early part of that year, after a most determined effort, he succeeded in discovering a pass over the mountain ranges to the Sacramento.

Thus was the road opened to the myriad gold-seekers, all the way from the Missouri to the Pacific, by the indomitable energy and most persistent endeavor of the remarkable man whose place in history will be greater than that of an Achilles.

But what of the brave men who shared with him all the dangers and privations of his perilous labor?—except that hero of the plains, the faithful friend, guide and companion of Fremont, the chivalrous Kit Carson—their names may not live in history. No monument of the everlasting hills will bear their fame to Time's remotest age. But they were the brave companions of Fremont, who made success possible, and without whose aid he would have perished in his vast endeavor.

Some of them lie in little graveyards in the heart of the mountains, by the side of torrent streams that forever sing a wild dirge to their memory; some in green graves covered with the

flowers of remembrance, far beyond the crags over which they strode more like gods than men; some sleep in their own home valleys; some of the gallant band are yet in the active, busy world, awaiting the final summons beyond the snow and the frost line. Wherever they are they will be recalled as heroes of the storm-beaten heights—gods of the solitude greater than a Spartan band—through whose mountain passes run the electric wires of memory, stretching along the lines of the centuries, and whose blood-dyed walls loom up grander in thought than ancient Thermopylæ.

## CHAPTER II.

THE PONY EXPRESS—FROM RIVER TO OCEAN—THE STORY OF ITS ESTABLISHMENT—THE WAGER BETWEEN THE OCEAN EXPRESS AND THE OVERLAND FIRM OF RUSSELL, MAJORS, WADDELL & COMPANY—THE CONTINENT TO BE CROSSED IN FIFTEEN DAYS—FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS THE WAGER—STORY OF THE FIRST RIDE—THE LOST RIDER—THE DROWNED HORSE IN THE PLATTE RIVER—THE WAGER WON BY TWENTY MINUTES—THE PONY EXPRESS ASSURED—THE PONY EXPRESS RIDERS, *SUI GENERIS*—FAC SIMILE COPY OF PONY EXPRESS ENVELOPE WHICH CARRIED THE NEWS OF THE FIRST ELECTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO DENVER, THEN THE TERRITORY OF JEFFERSON—OTHER LETTERS—THE PONY EXPRESS AND THE FAST BRITISH MAIL FROM CHINA TO LONDON—THE PIKES PEAK GOLD EXCITEMENT.

THE red man and the frontier have faded together. Wars and wildernesses have likewise disappeared. Along the great lines of railroad plowing their lightning way through those once vast solitudes all is life and activity. Towns and cities have invaded their silent paths. Men who followed the faint trail of civilization have themselves beheld the great tide roll over their own footprints, and view with wonder its ever advancing waves. They are no longer pilgrims upon an inhospitable sod. They have annihilated space. They live in the new land of destiny, yet breathe in their old home valleys. At each station they hear the click of a wire tongue repeating its cabalistic speech 3,000 miles away—man bargaining with man across a continent about a mule, a mill-site or a million dollars of bonds. He, who but a few years ago trod these forlorn paths without a friend or human habitation in sight for countless miles, now sits beneath the glare of an electric light and reads the daily press, which with its own bright light has come to illumine the mind and tell the world of its matchless power and genius.

Schools, churches and opera houses have likewise appeared to enlighten the multitude and mold the morals of the new-born community. Hotels and banks now stand and welcome guests pour their gold over the very spots where but a little while ago the wolf and the bear prowled and the wild buffalo roamed in freedom. What a wonderful scene now uplifts its romantic, idealistic, yet solid picture before the

mental vision of the wonder-stricken pioneer, who lately delved amid the mountain rocks or trod the level plains in the awful stillness that fell around him like a mantle of sombre cloud! And now the vast system of railroads, electric wires and mails all rush along together! What an advent to him was the era of the first daily mail from the Missouri to the Pacific!

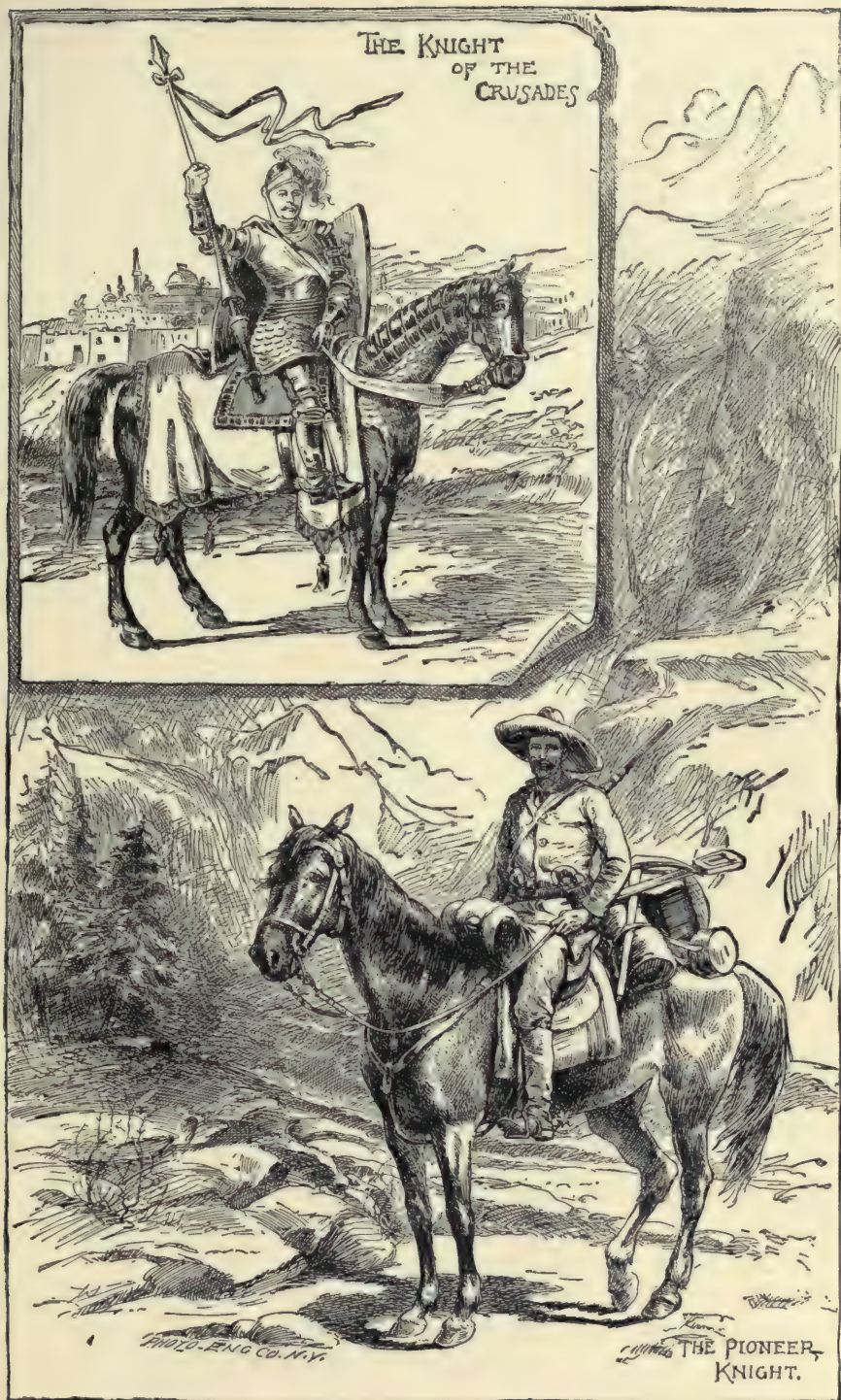
Who among the old pioneers and settlers upon the plains does not remember the contracting firm of Russell, Majors, Waddell & Co., at once the earliest and largest contracting firm in the great West, their business amounting to many millions of dollars annually?

Who among the early business men of the plains and Pacific coast now alive does not remember how very irregular were the mails—the Southern stage line carrying, or pretending to carry, a weekly mail which they were fortunate indeed to get through safely at great cost, but frequently lost on the way?

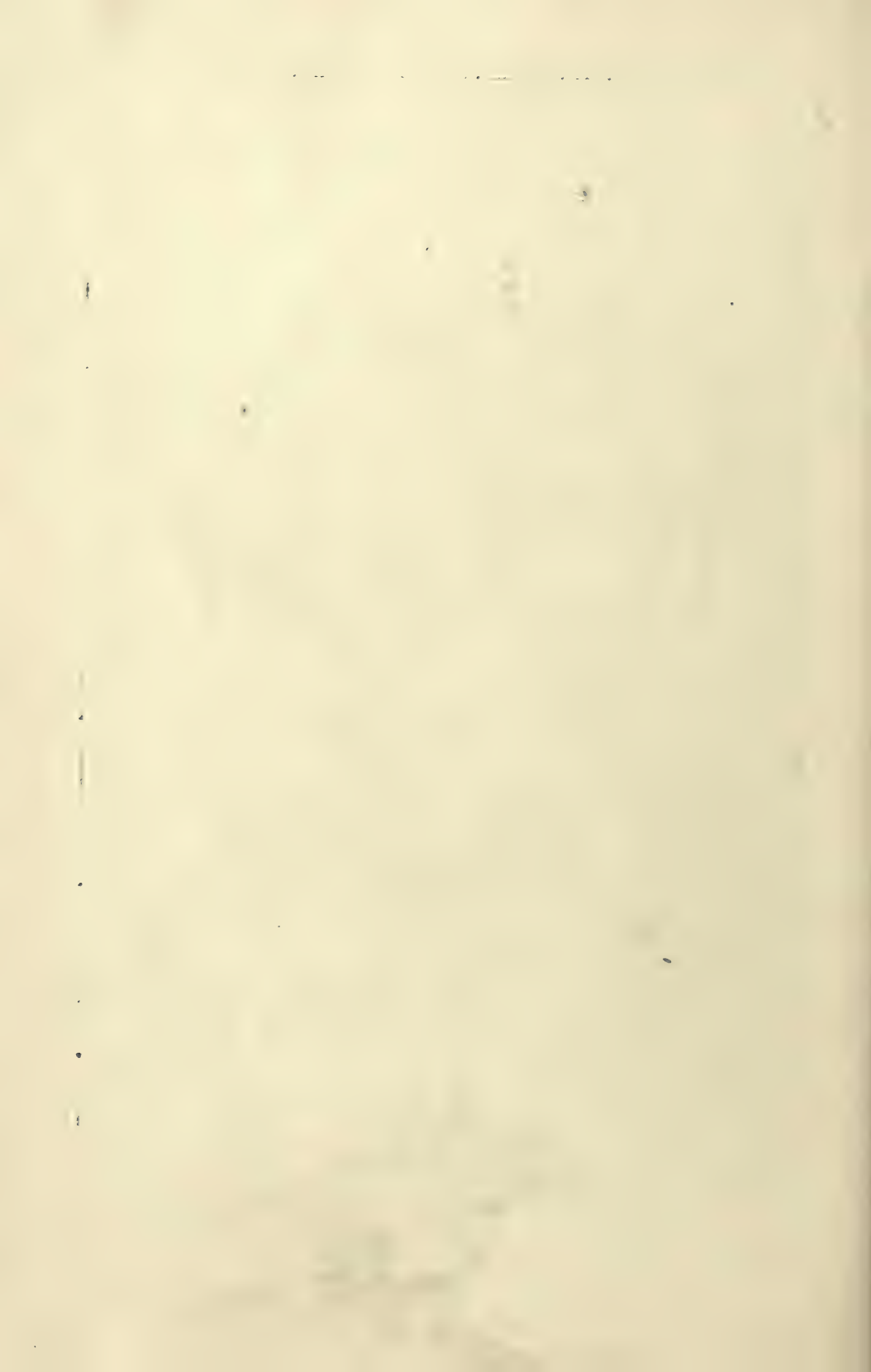
How often have I heard the story from those who were eye-witnesses of the manner in which the first daily mail was carried across the country by the "Pony Express." There were different versions of this remarkable event, but they were all grouped about and centered upon the same facts and results.

A part of the story related by old settlers and travelers told of the great spirit of rivalry existing between the stage and ocean lines of mail carriers to the Pacific coast—the steamers conveying the mails from New York harbor to the Isthmus, thence overland to the Pacific Ocean, and up the Western coast by steamer, through the Golden Gate to the city of San Francisco. The mail line by stages extended through New Mexico and Arizona, thence through Southern California to the upper settlements on the coast.

The firm of contractors above alluded to, Russell, Majors, Waddell & Co., held control of the central route by way of Julesburg, Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie and Salt Lake. It was not believed that this route was practicable for a mail route, and the suggestion of a *daily mail* was met with derision. This firm, however, had sufficient faith in its ultimate success to invest nearly \$100,000 in equipping the line with stock and stations for the world-renowned Pony Express, which began its wonderful work in the month of April, 1860, a year before the bells were pealing the first wild notes of war in the distant States. If it did not succeed to a brilliant career and pile up vast wealth for its



THE ANCIENT AND MODERN KNIGHT.



projectors, it at least accomplished that which has proven of more permanent value to mankind—it paved the way for the wire, the stages and the railroad, which have enriched the republic by accumulated wealth and empire, and showered countless blessings upon succeeding generations.

But as this scheme was a new idea, and involved strange business elements in its mixture, it was quite natural that the proprietors of the ocean line of steamers should take an unusual interest in the proceedings and results.

The owners of the Pony Express declared that by their way Salt Lake could be reached in ten days from St. Joseph, Mo., and the Pacific coast in five days more. The Ocean Express declared that it could not be done in the time stated, and wagered \$50,000 on the general result. Now, \$50,000 was quite a sum of money in those days of small pretension and strict economy, before the vast war warrants had begun to pass through the United States treasury, and men of small calibre but immoderate “good luck” acquired princely fortunes by a single Government contract, without dividing with their congressional influence.

I remember a little incident that occurred during the first year of the war that very forcibly illustrates this point. A member of Congress from a Western State obtained for one of his constituents a contract with the quartermaster’s department of Washington to furnish 1,000 horses at \$130 each. He fulfilled the contract, paying an average of about \$90, and clearing the splendid profit and fortune of \$40,000. Meeting his congressman one day in the streets of Washington, he proceeded to tell him of his good luck in fulfilling the contract, stating that he had cleared \$40,000 thereby. He thanked his friend, the congressman, for the deep interest he had taken in his welfare, and said in conclusion: “Now if you will get me another contract just like it, so that I may clear another \$40,000, I will make you a present of a gold-headed cane. The congressman thanked him for his kind expressions and his overflowing gratitude, but declined the offer of the gold-headed cane, and politely bade him “good day.” I am inclined to think he never obtained another such fat contract, at least through the influence of that congressman, as the way I heard him damn that particular constituent for proposing to bribe him with the offer of a gold-headed cane in exchange for \$80,000 was a caution to all evil doers.

However, the Pony Express men had great faith in the success of their venture, and were in nowise abashed by the bold proposition of the Ocean Express millionaires. They immediately accepted the wager and laid down their \$50,000 with a lofty courage as to the final result.

On the 3d of April the ponies started on the mighty task they were expected to perform. One from the ocean to the river; the other from the river to the sea! One with its golden ensign from the wave-washed shores of the Pacific; the other with the wheat-sheaf from the broad Missouri Valley! And thus onward they flew across the continent, in this mighty race of bone and sinew against the fleeting hours, the throb and beat and pulse of time! Station after station was quickly passed, mile upon mile melted away like the snow-wreaths in the valley when scorched by the summer sun. Nearer and nearer came the heralds of civilization bearing across trackless wastes the greetings of time's empires upon the East and West. With a wild cheer they pass midway between the river and the sea, and the breath from their ponies' nostrils mingle like the smoke of incense! All along the land course there was perfect order and discipline in each detail of movement, as scores of miles faded away. As soon as the express reached a station, where its work was done, another horse, saddled and bridled, awaited the leap from one stirrup to another. The mail bag was swiftly tossed from one to another, and the race continued like the wind. Fresh horses, with riders booted and spurred, instantly took the place of the worn and jaded. Still the race was not without its mishaps. Four hours were lost in a snow cañon by a bewildered boy rider, who wandered aimlessly seeking the road. Suddenly coming upon its trace, with all the energy of despair, he again started upon the course, striving madly to make up the lost time. Another horse and rider went down while crossing the Platte River. The horse was drowned, but the rider, seizing the mail-sack, swam safely ashore, and ran on foot to the next station, where his relief, in waiting, again took up the race, as with a lost thread.

And all this time, with anxious hearts aboard to learn the result of the great contest, the glowing mail-steamers were plowing their way through the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific. Two oceans were under conquest to contribute their aid to the will of man. On the land, pony and rider maintained their ceaseless speed through



# The Pony Express.

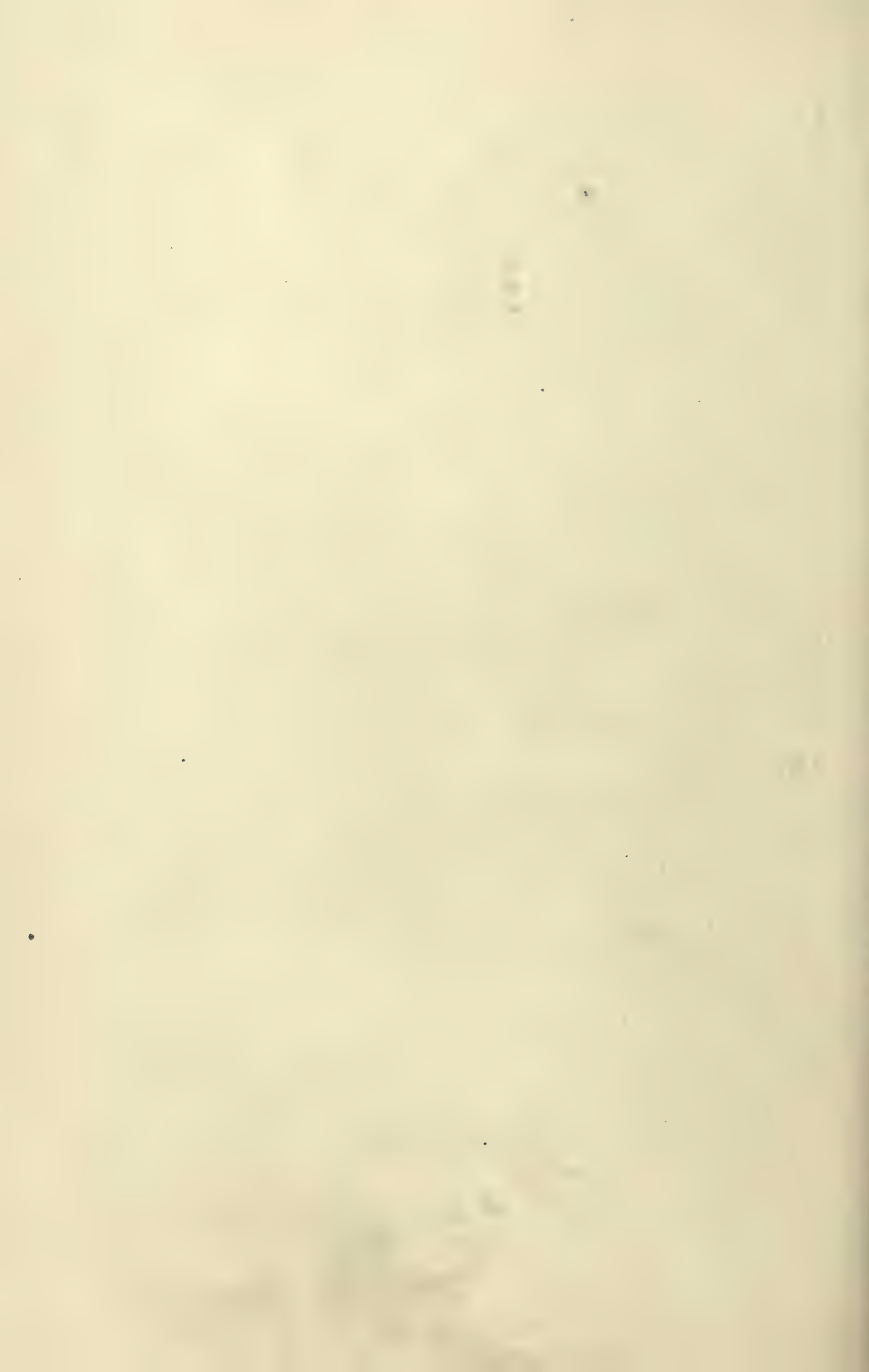


THE GREAT RACE  
AGAINST TIME

For \$50,000 —  
Started April 3d 1860.



PONY EXPRESS RACE FROM ST. JOSEPH, MO., TO SACRAMENTO, CAL.



storm and sunshine, through daylight and darkness, through mountain cañon, across swollen streams and over trackless wastes of parched and burnt alkali deserts; onward they flew, and still onward, until the broad continent was nearly spanned.

The first part of the race had been well nigh lost. Salt Lake had been reached, but not in ten days. They were *a few hours* over due. The goal, however, was Sacramento, and \$50,000 hung in the balance on the next five days. Would this brave effort to annihilate space win the goal? An hour, yea, a minute late, and the wager would be lost. Would the time lost in the turbid stream, and by the bewildered boy-rider in the deep snows of the cañon lose the race? Who could judge? Swift as a bird, and as ceaseless as its flight from wintry storms, onward went the Pony Express as the days passed. Twelve, fourteen, fifteen days went by, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the westward-bound was due at Sacramento, or the goal was lost! The morning hours sped swiftly away, and no tidings from the herald of the East. High noon passed, and no word from the tireless riders of the Pony Express! Three o'clock strikes upon the dial, and now the minutes are counted as they silently wing their way into the shades of eternity! Half-past three, and yet no sign upon the hill or in the valley! The fleeting moments are coated with anxiety! Dread comes with its sullen plume to mark the dead march of Time, and uncertainty!

“Uncertainty!

Fell demon of our fears! The human soul  
That can support despair, supports not thee.”

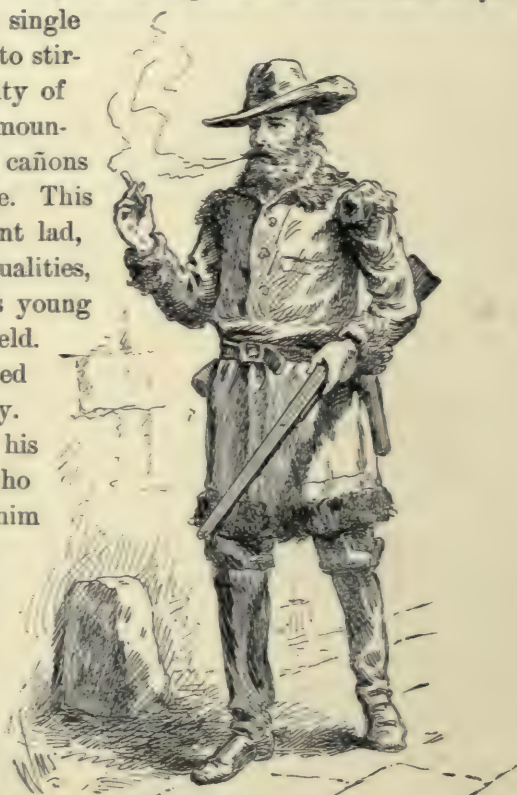
But “Patience sits by in angel’s garb,” and offers her sovereign aid. At this moment a speck is seen upon the horizon. Now it is no bigger than a man’s hand. Now it is a cloud. With whip and spur the bold boy-rider urges on his flying steed. He comes with a wild shout of victory beneath his floating ensign; his wheat-sheaf from the distant valley drops at the people’s feet. The earth trembles with their responsive voice, and the everlasting hills re-echo their shouts of triumph. The Pony Express has crossed the American continent, and won by twenty minutes!

And this is the story of the world-famed Pony Express, as I have heard it told a hundred times around distant camp-fires, whose ashes long since mingled with the sod. The same speed was kept up all the

time, as if \$50,000 was the daily prize. It was the same for months, and then the wave of war, with its bloody issues, rolled in sullen gloom across the plains, and the riders who, with whip and spur, had driven on their swift chargers in the interests of peace, went off to drive their war horses into battle, armed with gun and sabre. The Pony Express faded from the trail and passed into history; the trail became grass-grown, and the abandoned stations stood like ghosts of silent cities.

The Pony Express riders were *sui generis*—brave young fellows, whose love of adventure principally led them away from the haunts of civilization, and whose wild, untamed nature found keen zest and enjoyment in the danger and excitement of the daring frontier life. A volume might be written of their personal exploits. One of these boys rode for eighty miles on a single stretch, leaping from stirrup to stirrup, until he entered the city of Salt Lake through the rough mountain fastnesses and the rocky cañons of the mighty Wahsatch range. This rider was a bright, intelligent lad, of most brave and sturdy qualities, who afterward laid down his young life upon a Southern battle-field.

One named Murray died not long ago in Salt Lake City. I well remember him and his little auburn-haired wife, who appeared to be as proud of him as of the grandest. Murray was known as a desperate man and a deadly shot. He grew from a thin stripling to be a large, powerful man, weighing more than two hundred pounds. I can see him now, walking the streets of Salt Lake City in a sort of



MURRAY

a bear and buckskin suit, a brace of revolvers strapped to his waist, a

knife in his boot-leg, and a breech-loading shotgun in his hands; but then none thought strange of such a garb. It was the custom of the country and one of the institutions of the times for a man to go armed *cap-à-pie*; in fact, it was essential for the peace and security of a man that he should go constantly armed. He did not know at what moment he might be assailed, and to be "heeled" at the proper moment he must needs carry a battery around with him at all times. I remember very well that it was as natural for me, when I dressed in the morning, to push my derringers in my pistol-pockets, as it was to place my shirt upon my back or my hat upon my head.

The charges for carrying a letter by the Pony Express was \$5 per ounce or fractional part thereof. This afterward became reduced by the manufacture of a peculiar class of paper, called "pony express paper," of very light texture. By this means an eight or ten-page letter could be carried for \$2.50.

The income of the Pony Express amounted to \$500 per day. Besides the United States mail, it frequently carried in perfect order valuable express packages and documents. About this time England waged war upon China, and the reports from the English squadron in the Chinese waters to the home Government were carried by this route, it proving the quickest as well as safest. One of these official papers weighed so heavily that the charges upon it were \$135.

I am indebted to my friend, J. S. Robinson, of San Francisco, Cal., who, for more than a quarter of a century, was connected by important official station with the mail and express lines of the plains, for several letters by "Pony Express," and the envelope transmitted by "Pony" to the Denver *News*, conveying the first news of Lincoln's election to the Presidency. It is the identical envelope, and has been in his possession during all these long intervening years. The stamp of the company with which my friend was connected, "The Central Overland, California & Pike's Peak Express Company, November 8th, St. Joseph, Mo.," and that of "Pony Express, St. Joseph," are as clearly defined as they were on the day, a quarter of a century since, when it started on the way to that distant point in the mountains where the gold-seekers had laid the foundation of what Time should determine to be a mighty mountain city. Accompanying is the letter of Mr. Robinson, notifying the agent at Denver of the manner in which the telegraphic news of the election was obtained. What a story

it unfolds of the struggles of the pioneer press of those early times, and what a mighty change Time has wrought in its history, when we compare the present prosperous condition of the mighty daily journals of the West with the heroic struggles of those days.

OFFICE OF  
THE CENTRAL OVERLAND CALIFORNIA & PIKE'S PEAK  
EXPRESS COMPANY.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 8th, 1860.

A. BENHAM Esq.

DR. SIR— I have had Mr. H. P. McLoon to get up the election news for Byers, which I send you. Mr. M. was the only man who could get it up, as he had bought the telegraphic election news for one week. This he was compelled to do, or the citizens of St. Jo. would not get the news, as the papers were too poor to give the amount required.

Yours Truly,

J. S. ROBINSON.

Here are ten lines from the agent at Julesburg, two days later, telling "Dear Alex," at Denver, that, although a "Pony" had passed "on Thursday," it had brought no dispatch for Denver. How disappointing! No news for Denver away off in the mountains. How neglectful their friends at home! Nevertheless, the comforting assurance is vouchsafed, that, had such a dispatch arrived, he "would have sent it in to Denver, two days ahead of that time. He would not have forgotten his friends!"

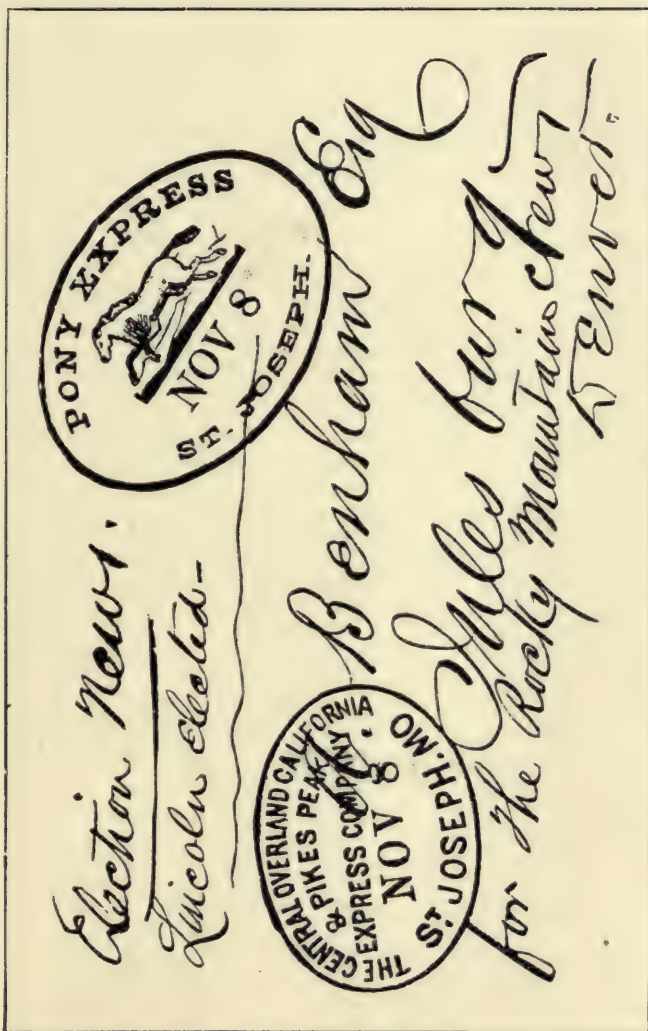
JULESBERG, Nov. 10th, '60.

DEAR ALEX.

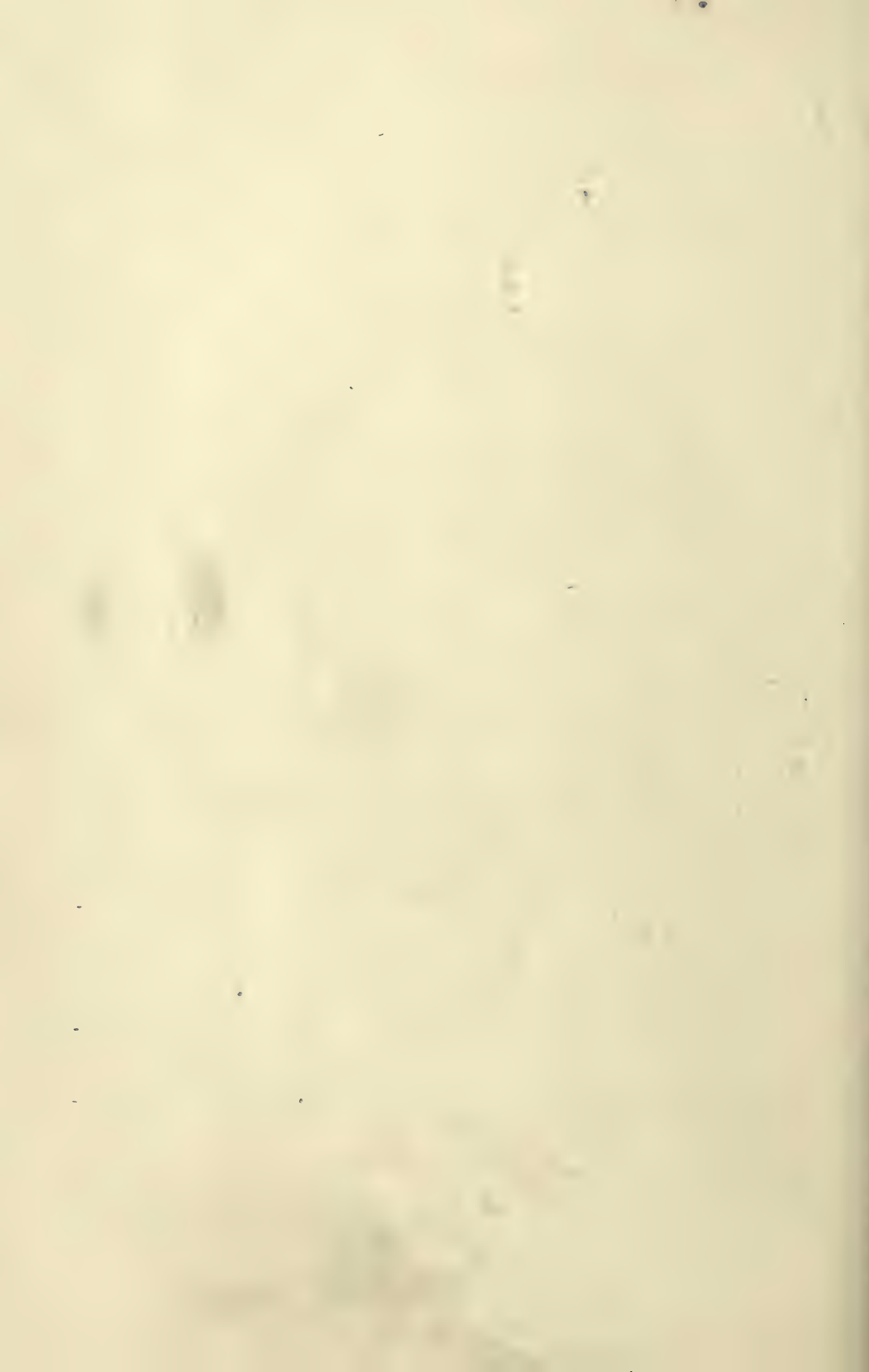
A Pony passed here Thursday for California from Fort Kearney, brought no dispatches for Denver— If the Agent at Kearney had sent us dispatches would have sent it into Denver two days ahead of this.

G. M. THOMPSON.

Now comes a word of command from the president of the company. It is still later, however, August 17, 1861; the "dog-days" are upon them, and in these sultry ides economy must be practiced,



FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST LETTER CARRIED OVER THE PLAINS BY THE PONY EXPRESS, BEARING THE NEWS OF THE ELECTION OF LINCOLN.



or the express company be given over to ruin. "Castor oil" must give way to "dope," not for men or horses to cure their ailments, but "for coaches." So reads the command, and the authority must be obeyed. But there is an amelioration after all, for the "dope" is of no common order or origin; it is "Patent Dope." No grumbling will be permitted on the part of those who are to henceforth use it; if there be, immediate permission will be granted them to change their occupation. In other words, of more martial strain, if they fail to obey orders "they will be promptly discharged."

## OVERLAND MAIL,

EASTERN DIVISION,

CENT'L OVERL'D, CAL. &amp; P. P. Ex. Co.

ST. JOSEPH, Aug. 17th 1861.

A. BENHAM, Road Agt.

I have discontinued the use of Castor oil for Coaches on this Line.

We shall send you hereafter Patent Dope, which will be sent out in such quantities as may be necessary from time to time.

I understand that there is great objection, on the part of some of our employees, to the use of the dope referred to. You will see that it is used, and report to me any delinquency on the part of Messengers, in that respect if any, and I will allow them to change their occupation.

You will aid me in carrying out every order I may make. I shall permit no disobedience of orders. I make them on my best judgement, and those whom I employ are paid to observe them, and not liking my course they will be promptly discharged.

Yr. obt. St.,

B. M. HUGHES,  
President.

Now this sounds like the General. I was personally acquainted with him, and afterward, when he grew tired of the burdens of office, he gently laid them down, "discharged" himself, and began the practice of law in the rising city of Denver. "Dope" and all its cares gave way to an honest practice of the law wherein he acquired both fame and fortune, and I am proud to relate that when I met this bluff and hearty gentleman in the full tide of his prosperous practice in Denver, in 1867, he offered me a partnership in his business, which,

being young and giddy, I was so foolish as to decline. Time brings its regrets. I wanted to travel then—see all of the wild western world lying between Denver and the Occident. I saw it; went from the Missouri to the Pacific, and from the British line on the north to the Mexican border on the south—traveled 40,000 miles, fighting Indians, wild beasts, and still wilder white men driven from the pale of even border society, so wicked were they, and years afterward came again to Denver. Not the old Denver, but the young monarch of the mountains, and found that General Hughes had gathered both fortune and fame, while I had gathered—well, *experience*!

But my friend Robinson whom I came to know intimately on the plains, and honor for his many manly, generous qualities, has contributed still more for the benefit of my readers. He likewise has written the story of the "Pony Express," and here I give it to all who read this history of early life on the plains and in the mountains and valleys of the far West. He has retired from these busy scenes of his early life where he won unbounded reputation for his courage, generosity and business qualities, and now lives in the matured years of manhood in the city of the Golden Gate, within the charm of a bright home circle, beautified and glorified by the presence of one whom he has sworn to "love, honor and obey," and who in turn has made her voice the sweetest music for his ears, her virtues the fairest gems of all his jewels, and her prayers the tenderest advocate of Heaven's blessings on his head. How these old memories must crowd their way into his inner life by the quiet home circle! This is his story of the Pony Express.

#### ROBINSON'S STORY OF THE "PONY EXPRESS."

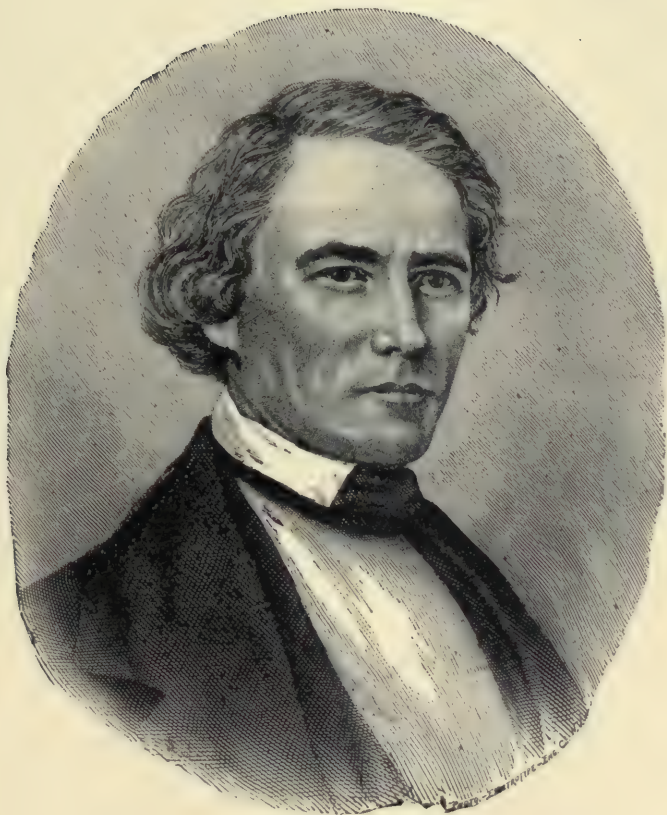
Of late years many accounts of the origin and progress of the "Pony Express" have been given, but generally the credit of the undertaking has been awarded to the wrong parties, the details in all instances exaggerated, and the importance of the scheme underestimated. It is firmly believed by many that the success of the Pony Express established the feasibility of the central route across the continent, and hastened the building of the Union and Central Pacific railroads. Certain it is that the railroad trains traverse almost the identical ground traveled by those fearless and hardy riders twenty-five

*Should be Roberson. This information was given by Mrs. Emily Roberson wife of Joseph S. Roberson. Mrs. Roberson still has the original manuscript of*

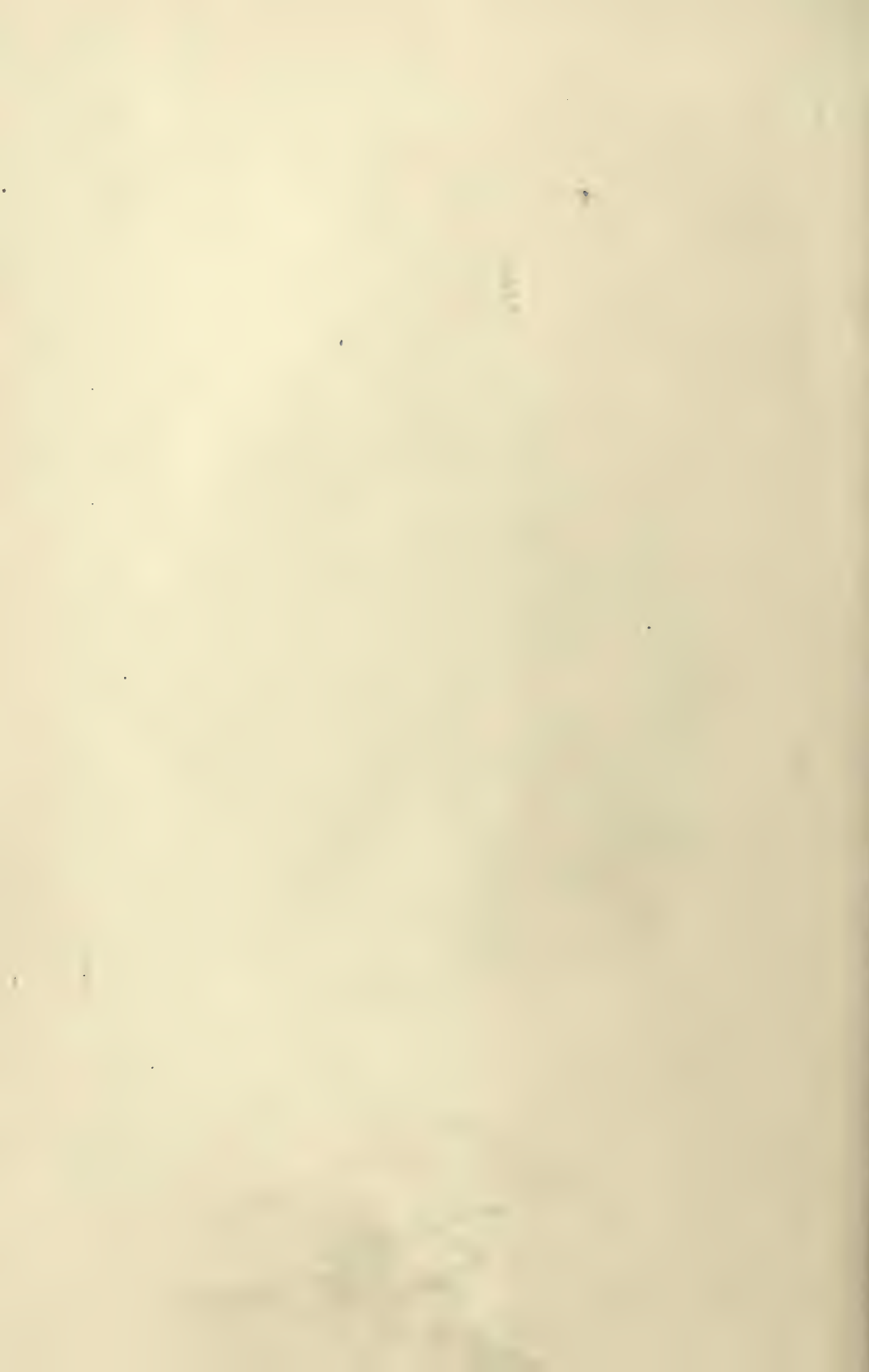
years ago. At that date there had been no agitation of the subject of a trans-continental railroad, except over the southern trails, and as proof of this, the Overland Mail Company selected the southern route and ran their stages over it. The central route was, in those days, considered a desert — unfit for settlement, inhabited by savages, and subjected, in the winter, to furious storms and heavy falls of snow. When the Pony Express was projected little was known of the geography or topography of the country west of the Missouri River. Salt Lake Valley had been settled for about ten years, but the colony was believed to be a wild and foolish experiment. The Mormons had rebelled against the authority of the Government, and President Buchanan had sent Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army there to quiet them. Later, in 1858, "Pike's Peak" had begun to excite the nation with reports of gold discoveries, and Washoe had drawn from California her prospectors and miners. Kansas and Nebraska, the youngest States of the Union, were in their swaddling-clothes, and it was doubtful if there was "Godfrey's Cordial" enough in the political pharmacy to rear them as States, many believing that they must revert back to the condition of Territories and be supported by the general Government. St. Joseph, Missouri, and Leavenworth, Kansas, were the outposts of civilization, and visitors from the older States expected to shoot buffalo from the hotel windows when they came, and got laughed at for verdancy. The Western railway terminus was St. Joseph—the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad being considered a doubtful venture. The Missouri River was plowed by boats carrying passengers and freights. Council Bluffs was the head of navigation, because there were few settlements above to be supplied. Business life was active along the river, the towns on its banks being the "outfitting" points for the regions beyond. At Kansas City, at Leavenworth, at Atchison, at Weston, at St. Joseph, at Council Bluffs, thriving cities grew up from the fitting out of thousands of freight trains which hauled by oxen the goods and supplies for the remote settlements in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. Council Bluffs was the outfitting point of the Mormons, who every year started their trains of proselytes and goods from there to "Zion." In those days the Mormons were poor, and could not afford oxen, even, to draw their wagons. The writer of this has seen many trains hauled by men, women, boys and girls. This mode was tedious, but cheap and effective; and the

three and four months' trip of toil and hardship gave a more beautiful appearance to "Zion" when the footsore and weary saint emerged from Emigrant Cañon and looked down upon the fertile valley below, with the city of Salt Lake almost hid by trees, the Jordan and the lake in sight. Many of the emigrants died on the road, and a good many stage drivers thinned their ranks by marrying the girls — "off-wheelers," "near leaders," etc., as they called them—out of the "teams" of the hand-cart trains. There were no railroads and few settlements west of the Missouri River, and the country was comparatively unknown. In 1857-58 the road to Salt Lake was enlivened by the ox-trains of Russell, Majors & Waddell, who had the contract from the Government to supply Johnston's army in Utah. Before this, in 1849 and 1850, there had been a large emigration to California, but all were intent upon their destination, establishing no settlements on the way. The mail was carried in a primitive way, on an occasional and a long schedule time. It may safely be said that the Pony Express began the first work of settlement, fixing the permanency of localities.

The "Pike's Peak" gold excitement began in 1858, and there were so many people going, and no public transportation accommodations, that Mr. John S. Jones (a Government freighter) and Mr. William H. Russell (of Russell, Majors & Waddell) established a stage and express line between Leavenworth and Denver in the spring of 1859. It was run with indifferent success during the summer, and failed to make the money predicted for the enterprise. In the winter Mr. Russell brought the resources of his firm to the rescue of the failing concern, changed the route from the "Smoky Hill" (now practically used by the Kansas Pacific Railroad) to the "Platte" route, and the fertile brains of William H. Russell and B. F. Ficklin conceived the idea of a Pony Express, to be run under the patronage of the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Co., the name now assumed for the company succeeding Jones & Russell. To bring about success for the Pony, they negotiated for and bought the Hockaday Mail Line. Ficklin went to Salt Lake to arrange matters with Chorpening, from Salt Lake west, and W. W. Finney went by sea from New York to San Francisco, to make necessary arrangements on the Pacific Coast end. During the winter of 1859-60 stations were established at convenient distances and the ponies distributed along the route, which was,



KIT CARSON.



briefly stated, due west from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, up the Platte to Julesburg, where it crossed, thence by Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City via Camp Floyd, Ruby Valley, the Humboldt, Carson City, Placerville and Folsom to Sacramento, and to San Francisco by boat.

The intention of the Pony Express was to carry letters only, and not more than twelve or fifteen pounds of those. It was decided that the safest and easiest mode of carrying the mail was to make four pockets, one in each corner of the *mochilla* (pronounced *mocheer*), a covering made of heavy leather, for the saddles, and used generally by the expert Mexican and Spanish riders. The *mochilla* was transferred from pony to pony, and went through from St. Joseph to San Francisco, the pockets containing the mail being locked, and opened only at military posts *en route*, and at Salt Lake City.

It must be remembered that there was no telegraph west of St. Joseph, and the arrangements for concert of action had to be personally made, by slow stages, over a wild and uninhabited stretch of country, 2,000 miles across. Finally, after months of winter work, establishing stations, placing riders and ponies, it was announced that the pony would start from each end (St. Joseph, Missouri, and San Francisco, California) the same hour, April 3, 1860, 4 P. M. It was a gala day in San Francisco, but the writer of this only knows what transpired at St. Joseph. Arrangements had been made by Mr. Russell with the railroads between New York and St. Joseph, and a fast train was run, carrying the letters which were to arrive at and leave St. Joseph promptly at 4 o'clock on the 3d of April. The Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad ran a special engine with the messenger, and the ferry boat was held in readiness for a specially fast crossing of the Missouri River. The starting of the first pony was from the office of the United States Express Company, and St. Joseph never held such an enthusiastic and excited crowd of cheering friends. Mr. Henry Kip, the general superintendent of the United States Express Company (deceased in 1883), came from Buffalo to be present. Mr. Russell placed the *mochillas* upon the saddle, people plucked hairs from the pony's tail, the rider mounted, the ferry boat whistled, and the express was on its way to California. It had been arranged for the pony to start from San Francisco simultaneously, and, as it had been given out that the trip would be made in ten days, there was much anxiety until the 13th, the

day the express was due from the West. Weekly trips were to be made, and another pony was dispatched on the 10th. On the 13th of April, promptly at 4 o'clock, the ferry boat landed the Pony at St. Joseph, exactly ten days from San Francisco. It was a success!

A success? The Pony made the time promised for it, and carried letters and news, but the projectors were never compensated in money for their outlay. As an undertaking it was a success, but financially it was a failure. Only a small percentage of the investment was ever returned, although at this day of cheap transportation and service the charge will be considered excessive. For letters \$5 per half ounce weight, in addition to the regular Government postage, was charged. But there was not enough business at that time between the Eastern cities and California to justify the sending of many letters. And the cost of establishing and maintaining the Pony Express was enormous. Relays of horses were kept at each station, and feed had to be hauled, in some cases, hundreds of miles, all at a heavy expense, and riders (thin, wiry, hardy fellows) employed at every third station. In addition to the wages paid the riders, their board had to be provided, and, as the country produced nothing then, provisions were hauled by wagons from the Missouri River, Utah and California.

The principal newspapers in New York and San Francisco patronized the Pony Express extensively, having their issues printed on tissue paper for the service. The California press depended for Eastern news entirely upon the Pony Express after it was established until the completion of the telegraph in 1862. Western news was telegraphed East from St. Joseph upon the arrival of the Pony. Read what an enthusiastic writer in the St. Joseph *Free Democrat* said in 1860 :

Take down your map and trace the footprints of our quadrupedantic animal: From St. Joseph, on the Missouri, to San Francisco, on the Golden Horn—from the last locomotive to the first steamship—2,000 miles—more than half the distance across our boundless continent; through Kansas, through Nebraska, by Fort Kearney, along the Platte, by Fort Laramie, past the buttes, over the Rocky Mountains, through the narrow passes and along the steep defiles, Utah, Fort Bridger, Salt Lake City, he witches Brigham with his swift ponyship—through the valleys, along the grassy slopes, into the snow, into sand, faster than Thor's Thialfi, away they go, rider and horse—did you see them?

They are in California, leaping over its golden sands, treading its busy streets. The courser has unrolled to us the great American panorama, allowed us to glance at the future home of 100,000,000 people, and has put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. Verily, the riding is like the riding of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he rideth furiously. Take out your watch. We are eight days from New York; eighteen days from London. The race is to the swift.

Eastern papers sent representatives to St. Joseph and to Denver to collect news, and the Pony was of valuable service to them. The writer remembers Henry Villard, correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, stationed at St. Joseph; Albert D. Richardson, of the *Tribune*, at Denver, and Thomas W. Knox, of Boston papers, at Denver. Mr. Villard is now the leading spirit in the Oregon Railroad and steamship companies; Richardson was killed in New York; Knox lives and is a successful writer. There were many other correspondents who availed themselves of the Pony Express.

The letters were securely wrapped in oil silk, for protection against the weather, and placed in the pockets of the *mochillas*. Even this precaution did not always protect the mail, for often streams were swollen and the pony must not wait, so the riders swam their horses across. Occasionally hostile Indians chased the pony, but only one instance is remembered when he was caught. The rider was scalped, and the horse with fright escaped with the *mochillas*. Months afterward the letters were recovered and forwarded to their destination. The express carrying news of Mr. Lincoln's election went through from St. Joseph to Denver, 665 miles, in two days and twenty-nine hours, the last ten miles being accomplished in *thirty-one minutes*.

At first the stations were twenty-five miles apart, but afterward more were established at shorter intervals. Horses were changed at each station. The riders went usually seventy-five miles, but an instance is remembered where one rode *nearly 300 miles*, those who should have relieved him being, for some reason or other, disabled or indisposed. At the end of his ride, which was made on schedule time, he had to be lifted from the saddle, and could not walk for many days afterward.

In the summer of 1860 the construction of the overland telegraph was begun from St. Joseph on the east and from Sacramento on the west. As it progressed, their outposts were made the starting points of the Pony Express, and in 1862, the telegraph being completed, the Pony, no longer useful, was abandoned.

William H. Russell and B. F. Ficklin, original projectors of the Pony Express, are dead. Jones and Waddell, also, are dead. Alexander Majors survives, and lives in Salt Lake City.

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The successful erection of the transcontinental lines of telegraph, from the "river to the ocean," forms another important era in American frontier history; one of those connecting links in the great chain of events, of such remarkable character as to form one of the pillars upon which rests the mighty empire, carved from the wilderness of mountain and plain, and rich in the boundless resources which time has unfolded and laid upon its shores, as the trophies gained by man's honorable and earnest endeavor in the mastery of mind over matter. The history of the telegraph is a part of the history of the world's progress, and the story of the construction of the transcontinental line will be told in the succeeding chapter.

## CHAPTER III.

**THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH — EARLY EXPERIMENTS — CHARLES MORRISON, OF RENFREW, SCOTLAND — THE FIRST EXPERIMENT CONTEMPLATED A CIRCUIT OF BUT FORTY YARDS—A CENTURY PASSES, AND TELEGRAPHIC ENGINEERING SENDS A CIRCUIT FORTY HUNDRED MILES ACROSS THE CONTINENT—THE MOUNTAINOUS REPUBLIC OF SWITZERLAND THE SIRE OF EUROPEAN TELEGRAPHY — THE GREAT REPUBLIC OF AMERICA — ITS PIONEERS LAY THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL WIRES—SAN FRANCISCO PRINTS DAILY NEWS OF LONDON, PARIS, ST. PETERSBURG, VIENNA, CALCUTTA AND CHINA — THE MISSOURI & WESTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY — THE FIRST OFFICE IN OMAHA — THE PACIFIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY CHARTERED BY CONGRESS — THE OVERLAND TELEGRAPH COMPANY ORGANIZED IN CALIFORNIA — SKETCH OF THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH IT PASSED—EXCITING INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES CONNECTED WITH ITS CONSTRUCTION—MODE OF TESTING THE WIRES BY RANCHMEN — DISCOVERING THE BREAKS—THE DREAM OF INSPIRED SHAKESPEARE PLANTING THE FORCES OF INSTANTANEOUS TRANSIT AND MARSHALING TIME'S MOMENTS REALIZED BY THE WORLD-GIRDLING TELEGRAPH — THE GRANTS MADE BY CONGRESS.**

THE first intelligible idea of the practical application of the electric telegraph to the transmission of messages by sound was suggested more than one hundred and thirty years ago by Charles Morrison, of Rénfrew, Scotland, a native of Greenock, who was bred a surgeon and experimented so largely in scientific pursuits that he was regarded in his native place as a wizard, and, in consequence thereof, incurred the fear and ill-will of the people, and was driven thence as a conjurer versed in the black art. He transmitted to Sir Hans Sloane, president of the Royal Society, a full account of his experiments, in addition to publishing them anonymously in 1753 in the *Scot's Magazine*, under the title of "An Expeditious Method of Conveying Intelligence."

The letter set forth a scheme by which a number of wires, equal to the letters of the alphabet, should be extended horizontally, parallel to one another and about one inch apart, between two places. At every twenty yards they were to be carried on glass supports, and at each end they were to project six inches beyond the last supports and have sufficient strength and elasticity to recover their situation, after having been brought into contact with an electric gun-barrel placed at right angles to their length, about an inch below them. Close by the

last supporting glass a ball was to be suspended from each wire, and at about a sixth or an eighth of an inch below the balls the letters of the alphabet were to be placed on bits of paper, or any substance light enough to rise to the electrified ball, and so continued that each might resume its proper place when dropped. With an apparatus thus constructed, the conversation with the distant end of the wires was carried on by depressing successively the ends of the wires corresponding to the letters of the words until they made contact with the electric gun-barrel, when immediately the same characters would rise to the electrified balls at the far station. Another method consisted in the substitution of bells in place of the letters; these were sounded by the electric spark breaking against them. According to another plan, the wires could be kept constantly charged, and the signal sent by discharging them. Mr. Morrison's experiments did not extend over circuits longer than forty yards, but he had every confidence that the range of action could be greatly lengthened, if due care were given to the insulation of the wires.

This experiment, it will be observed, contemplated a circuit of but forty yards. A century had scarcely passed ere the giant energies of man in transatlantic America communicated the splendid telegraphic engineering feat of sending a circuit 4,000 miles across the continent, and for many hundreds of miles through a barren, trackless desert waste.

The establishment of this vast line of telegraph across the continent, by means of which the civilizing forces upon the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific were brought instantly into communion one with another, forms one of the most striking instances in the mighty progress of the far West, and which added immensely to the business prosperity, comfort and convenience of society of that remote section of our country.

To the Mountain Republic of the world is due the example of an excellent and cheap internal telegraph arrangement and the system of central administration where all international matters pertaining thereto are conducted. But to the western pioneers of the great republic of the world is due that remarkable exhibition of powers and ingenuity which, overcoming all obstacles,—sometimes almost superhuman,—laid across the dead solitudes of the plains and through the dark cañons of the mountains the line of telegraph

which permits the daily newspapers of San Francisco to publish the daily news from New York, the acts of the English Parliament, the transposition of troops upon the German, French or Russian frontiers, as well as the prices of all continental exchanges and quotations from Calcutta and China of the previous day.

Such is the marvelous power and ingenuity of one of the foremost works of our modern progressive age, and its early history is replete with interesting detail.

The Missouri & Western Telegraph Company, of which Charles M. Stebbins was president and principal owner, and Robert C. Clowry superintendent, extended its lines from Syracuse, Missouri, on the Missouri Pacific Railway (terminus) via Warsaw, Missouri, Fayetteville and Van Buren, Arkansas, to Fort Smith, Arkansas—and also from Atchison, Kansas, on the west side of the Missouri River, via Brownsville, Omaha, Fremont, Columbus, and Fort Kearney, to Julesburg, Nebraska, the line having been completed to Julesburg, September 15, 1861. These two lines were constructed by Mr. Stebbins, in the belief that Congress would adopt one or the other as the initial line of a vast overland telegraph system to the Pacific coast, and that the new Pacific Telegraph Company would purchase his line, which afterward came to pass in the purchase of the line from Brownsville to Julesburg.

The first telegraph office in Omaha was established by R. C. Clowry, superintendent of the Missouri & Western Telegraph Company, on the 5th day of September, 1860, the same day the line was completed to that place. At that time there was no railroad communication with Omaha, and the people greatly rejoiced at the advent of the wire, and celebrated the event by popular demonstrations.

The Pacific Telegraph Company, chartered by Congress, was granted an appropriation of \$40,000 per annum for ten years, which, however, was never paid. This subsidy was to be divided in the ratio of sixty per cent. for the line east of Salt Lake and forty per cent. for that west of Salt Lake. It was also granted the free right of way and use of Government timber, etc., from a point on the Missouri River, opposite the western boundary of the State of Missouri, to San Francisco. Jephtha H. Wade, of Cleveland, Ohio, was the president of the company, and Edward Creighton,

of Omaha, the superintendent. This line was constructed from the terminus of the Missouri & Western at Julesburg, to Fort Laramie, thence through South Pass, and over the Mormon trail to Salt Lake City. This work, under the supervision of Edward Creighton, was begun at Julesburg in the spring of 1861, and was completed to Salt Lake on the 17th day of October of the same year.

While this great work was rapidly consummated east of Great Salt Lake, it was just as vigorously prosecuted on the western side. The Overland Telegraph Company, organized by the California State Telegraph Company especially for this work, constructed the line from Sacramento to Salt Lake City, via the stage road, and completed the labor October 24, 1861, just seven days later than the Pacific Telegraph Company. This work was under the supervision of James Gamble, superintendent of the California State Telegraph Company.

The act of Congress incorporating the Pacific Telegraph Company was passed June 16, 1860, and proposed "to facilitate communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States by electric telegraph." This act was secured by Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, New York, and was accepted by him September 22, 1860. The act provided that dispatches by the Government should have precedence over all others; that the tariff upon ten words between Brownsville and San Francisco should not exceed \$3, and that the whole line should be employed by July 31, 1862. The public believed that it would occupy two years for the completion of this arduous undertaking, and yet the whole work was finished in four months and eleven days.

The country may well be able to judge of the efficiency and wonderful energy of the leaders in the construction of this offshoot of civilization when it considers the obstacles that interposed to prevent its successful accomplishment—the vast alkali plains extending for many hundreds of miles over a barren and desolate country, where neither tree nor shrub nor spear of grass grew, and where never a rain-drop fell to cool the fever of its parched and burning crust, nor stream of water ran to quench the thirst of man or beast; the warring bands of Indians ever on the war-path, eager to resist the encroachment of the white man in what they deemed to be their own especial country, and put to death the invader by slow and horrible torture should he become a prisoner in their ruthless hands; the topographical character of the country, with mountains, cañons and deep valleys, all

to be traversed with the burden of implements and subsistence, and the vast plain over whose trackless solitudes not only the implements and subsistence of the working parties had to be transported, but likewise each giant pole upon which was strung the electric wire which should make the Atlantic speak and the Pacific return its answer, even as the voice of man. And yet, swiftly and surely, one by one, these obstacles were overcome and the great progressive work assumed its rank and proportions in the history of the world.

On the 17th of March, 1864, the Pacific Telegraph Company was merged with the Western Union, and on the 12th of June, 1866, the Western Union purchased a controlling interest in the California State Telegraph Company and the Overland Telegraph Company, which gigantic system still remains intact.

Many, indeed, are the incidents of exciting adventure connected with the prosecution of that vast work, and matters of great interest to the public, which might be related.

The question might properly be asked: How was it possible to keep the lines in working order, through the trackless deserts and the mighty cañons, when violent storms or savage depredations often laid them low? This work was performed by ranchmen, not operators, who had been instructed in the use of a testing apparatus, which proved entirely successful.

This testing apparatus consisted of two brass plates, with accompanying brass button, and a ground wire separated from the apparatus, but convenient to be pressed with tongue or finger. When the button was turned the current became broken and the tester applied a dampened finger to one line, placing the other on the ground wire. If he felt a shock or sensation in his fingers, he would know that a current of electricity existed, and that that portion of the line was all right. If he felt no shock nor sensation in his fingers, he would know that the line was down. The same operation was to be repeated on the other part of the disconnected line.

After testing and finding no current, he was instructed to wait fifteen minutes, testing occasionally during the time, then if no current was perceptible he should proceed to get his horse ready to start over the line from which he received no current. Thirty minutes was allowed to get his horse ready for the ride, at the expiration of which time he should repeat the testing operation, and if no current was at

that time perceptible, he should start forth on the line as rapidly as possible, always observing that the lines were connected before starting.

When the wires were down on both sides of the testing station, two men, properly instructed, were to start at the same time, one over each line. The hours for testing were 7 A. M., 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. *every day*. If convenient, tests at two or three other times during the day were to be made as quickly as possible, so as to disturb the transit the least.

These were the general instructions issued to the ranchmen who dwelt alone in these solitudes, and, being faithfully observed, proved eminently successful.

Much might be written of this lone life of the ranchman operator. One of them, stationed all winter on the Big Sandy, near South Pass,

was frightened at the sound of his own voice in the spring when calling his horse, which had wandered off in search of sweet grass. Another beheld from the door of his ranch a band of 3,000 wolves cut the hamstrings of his horse, which was grazing near by, and devour it before he could render any assistance. Such was a part of the lone life of the ranchman upon the frontier of the far West.

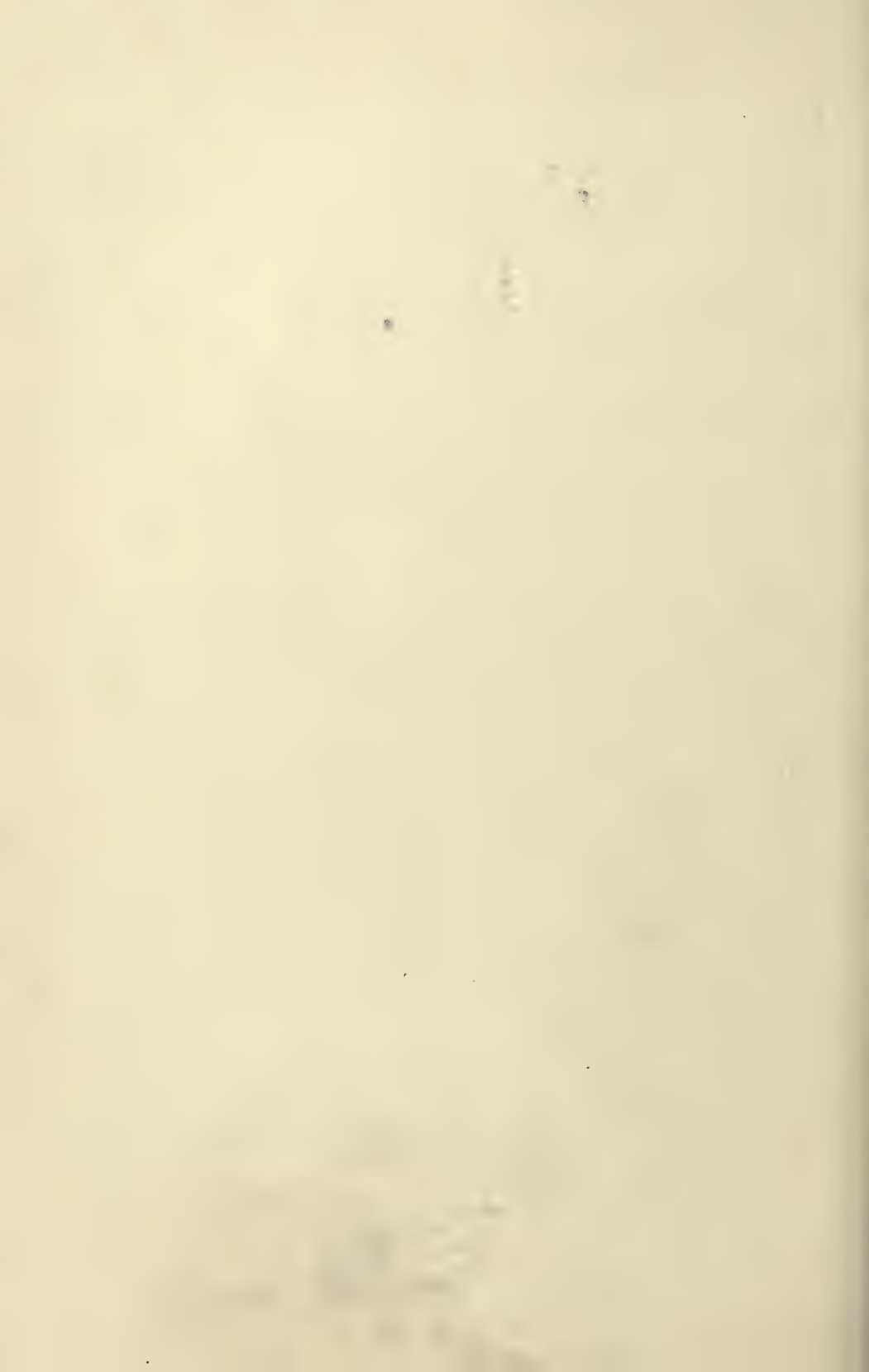
The Midsummer Night's Dream of Shakespeare, girdling the earth in forty minutes; the winged wonders which Ariosto and Spenser pictured with delight, hastening through the air on wings of light, have all been verified by the genius and skill of man. It is a singular fact to contemplate in the history of the world's progress that each mighty achievement of science



LONE RANCHMAN FRIGHTENED AT THE  
SOUND OF HIS OWN VOICE.



LAYING THE TELEGRAPH ACROSS THE PLAINS.



has been in some manner foretold by the great minds who live in advance of their age. All of the wonderful inventions which have changed the current of thought and revolutionized the forms and foundations of society with the progress of the ages have been prefigured by the pen of genius centuries before. The fables of the far past, which delighted the infant minds of long slumbering generations, have become the realities of the present. Chimeras have turned into realities and legends into law. The balloons that sail the air, steamers that plow the sea, locomotives that rush with an eye of flame and breath of steam across plain and desert, mountain and valley, are but the realization of the fabled wonders unfolded by the storied lore of Ariosto and the fairy tales of Spenser. The dream of inspired Shakespeare, that around the circular earth he would plant the forces of instantaneous transit, and marshal the moments of time at his will and command—the dream of the wild enthusiast faintly unfolding an obscure idea which the march of Time has demonstrated to be an eternal law of Truth, has been realized in the minutest detail by the wonderful world-girdling telegraph. Had an American citizen declared, half a century ago, his earnest belief that existing elements and powers of the universe could be so controlled and applied to a simple mechanical invention that direct and instantaneous communication could be effected with remote points in Europe as well as his own land; that each morning he would sit in his own counting-house or by his own fireside and read the proceedings of the previous day in the Old World and the New, the rise and fall of stocks upon the Bourse, the mobilization of the armies of the Czar upon the frontier, the passage of the Balkan Mountains by an army of invasion, the death of the Sultan, the overflow of the wheat lands of Russia, the success of the French arms in China, the marriage of Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, the loss of Gladstone's voice affecting the success of the Liberal campaign in Scotland and the lower counties of England, the news of Honolulu, and the state of the weather in the land of the midnight sun, such a declaration would have constituted sufficient grounds for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* against the enthusiast. And yet the early-rising newsboys cry out before his window, ere the curtains are withdrawn, all this, and much more. The world has been girdled, and Cancer and Capricorn have faded like a mist. Shaffner's girdle of *ante bellum* times proposed starting from the coast of Labrador and laying an unbroken wire, 500

miles in length, among the walruses and whales of the North Sea to Greenland; thence it should stretch across Greenland and eastward to the Faroe Islands, whence it would reach the continent in Norway, and, sweeping on toward the circumference of the globe, reach Stockholm and coast along Finland to St. Petersburg. Leaving the capital of the Czar's dominions, it would trend toward the Ural Mountains; leap across them into Asia; pass through the provinces of Omsk, Oudinska, Komsk, Kolivan, and the vast tea country of Chinese Tartary; stretch away to the sea of Okhotsk, and across the Gulf of Kamchatka; thence along the Aleutian Islands, to Cooke's Inlet in North America; then, moving down the Pacific coast to Oregon and San Francisco, the line would strike to the East, by way of the Mormon settlement, and again touch civilization among the corn and wheat-fields of Western Missouri. Thus, in the realization of Shakespeare's dream, oceans, islands and continents were to be crossed, the savage and civilized to be brought in direct contact, the winds outstripped and time itself thrown back upon the dial. Can anyone deny the accomplishment of all this? Have not still greater wonders come to pass? Has not the mysterious bed of the ocean itself been invaded by the flame of the electric spark and made to speak beneath its billows? The great submarine telegraph obviated the long continuous overland journey through the frozen steppes of Russia, and formed on the English coast a radiating point to all of the capitals and countries of Europe, and every mart of trade and business center and each connecting point in the entire length and breadth of the Old World. We have already seen that the republic of Switzerland has evolved the cheapest internal telegraph arrangement, and the most excellent system of central administration, where all international matters pertaining thereto are conducted. A most important, if not the most important, part of this system, in connection with the great submarine cables of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, is the vast overland telegraph system of the United States. The completion of this great system was the first act of unification between the extremes of our territory. It was the forerunner and prophecy of the transcontinental railroad. The organization of this great enterprise had the mightiest hold upon the sympathies and good-will of the republic. The citizens residing upon the Pacific coast held the strongest ties connecting them with the older States. Their tall spirits had blazed the way and opened the path of

civilization to the remotest points upon the continent. They not only established the forms of society, but organized powerful States, and rapidly created a commerce, whose far-reaching influence extended beyond the islands of the sea to the Asiatic coast. Their peculiar position imperatively demanded the protection and care of the General Government. Europe was extending her telegraph lines into Asia, Africa and India, and the great overland American line from Missouri to the Pacific was the missing link in the mighty chain that would touch upon either shore of the Atlantic, by lines spanning the continents, and destined in a few years to witness the grand spectacle of crossing the ocean and uniting indissolubly the shores of both hemispheres.

The result of such an important work could not be overestimated in its influence upon the varied interests of the vast population that would early occupy every portion of the territory through which it would pass, as well as that embraced within the entire limits of the republic. And the benefits that would follow the completion of such a work were not confined alone to the business interests of the people and the moral influences that would be co-extensive with the world of civilization and commerce. The interests of the General Government were involved to a remarkable degree. The protection of the great commonwealth founded on the distant Pacific coast, rich in vast mineral deposits and many scores richer in the productions of its prolific soil, and the commercial interests already foreshadowing the giant proportions it has since assumed, demanded the care and consideration of the Government. Beyond the reach of ordinary means of intercourse with the Federal capital, the transmitting of military stores and means of defense was a work of great time and labor, while its vast extent of unprotected seaboard and its incalculable riches rendered it an object of cupidity and ambition of foreign nations. To be able to grant necessary aid in time of need, the Government should possess the speediest means of communication to impart the knowledge of impending danger. By the establishment of the overland telegraphic line, the means of almost instant communication would be at its command, and the military strength of the Government could be immediately invoked and set in motion toward that end in an incomparably small space of time, and that accomplished in a few moments which otherwise consumed many days and weeks. Convinced of both its practicability

and utility, as already stated, Congress passed an act granting the right of way through the public lands for the construction, by individual enterprise and at individual expense, of a line of telegraph of at least two independent conductors, from the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean. It likewise granted 2,000,000 acres of the public domain in aid of its construction. It was completed in a period of time far within that provided as a limit by the act, and from the hour of its achievement to the present moment it has proved a blessing to the Government and the people, and a mighty auxiliary to the progressive spirit of the age, which has founded an empire of wealth and prosperity on the Western border and opened the pathway of civilization to the most distant regions of the republic.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE OVERLAND MAIL, AND WELLS, FARGO & CO.'S EXPRESS—SKETCH OF COUNTRY AND MINING CAMPS WHERE THE MAIL FACILITIES WERE SUPPLIED BY WELLS, FARGO & CO.'S MAIL EXPRESS—THE FRONTIER POSTOFFICE—THE POSTMASTER WHO WAS A MAIL CARRIER—THE NOTICE HE POSTED IN A TRADING STORE—HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL—THE DRIVERS OF THE MAIL COACHES AND THEIR PAY—THE WAY BESET BY INDIANS, ROBBERS AND ROAD AGENTS—ROBBERS AS DRIVERS—THE MURDER AND ROBBERY OF A COACH LOAD OF PASSENGERS IN PORT NEUF CANON, IDAHO TERRITORY—BATTLE BETWEEN PASSENGERS AND ROBBERS—THE FOUNDING OF WELLS, FARGO & CO.'S EXPRESS—ITS SYSTEM OF LETTER CARRYING—A GREAT FINANCIAL EARTHQUAKE ON THE PACIFIC COAST—FALL OF NOTED HOUSES—WELLS, FARGO & CO. AGAIN ON ITS FEET—HISTORY OF PACIFIC EXPRESS COMPANIES—LOUIS McLANE—THE VARIOUS ROUTES TO THE PACIFIC.

Soon after the close of the Pony Express and the building of the Overland Telegraph the lumbering stage coach appeared with its daily load of mail and express matter and re-peopled its silent haunts. Ben Holliday established his lines of fast stages between the Missouri River and Salt Lake City, obtained the contract from the Government for carrying the overland mail through the extent of his line, and again started with renewed vigor the life race over the plains.

The Indians, ever jealous of the advent of the white man in their midst, became exceedingly troublesome in their raids upon this line, and many, indeed, were the desperate encounters between the savages of the plains and the drivers and passengers of the overland coaches.

Beyond Salt Lake City was the great mail and express line of Wells, Fargo & Co., occupying all the territory lying west of the Wahsatch range of the Rocky Mountains and penetrating every mining camp where gold was to be conveyed in appreciable quantities.

Wherever, in this vast territory, a form of civilization had taken root, and men in their search for gold had lingered long enough in one spot to found a mining camp so far remote from the main line that the United States Government could not supply them with mail facilities, this magnificent line penetrated their mountain fastnesses and far up its rocky heights rolled their mountain coaches, delivering and

transporting the miners' mail in the company's own envelopes, affixing thereto a United States postage stamp to comply with the postal laws. And so popular did this express company become in the estimation of the adventurous mountaineers, that likewise, in places reached by the mail service of the Government, he was far more willing to trust and patronize the express company than the United States mail, although he was compelled to pay the company twenty-five cents for each and every letter thus conveyed. And the company reaped a rich harvest in thus transmitting East and West, at such exorbitant rates, the honest miner's mail matter.

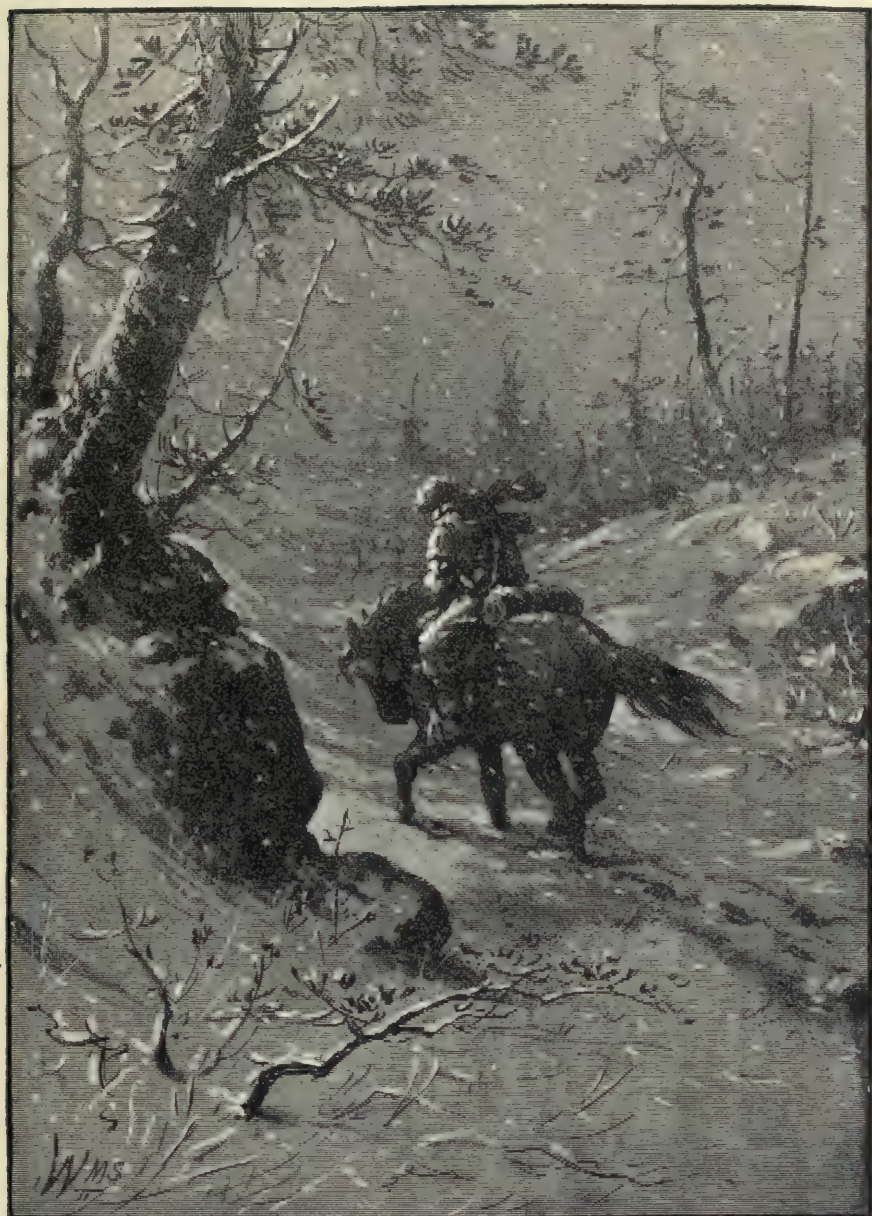
In those early times the postmaster himself occasionally became the mail carrier, although in violation of the well known law. I remember the case of a postmaster who kept a trading store, and pushed forward the mail once a month from his post to another through the wilderness. He cut a transverse hole in the top of an empty flour barrel and placed on it the following sign:



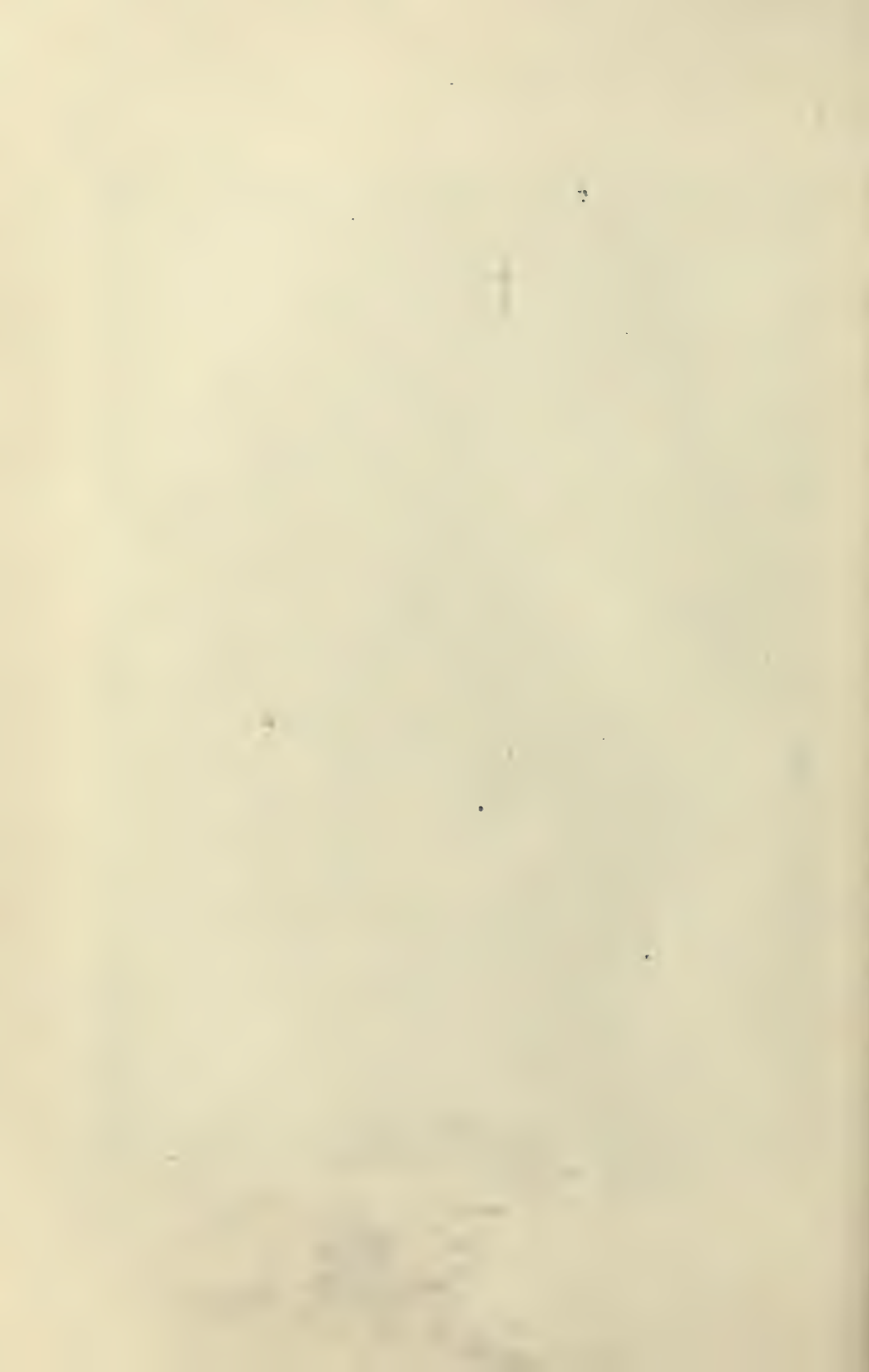
FRONTIER POSTOFFICE ON THE PLAINS

*"This is the Post-office. Shove a quarter through the hole with your letter. We have no use for stamps, as I carry the mail!"*

At the end of each month he would unhead the barrel, count first the letters and then the quarters. If they tallied, all right. The mail went forward! If, however, there were more letters than quarters, he would in that event retain a sufficient number of the letters to correspond with the deficiency in the finances, and send forward the balance. It was, indeed, a simple mode of procedure and saved him much annoyance, whatever might be the result to the community. One day the accounting officer of the postoffice department at Washington transmitted him a communication, inclosed in a voluminous



MOUNTAIN MAIL CARRIER.



official envelope, requesting a statement of his account with the Government. He returned the document forthwith with the following unique and business-like endorsement: "You owe me nothing; or if you do, I hereby present it to the Government. If I owe you anything collect it out of the foregoing."

It is not recorded how much the Government collected.

Ben Holliday continued to run his line of stages until some time after the close of the war—I think until the year 1866, when, overtures having been made by Wells, Fargo & Co. for its purchase, including stations, stock and the outfit generally, negotiations resulted in the transfer of the same, and Wells, Fargo & Co. became thereby the sole proprietors of the unbroken overland route from Omaha to Sacramento. They likewise owned and operated a branch line whose initial point was Atchison, Kas., and terminus Denver, running over the dark and bloody land called the "Smoky Hill Route," well nigh each mile of which had been marked by Indian violence.

Wells, Fargo & Co. were great public benefactors. They led the van of improvement wherever the demands of their business called them, and in the distant cities of the wilderness erected magnificent structures for banking and office purposes, sparing neither labor nor expense. Thus confidence in the future was established. Private capital became largely invested, and the great prosperity, which has characterized these cities since the advent of the railroads, began with the energy and liberality of the great Overland Express Company, thus early displayed.

Their business interests were immense. Their returns from the rapid transportation of freight and passengers and the United States mails amounted each year to millions of dollars, receiving at one time alone for the latter twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As a corporation they were both friendly and liberally disposed toward the people in whose midst they operated, frequently expending large sums of money in the construction and improvement of highways and similar beneficial works.

Toward their employes, they were equally liberal, paying large salaries for all classes of labor, and encouraging, by swift promotion, efficiency, integrity and application to business.

The pay of a driver of their overland coaches ranged all the way from \$150 to \$250 per month, according to ability and length of service

in connection with the danger and peril of the service. Some portions of the road were beset with far more danger and hardship than others, and commanded higher wages accordingly. This pay was in addition to subsistence which was furnished by the company at the "home stations" on the line of the road.

These stations were usually about fifty miles apart, and were kept quite neat and clean, and tolerably well provided with food for the passengers, at the rate of a dollar and a quarter a meal, served three times a day.

At times these positions as drivers were in demand, although clothed with peril. I have ridden on the seat beside a driver, who carried inside the lining of his buckskin or corduroy coat a college diploma. I have seen lawyers and doctors and newspaper men and those of great clerical ability, who afterward rose to eminence in their business, handle the ribbons dexterously and gayly crack the long whip, as the crowded coach—the ship of the alkali desert—rolled out from ranch or station to transport securely its precious freight over the mountains and the white beds of the solitudes.

Sometimes the company was imposed upon by brutal adventurers, men whose hearts were black with crime, and hands red with the blood of their murdered victims. Robbers, who sought the positions alone to betray their trusts, and drive their coaches, loaded with lives and treasure, within the preconcerted ambush of marauders, known as "road agents," who did not hesitate to murder in the most cowardly way the unsuspecting traveler, who, perhaps, after years of toil, privation and danger, at length had accumulated a competence, and was returning again to his childhood home, and, perhaps, was dreaming of the meeting with loved ones, who had awaited his coming through all these years of absence, at the moment the assassin's bullet launched him from his day dreams into the land of forms and shadows.

I have stood beside a vast boulder, half hidden in the willows, which in some age had loosened its hold and rolled far down from its rocky heights into one of the wildest of glens and most picturesque spots in southern Idaho, where the stage road winds through Port Neuf cañon, close by a singing stream, whose banks are lined with drooping willows and the fiery ash, where all but two of a whole coach load of returning miners were slaughtered by a band of mountain robbers, distinguished by the title of road agents. In this wild spot



OVERLAND MAIL-EXPRESS ARRIVING IN TOWN.



many a miner from Montana, on his way to Salt Lake City or the States, was suddenly confronted by these land pirates and made to throw up his hands and drop his dust, the result of years of toil and privation. One day in July, 1865, the treasure coach for the south left Virginia City with seven passengers, N. S. Parker, A. J. McCausland, David Dinan, W. L. Mers, L. F. Carpenter, Charles Parks and James Brown, and a large amount of treasure in dust and gold bars. These men were all hardy miners and mountaineers who, with a view of protecting their hard earned treasure from the attacks of robbers, were armed with double-barreled shot-guns loaded with buckshot. They feared an attack upon the coach, and determined to defend it with their lives. They watched in turn at the coach windows, with guns ready for instant use, with the hope of obtaining the first shot in case of an attack. The driver's name was Frank Williams, and another man sat with him on the driver's seat, who was afterward found to have been one of the robbers. On reaching this wild spot in Port Neuf cañon, the man on the box with the driver cried out, "Boys, here they are!" The outside watch fired a hasty shot, and the passengers inside the coach fired simultaneously at what appeared the gun-barrels of the robbers peering through the willows. This volley was immediately answered by another from the bushes. McCausland, Mers, Dinan and Parker fell dead from this fire. Carpenter was wounded in three places, and saved his life by feigning death on the approach of one of the robbers for the purpose of shooting him the second time. Parks was mortally wounded, and was not further molested by the assassins. Brown alone was uninjured, and escaped in the bushes. The driver, Williams, had purposely driven the coach into the deadly ambush, and received his share of the plunder. He immediately left the employ of the company and departed from Salt Lake City. Avengers, however, were upon his trail, and his part of the robbery was fastened upon him. He was traced to Denver and a watch placed upon his movements each moment of his life, and, step by step, the evidence of his crime was woven about him. A vigilance committee performed the last ceremony. They rounded off his life on the famous oaken bough by the waters of Cherry Creek, early one morning before the sun had gilded the summit of Pike's Peak. Eight robbers committed the slaughter in the cañon, and obtained \$70,000 in gold, and, save the driver, Frank Williams, none were ever punished for the crime.

The founding of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express is intimately connected with the early development and marvelous growth of the Pacific coast.

With the discovery of gold in California, the establishment of numerous mining camps and the wonderful influx of emigration, a most promising field was presented for energy and industry. Early in the spring of 1850, Adams & Co., with headquarters at San Francisco, established agencies throughout the mining camps of California, and freight and treasure thus found a ready means of conveyance.

Animated by the prospect of reaping a share of the rich harvest that lay before them, a new company sprang into existence, whose founders were Henry Wells, W. G. Fargo, E. B. Morgan, J. C. Fargo, Johnston Livingston, L. W. Winchester, D. M. Barney, B. P. Cheny and others, prominent in the business and financial world. This company was organized in March, 1852, under the general laws of incorporation of the State of New York, with a capital of \$300,000 in the name of Wells, Fargo & Co. This name has never been changed, and beneath its familiar ensigns have been won all the achievements that have given it renown from one line of continent to the other. It still remains the same, although the original organization has in the meanwhile undergone various changes. It was at first intended to operate solely on the Pacific slope, its connection with New York being by sea. Colonel Pardee and R. W. Washburn were its first managers or general agents at San Francisco. Immediately upon its organization it began a spirited contest for popular favor with existing express companies. It established, in connection with the ordinary express business as already stated, a system of letter-carrying and distribution, independent of the United States mails. This novel feature, as related, at once caught the popular favor, and was held in high esteem, as it contributed greatly to the comfort and convenience of residents of remote mining camps not on the line of the mail routes. Its importance was recognized by Congress in the passage of Section 3993, Revised Statutes of the United States. A general banking system was likewise established for the purchase and sale of exchange, gold dust and bullion, which has continued uninterruptedly since its early formation.

It is not to be presumed, however, that all was pleasant sailing on this sea of business adventure. Rough winds sometimes overtake



THE MAIL ROBBERY OF PORT NEUF CAÑON.



the proudest craft and drive them on the breakers. Three years after their organization, California was visited with a financial earthquake that shook the new *El Dorado* to its center. Consternation seized upon the people everywhere on the Pacific coast. All the great firms went down. Adams & Co., Page, Bacon & Co., Burgoyne & Co., and other houses whose financial standing had never for a moment been questioned. It was a simoon, whose hot breath withered all that it touched. Wells, Fargo & Co. did not escape entirely. It shared in the general panic and, without a proper consideration of the grounds of alarm, closed the doors of its San Francisco office. A temporary receiver was immediately appointed in the person of Henry M. Naglae, and his inquiries into the condition of the affairs of the company at once convinced him that its financial foundation was sound and its assets amply sufficient to meet all demands. In three days its suspension terminated, business was resumed and, in all the long years of changeful adventure that have since passed, its doors have never been closed. Amid all the panics and monetary convulsions that have shaken the great business centers of the country and wrecked many a powerful corporation, it has stood like a great rock, around which the waves roll and break into ripples.

The failure of Adams & Co. in California did not, however, leave the field entirely to Wells, Fargo & Co. From the remains of the broken institution sufficient material was saved to construct another company, the Pacific Express, which for a brief period disputed the field. At other and various times the territory operated by Wells, Fargo & Co. was either wholly, or in part, occupied by different firms, who became either absorbed or driven from the field by the patronage extended to their more powerful antagonists. Among them may be enumerated the Expresses of Adams & Co., Freeman & Co., Gregory & Co., Wines & Co., Hunter & Co., Rhodes & Co., Todd & Co., Whiting & Co., McLane & Co., Miller & Co., Tracy & Co., Berkman & Co., Greathouse & Co., Washoe Express and T. & F. Co., Langton & Co., Evarts & Co., Scammon & Co., Lamping & Co., Barber & Co., Wells & Co., Barnard & Co., Snell & Co., and others still are now recalled. A more formidable rival, however, than any of the foregoing, was the Pacific Union Express, organized in May, 1868, but retired in November, 1869. On the occurrence of the financial troubles of 1855, the treasurer of the

company, Thomas James, was sent from New York to San Francisco to assume charge of their interests. In October following he appointed as general agent of the company, Lewis McLane, a native of Maryland, who had recently settled in San Francisco. Mr. McLane had lately retired from the naval service of the Government, and brought into the work a more vigorous spirit of enterprise. Under his management an immediate improvement began in the company's affairs, its business largely extended, and its letter-carriage system, which had lately declined on account of interference by the postoffice department, was placed in full accord with legal requirements and on a basis of permanent prosperity. The stamped envelope of the Government was substituted for their own for this class of business, with an official imprint of the company thereon, and were sold at a moderate advance upon the original cost. This plan proved both effectual and remunerative, as during the first month of its adoption the sales amounted to several thousand dollars, and subsequently reaching \$15,000 a month. To expedite this class of business every means was adopted, and the use of "pony riders" and runners on snowshoes frequently resorted to, when other means proved impracticable.

Immediately upon the settlement of the Pacific coast followed the question of rapid and constant mail facilities. Many were the schemes devised, but the first practical effort in this direction was made in 1856, when a company was formed, which contracted with the Government to carry the United States mails overland from St. Louis



LETTER CARRIER ON SNOW-SHOES.

to San Francisco. This company was named "The Overland Mail Company," and began its career of usefulness with John Butterfield as president and William G. Fargo, William B. Dinsmore, the Barneys, B. F. Cheny and others as associates. It was in fact in the hands of the originators and owners of Wells, Fargo & Co., and was intended as a means of transportation for all express matter, as well as the mails. The line was located geographically on what has been variously designated as the "Southern Route" and the "Butterfield Route." Its initial point, as stated, having been St. Louis, running thence through Southwestern Missouri, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California to San Francisco.

This route, although followed for a number of years, was not in all respects satisfactory, and was finally abandoned, in 1861, for the Central Route. Although not directly within the control of Wells, Fargo & Co., it is a well known fact that this change was inspired by that great organization, and forms a connecting link in the chain of events that survived the overland service.

Parallel with the route of the Overland Mail Company on the south, was a line of mail service far to the north, run once a month on long schedule time, known as the Central Route. Its eastern division, that from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Salt Lake City, was owned and operated by John Hockaday, and its western division, that from Salt Lake City to Sacramento, by George Chorpensing. During the mining excitement attendant upon the gold discoveries of Pike's Peak in the years 1859-60, then an unorganized Territory, now the State of Colorado, the eastern half of this combination was absorbed by the company known as the "Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company," a new organization founded by the renowned border freighting firm of Russell, Majors, Waddell & Co., and John S. Jones, and a stage and express line established between Leavenworth City, Kansas, and Denver, over the "Smoky Hill Route," changing in 1860 to the "Platte." As previously stated, it was this company that inaugurated the famous "Pony Express." The Pony Express was started simultaneously from each end of the line, St. Joseph on the east and Sacramento on the west, on the 3d of April, 1860, and made regular weekly trips between those points covering the continent in ten days, carrying letters alone. The success of the enterprise demonstrated the feasibility of a "central route," and

accordingly the "Overland Mail" on the southern route was transferred to it in the summer of 1861, the company purchasing Chorpenning's interest and the Pony Express from Salt Lake west. The Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Co. and the Pony Express from Salt Lake City east, were still later, in 1861, absorbed by the "Overland Stage Line," owned and operated by Ben Holliday. The western half still remained in possession of the original projectors of the Overland Mail Company, and was managed by William Buckley, general superintendent, and Messrs. Fred Cook, Jacob Gooding and H. S. Rumfield, agents and superintendents. In 1866, through the efforts of Gen. Bela M. Hughes, Mr. Holliday obtained from the legislature of Colorado a charter for the "Holliday Overland Mail and Express Company," and the same year there followed a general consolidation of all the various interests consisting of Wells, Fargo & Co., the Overland Mail Company, the Pioneer Stage Company, and the Holliday Overland Mail and Express Company, organized under the recently acquired Holliday charter, with a capital of \$10,000,000, under the name of Wells, Fargo and Company, the change of name being ratified by a special act of the Colorado legislature. Louis McLane was chosen president of the consolidated organization, with headquarters in New York City. Charles E. McLane (deceased August, 1881), previously superintendent of the Pioneer Stage Company, owned by Wells, Fargo & Co. was appointed general agent for the Pacific coast, with headquarters in San Francisco; John J. Valentine, superintendent of express, and James J. Tracy, of New York, general superintendent of the line. Wells, Fargo & Co. now controlled all the important express and stage lines lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, with branch lines running through the Territories of Idaho and Montana, and transported all the overland mail and express matter.

In 1868 A. H. Barney succeeded Louis McLane as president of the company, and his administration was marked by sagacity, energy and success. Some time after Mr. Barney's assumption of control John J. Valentine was appointed general superintendent, with headquarters at New York, which was subsequently changed to San-Francisco.

Upon completion of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads, the officers of the company decided to revert to the original intentions of its founders, and accordingly disposed of all its stage interests.

Since then its operations have been confined solely to banking and express.

In the early part of 1869 a new Pacific Express was organized by a company of capitalists of California, consisting of D. O. Mills, Lloyd Tevis, Henry D. Bacon and others, who contracted with the Central Pacific Railroad for express privileges for a period of ten years, and immediately thereupon proceeded to occupy this main artery of communication. However, at a meeting of the rival interests at Omaha, where W. G. Fargo, A. H. Barney, Charles Fargo and John J. Valentine represented Wells, Fargo & Co., and D. O. Mills, Lloyd Tevis and Henry D. Bacon, the Pacific Express, the negotiations resulted in Wells, Fargo & Co. acquiring the Pacific Express. The following year A. H. Barney was succeeded by Lloyd Tevis, of San Francisco, as president of the company, and the general offices of the company removed to San Francisco, where it has since remained. Since that period but little change has occurred in its management.

Few people comparatively, understand the immensity of this organization. It operates over thirty-five thousand miles of express lines, rail, stages and steamers, transacting business in Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Dakota, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, Utah and Washington Territory, in the United States; and at Vancouver Island, B. C., and the States of Aguascalientes, Baja, California, Chihuahua, Colima, Durango, Guanajuato, Hidalgo, Mexico, Querétaro, Sinaloa, Sonora and Zacatecas, in the republic of Mexico.

The company likewise possesses agencies in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, New York, Boston, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other European cities. It also transacts important business between England and the continent.

Notwithstanding all this, the enterprise is essentially a Western feature, and its growth has kept pace with the mighty development of that vast region. From forty agencies, in 1854, it has grown into thousands, and in mileage, business and earnings it stands in the front rank of the great express companies of the United States, paying regularly a semi-annual dividend of four per cent.

While inaugurated as a money-making institution, it has, nevertheless, by its uniform respect for the rights of individuals, secured and maintained a firm hold on the good-will of the people, which has proven exceptional in the history of corporations.

It is admitted generally that no other express company in the world has been subjected to such losses as has been incurred by the attacks of robbers and of highwayman and lawless desperadoes, yet the promptness with which each loss by these depredations has been adjusted has impressed the public confidence in its integrity and responsibility.

The company has further augmented its good reputation by the sympathy it has exhibited in times of public calamity, and its identification with many of the great relief movements of past years forms a luminous page in its history. It is often exclaimed that the "corporations are soulless." Perhaps in the main this is true. The exception shows all the brighter for the truism. The powerful hand of this corporation, embraced in the personal supervision of its officers, in collecting and forwarding money and supplies free of charge and in directing large sums to the stricken and suffering communities, was extended over the great fire of Chicago, the overflow of the Mississippi River, the yellow fever at Memphis in 1873, the grasshopper plague of Kansas and Nebraska, the inundation of Marysville, California, the forest fires in Wisconsin, the great fire at Virginia City, Nevada, and the terrible yellow fever scourge of 1878. In addition to all of this usefulness and generosity is the fact always spread before us, like a living page, of the immensity of its service to mankind in providing such food for its thousands of employes and the many other thousands of helpless ones dependent upon their labor, ramifying its good influence wherever it goes, penetrating the wilderness with its banners of industry and bearing the lights of civilization in the darkest corners of the land. Surely capital and labor are here well combined, and blessings, not curses, must follow such a corporation.

## CHAPTER V.

THE PACIFIC RAILROADS—SURVEYS AND EXPLORATIONS BY THE GOVERNMENT—ACTS OF CONGRESS—THE GRANTING OF SUBSIDIES—A MINUTE DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING OF EACH ROAD—THEIR PLANS AND METHODS—THE INITIAL POINT ESTABLISHED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN—HIS APPOINTMENT OF COMMISSIONERS—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WORK—THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNDERTAKING—HARDSHIPS AND PRIVATION ENDURED—COMPLETION OF THE TWO GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL LINES—INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THEIR CONSTRUCTION—DRIVING OF THE TWO GOLD SPIKES—THE COST OF EACH ROAD—THE "CREDIT MOBILIER"—ITS MYSTERIOUS METHODS—THE VAST SUMS OF MONEY IT CAPTURED—OAKES AMES—THE FABULOUS EARNINGS OF THE ROADS—THEIR GREAT BENEFITS TO THE COUNTRY.

As the Pony Express made way for the swifter stage coach, likewise in the order of rapid progress the line of fast stages was swept from mountain and plain by the iron courser, whose shrill breath of steam awoke the echoes of hills and valleys that had slept in silence through all the ages.

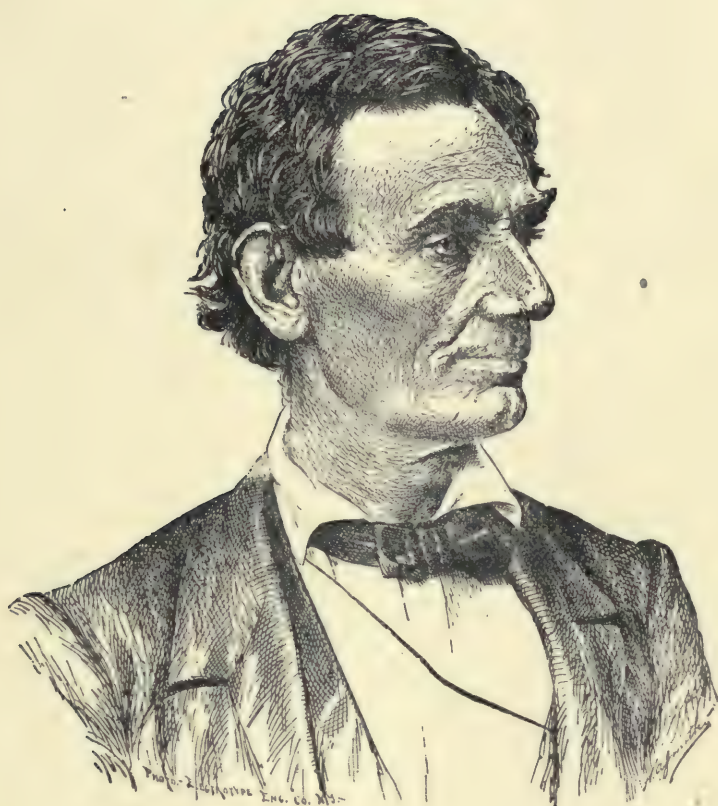
The necessity of a railroad to the Pacific was recognized ever since the discovery of gold upon that coast and the tide of emigration had given birth to a colossal civilization upon its distant shores. It was another Mexico and Peru, far richer, however, in its mineral wealth and far more inviting as to climate and geographical position. The magnificent advantages of the new State as to harbor and location, commanding the trade of the ocean and the commercial wealth of the ancient empires, whose population includes more than one-half of that of the earth, and, added to the prospect of its own development in mineral wealth and extraordinary agricultural and grazing capacities as well as the anticipation of a large trade with the empires of Eastern Asia, was the hope of acquiring the rich commerce of the Indies, which had hitherto been diverted thousands of miles upon the Atlantic seaboard, all demonstrated clearly the original need of railroad communication with our new Pacific possessions, which exceeded in area, wealth of soil and mineral deposits many of the more powerful kingdoms and empires of the Old World.

The commercial and social requirements of the Pacific States and Territories, the military need by the National Government, the development of mining industries in the intermediate Territories, the necessities of the rapidly increasing population along the temperate belt across the continent, as well as an agent to expand the productive power in the lifework of its social organism, the short road imperatively required to avoid sending passengers, mails and freight through the tropics, across a foreign territory, a distance of 6,000 miles, or through the Antarctic Ocean half way around the world, all demanded that such a road should be established.

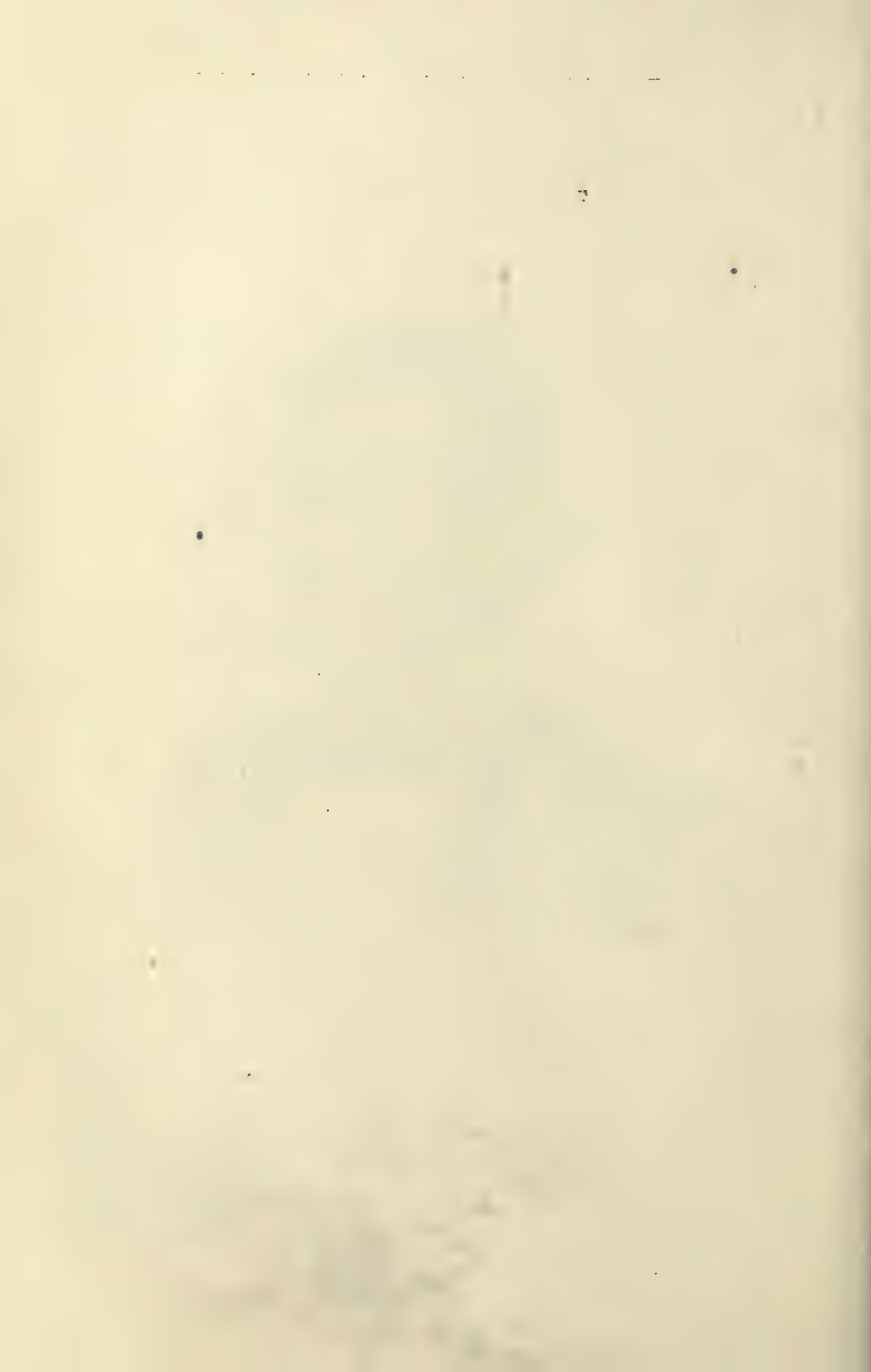
After the annexation of California, many means were proposed to construct the road. During the years 1853 to 1856, in accordance with the act of March 3rd, 1853, the Government, through the war department, organized and executed a series of surveys and explorations, from the Missouri River westward to the Pacific Ocean, to ascertain the most practicable routes to the coast. Reports were made upon the extreme northern route (Stevens) between the forty-seventh and forty-ninth parallels of north latitude, the route of the forty-first parallel (the Mormon route), the route of the thirty-eighth parallel (Benton's great central or "Buffalo Trail" route), the route of the thirty-fifth parallel (Rusk's route), and the route of the thirty-second parallel (El Paso and Gila to the Pacific) through the Gadsden Purchase.

Subsequently it became a national question, and the platform of both parties endorsed the movement and each advocated the building of the road. Presidents Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln, each in turn, transmitted to Congress special messages recommending legislative aid. Finally the act of Congress approved July 1st, 1862, was passed, and active measures instituted for the building of the road. But before the acquisition of California and adjacent territory by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the subject of a trans-continental railroad was agitated by the people. As early as 1838 a public meeting was held at Dubuque, Iowa, to express opinions favorable to the building of a railroad to the Pacific coast. Public attention was again directed to it upon the settlement of the Northwestern boundary question by the Ashburton treaty of 1842.

In 1845 Senator Douglas proposed a grant of alternate sections of land to the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, to aid in building a railroad from Lake Erie via Chicago and Rock Island to the Missouri



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



River. He also introduced a bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska, extending from the Missouri River westward, and the Territory of Oregon, from the summit of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and to reserve to each of said Territories the alternate sections of lands for forty miles on each side of the line of railroad, from a point on the Missouri River where the Lake Erie road should cross the same, and thence to the navigable waters of the Pacific, in the Territory of Oregon, or on the Bay of San Francisco, should California be annexed in time.

To assist in the construction of such a vast work of internal improvement, Congress granted to three separate routes large quantities of the public lands. But while the road became constantly more necessary, its progress was continuously delayed, on account of the outbreak of the war and the diversion of capital to other channels, apparently more promising.

It became evident that if the colossal enterprise was to be accomplished, it must be through direct aid from the General Government. Hitherto a serious obstacle to such a course presented itself in the theory of the strict constructionists of the Constitution, that Congress was not possessed of the power to aid such work by the grant of either land or money subsidies. The traditional policy of the Government was thus opposed to the aid of the enterprise, although it was apparent that its completion would unite the country in a political and geographical unit, and prevent the seat of rival and perchance hostile empires. The exigencies arising from the war between the States instantaneously and radically changed the theory and attitude of the nation, and Congress came to the relief of the only route that had advanced at all in the undertaking, and loaned its credit to an amount estimated to be half sufficient to construct the road from the Missouri to the Pacific, providing for its repayment by the services of the road or a small percentage upon its future business.

This subsidy was granted to the central route, being constructed by two separate corporations, the Union Pacific building westward from Omaha, and the Central Pacific building eastward from Sacramento. The amount of the subsidy to be equally divided among these two companies, or in proportion to the number of miles completed and the difficulty of construction, was \$50,000,000. A much smaller sum was also granted for an eastern branch on this side of the

Rocky Mountains, known as the Union Pacific Railroad Company, Eastern Division, or the Smoky Hill Route running from Kansas City to Denver. The land grant was 12,800 acres per mile. The road was required to be first-class.

Under this stimulus the two companies made rapid progress, each attempting to reach the goal, Salt Lake City, first. The Central Pacific Railroad Company being less affected by the war, and stirred to additional effort by the immense traffic between California and the rich mining regions of Nevada and Idaho, in its earlier operations made the swifter progress. Nevertheless the work on the Union Pacific line was pushed with great vigor, and gave promise of completion many years before the time fixed by the act.

It may prove interesting to state that the act of Congress incorporating the Union Pacific Railroad Company made it the duty of the corporators, who were styled in said act "the Board of Commissioners of the Union Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Company," to meet for organization at Chicago, at the call of the commissioners named in said act for the State of Illinois. Accordingly, on the second day of September, 1862, they assembled at Bryan Hall, Chicago, and organized permanently by the appointment of William B. Ogden, of Chicago, president; Thomas W. Olcott, of New York, treasurer, and Henry V. Poor, of New York, secretary.

A resolution was adopted accepting the act of incorporation in behalf of the company, and directing a certified copy of the proceedings of the convention to be filed in the department of the interior.

On the 13th day of October of the following year, 1863, the directors, who had been chosen upon the previous day, assembled at New York City, and elected from their own number John A. Dix, president; Thomas C. Durant, vice-president; J. J. Cisco, treasurer; and H. V. Poor, secretary. Brigham Young, of Utah, was one of the directors.

On the 7th of March, 1864, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, established the initial point of the road at Omaha, on the western boundry of the State of Iowa, east of and opposite to the east line of section 10, in township 15 north, of range 13 east, of the sixth principal meridian, in the Territory of Nebraska.

On the 19th of July, 1864, the President appointed three directors on the part of the Government of the United States; also three

commissioners to examine the road or roads, as authorized by the act of incorporation.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company, on the 24th of December, 1862, also accepted officially the provisions of the act entitled "An Act To Aid in the Construction of a Railroad and Telegraph Line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean etc.," approved July 1st, 1862.

On the 6th of July, 1864, the Secretary of the Interior acknowledged the receipt of the map of the general route of the Central Pacific road, and directed the withdrawal from préemption, private entry and sale of the public lands on each side of said route, for twenty-five miles in width.

On the 8th of July, 1864, President Abraham Lincoln appointed three commissioners to examine the road.

On the 12th of January, 1864, the President, in pursuance of the act of Congress, fixed the point where the line of the Central Pacific Railroad crosses Arcade Creek in the Sacramento Valley as the western base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. From this point, until the above range was crossed and the level plains beyond reached, the subsidy granted a mile was much greater than that for the straight levels.

The work of grading was commenced in 1863. The first shipment of iron reached Sacramento, October 8th, 1863, and track-laying immediately began and was vigorously prosecuted. Great obstacles were met and overcome, as this mountain work progressed, in the deep cuts through rock and hard cement requiring continual blasting.

A feature in the construction of this road was the employment of the Chinese laborer, principally, for the work, and to this fact may be ascribed the great immigration of the Chinese to California, led thither by the reward for their labor on this road. As a further inducement to enlist private capital in this semi-public enterprise, the Central Pacific Company was authorized to issue its own first mortgage bonds to the same amount with the bonds issued by the United States for the purpose which *should have precedence over all others*. In other words, they were made by law an absolute first lien upon the road, its franchises, improvements, etc.

The chief difficulties apprehended in the construction of the great rail highway to the Pacific were the three lofty mountain crosses and

the deep winter snow obstructions. The latter was overcome by the building of forty miles of snow sheds; time proved the former to be falacious. Upon the practical test they proved<sup>d</sup> to be in no wise formidable. At the very outset of its career the Central Pacific Company was compelled to meet the difficulty in its worst form. The towering Sierras had to be crossed within the first hundred miles. In fact, the two mountain ranges were crossed at elevations of over 7,000 feet, or nearly three times the height of any railroad line previously constructed upon the continent. The maximum grade was at 116 feet to the mile, while the bulk of the heavy grade was at 105 feet to the mile, with numerous level intervals. At the summit of the Sierras the crest of the ridge was pierced by a tunnel 1,658 feet in length, the longest on the road. There were, likewise, numerous curves, none of which, however, have a radius of less than ten degrees. And thus the vast undertaking was prosecuted to a successful termination six years before the time allotted by the act of Congress for its completion. It was a colossal scheme to annihilate by steam the boundless space between the two oceans.

It was a fruitful exhibition of the power and genius and marvelous energy that characterizes the American race. To push a railroad over plains, deserts, rivers and mountains, where everything had to be transported, with no eastern communication by rail when the work was begun, and only a distant water-way by the Missouri, with no timber for ties, no iron, save that which was brought all the way from Pennsylvania via Chicago & St. Joseph, Missouri; with labor to be drawn from the heart of the nation upon the East and the Chinese empire on the West, and carried far beyond the pale of civilization or the luxury of bed and board, save the rough carhouses on the track, in which the men slept and ate and cooked their meals, away out in the wilderness, where the wolf prowled and the savage roamed at will—to build a road under such conditions would seem to demand the skill and courage of a Cæsar or a Marlborough! But to build it as successfully as this vast road was built, and as rapidly as it was constructed, was the exhibition of the skill, genius and prowess that crowns American industry with the laurel, and emblazons upon its banners the marvelous victories of mind over matter. It may have been a costly enterprise, considering dollars and cents alone, but when taken into consideration with the blessings that

flow from its construction—the immense travel which passes to and fro between China and Europe, the vast expansion of the Western States and Territories; the stimulation of the great mining industries, and the equally important national, military, social and civilizing influences created by its advent, and which have swiftly followed its completion, the road would have been cheap at an immeasurably greater cost of construction.

How colossal the undertaking must have appeared to those, who assumed the burden of the enterprise, may be well imagined when you consider the extent and variety of country over which the road passes. Four great natural divisions of territory lay between them and the Pacific Ocean. First, the plains, which Agassiz declared to be the grandest of all glacial deposits, 500 miles wide and 1,000 long, stretching from river to mountain, and from the British line to Mexico. A magnificent “earth-ocean rolling up in beautiful green billows along the shores of the continental streams and mountains that border it, and calming down in the center, as if the Divine voice had spoken again, as of yore, ‘Peace, be still!’” This boundless tract, which, in the days of my boyhood, I read upon the maps of my country as “The Great American Desert,” is to-day the vast pasture grounds of the nation, upon which it feeds its countless herds, where the cultivated soil yields fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, and whose fruit was among the finest exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in 1876.

Next, the mountains; 500 miles wide, balancing the continent in its center, and distilling from the clouds the refreshing streams that fertilize the earth and feed the waters that keep in motion the two oceans, and, strange to contemplate, keeping also within the shadow of its grasp a great, broad belt of barren land, where runs no living stream, save the burning waters of Bitter Creek. Beyond is the glowing descent into the green valley of the great Salt Lake, where the iron courser should roll beneath the shadow of majestic mountains, at the base of granite walls, through snow drifts and blooming flowers, tall cliffs and deep ravines, where the angry waters gather and boil over boulders, hurled by the mighty upheaval which, in bygone ages, carved the pathway for the waters.

The third division, another 500 miles, through Utah and Nevada, embracing more of the great, barren waste than all others, and more

properly deserving the title of "desert lands," watered only by the shallow Humboldt River, fed from many mountain ranges. Along this stream the track of the road would run for 300 miles, until the river should sink mysteriously out of sight, within a deep, volcanic cavern not 100 miles from the California line. Through this dead and desert alkaline waste the road would run, where a green grass blade was unknown and no flower dreamed of life and beauty; where wild torrents gashed the barren hillsides, and wintry storms fashioned the strange castles and columns that pointed the way to "Death Valley."

Among the foothills of the Sierras of Nevada would begin the fourth and final division; thence over the crests of mountains covered with dark cypress forests, by the side of lakes among the clouds, beneath the shadow of granite precipices, along the edge of yawning gulfs, over tall cliffs unscaled—ere the ladders of the railroad engineer were lashed to their lofty sides to plant his level on their wondrous heights, and, through foot-hills again, seamed and scarred by the miner's brawny arms, and "the green vineyards on the banks of the Sacramento, laden with autumn's golden offerings; over the Tule marshes, across the shadow of Mount Diablo, and into the sandhills which the ocean's wash had erected as its own barrier."

This was the pathway marked out by the hand of nature for the track of the iron courser across the American continent. Undaunted, the brave captains of industry marshaled their forces for the contest. The Central Pacific was the first in the field. In January, 1863, the work of grading began, and was signalized by public ceremonies in which the State legislature and other officers, together with a large concourse of prominent citizens participated. The multitude had but little faith in its completion, and some there were who laughed outright when Leland Stanford, as president of the company, shoveled a little sandy earth from a wagon into a mudhole at the foot of "K street" in the city of Sacramento, where the grading actually began.

Nevertheless, the work thus begun went on. The first shipment of rails did not reach Sacramento until October of that year, but by June, 1864, thirty-one miles of track had been laid to Newcastle, 930 feet above the level of the ocean, the greater part of the distance lying in the foothills of the Sierras. The energy and capacity exhibited by the company induced the legislature of California, of 1863, to pass laws authorizing San Francisco, Sacramento and Placer counties to

issue bonds for subscription to the stock of the company in the sum of \$600,000, of \$300,000, and of \$250,000, respectively. The San Francisco subscription was finally compromised by a donation of bonds of \$400,000 without stock. The legislature of 1864 guaranteed the payment by the State of interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, gold, or \$1,500,000 of the company's bonds, for twenty years. Nevertheless, the total subscription of stock in January, 1865, did not exceed 9,889 shares, equal to \$983,900.

There was much at this period of the work to dishearten the warmest friends of the enterprise. It was exceedingly difficult to dispose of the company's bonds at a remunerative price; the issue of the San Francisco bonds was prevented by hostile suits, carried to the supreme court until 1865; the credit of the company was assailed and weakened by malicious enmity and false representations that the road would not be constructed beyond Dutch Flat, sixty-seven miles from Sacramento, and that it was impossible to operate it further in winter, should it be constructed.

To these causes the subsequent delay of the work is ascribed. It was not until September, 1866, that the road was completed to Alta, seventy miles east of Sacramento, and 5,625 feet above sea level. In November following the track was laid to Cisco, 5,911 feet above sea level, an elevation of 2,286 feet being overcome in twenty-three miles. The summit of the Sierras was still thirteen miles distant, but excepting the work on the tunnels the most difficult part of the great undertaking was accomplished. From Colfax to Cisco, thirty-eight miles, an elevation of 3,463 feet had to be overcome, and the average grade required was over seventy-one feet; while for shorter distances a grade from 105 to 116 feet was necessary, the latter being the legal maximum. Here existed a great field of operations. Six thousand Chinamen were at work, without whose aid, as previously remarked, the California end of the Pacific road could not have been built, or at least within the time prescribed by the charter, on account of the insufficiency of white labor on that coast.

However, after the advancement of the road to this point, all things connected therewith moved more serenely. No longer was the iron highway across the continent a thing of doubt and theory — success was established.

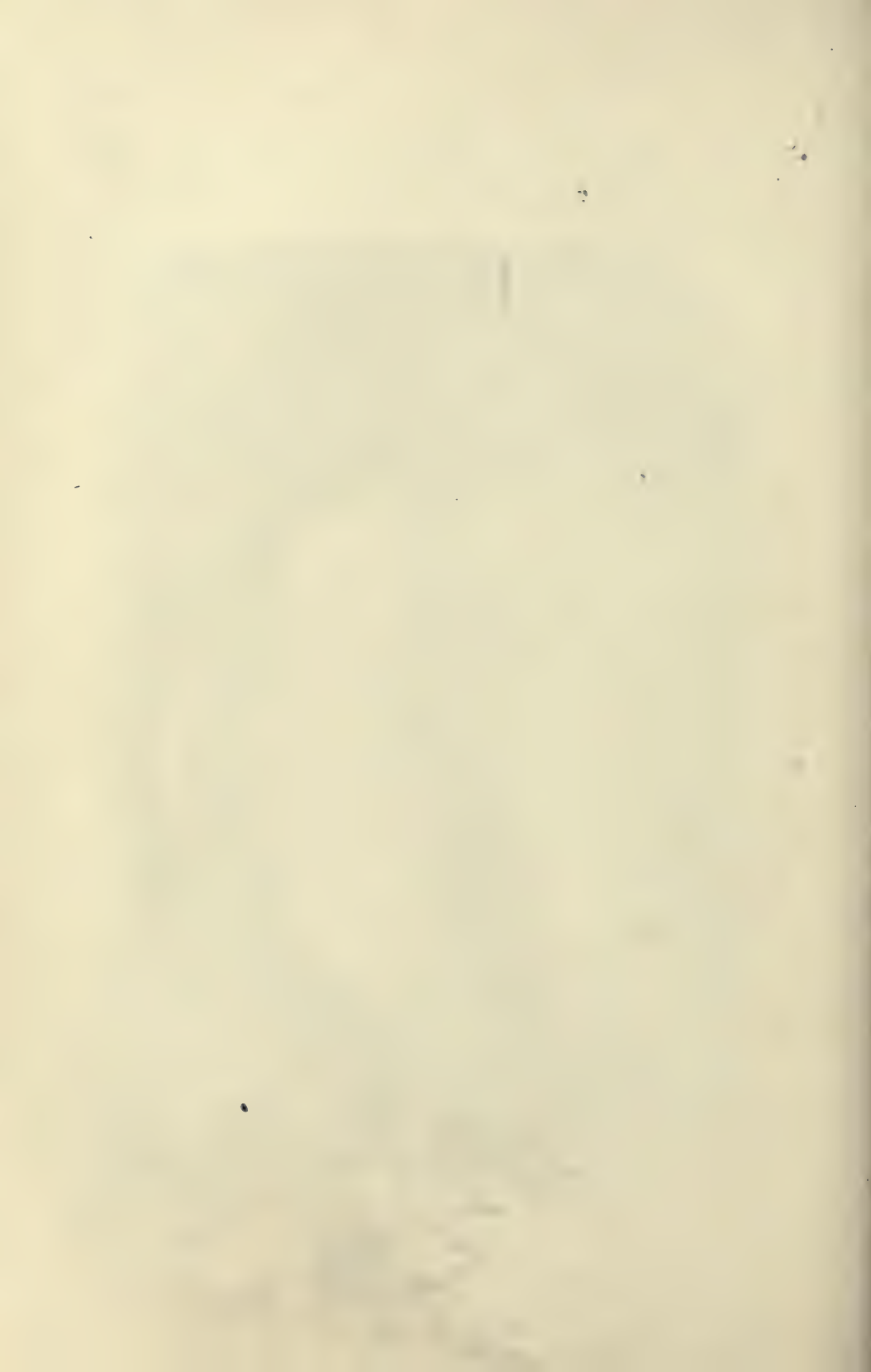
The monthly earnings of the road increased to \$150,000. The

great heights had been climbed by the iron horse without the serious check so vigorously prophesied by its opponents, and confidence being kindled everywhere in its ultimate completion and permanent prosperity, its bonds were now taken with an eagerness that astonished and gratified its friends.

Work on the eastern end of the road was not begun by the Union Pacific Railroad Company for eighteen months after that on the Central Pacific was inaugurated — not until the summer of 1865. The Eastern company, as already explained, had a level plain for its operations for 500 miles; had more capital to sustain it and no difference in currency to overcome, and but a short distance, comparatively, to transport its supplies. The bond subsidy of \$32,000 a mile on the plains with a grade of only seven feet to the mile, was more than sufficient to pay the cost of the road, while the up-grade of the Central Pacific to the Sierras cost more than double the highest subsidy of \$48,000 per mile. But the Union Pacific made fast time when the work was once begun. In a single year it laid track to operate 200 miles west of Omaha, and continued its work while the Central was delayed half a year by deep snows. By March, 1866, the Union Pacific had extended its track 300 miles west of Omaha; sixty-five miles were laid in one month, and three miles in a single exceptional day. The staging time across the gap between the two iron roads had been reduced to ten days. Another achievement in the construction of railroads had tended greatly to aid the Union Pacific in its rapid advancement — the completion of the Northwestern railroad between Chicago and Omaha. The connection by rail between these cities in December, 1866, enabled the Union Pacific to transport all its materials and supplies over the Northwestern and lay them at their doors without a break in their railroad continuity, while those of the Central Pacific were sailing around Cape Horn, a distance of 19,000 miles. By the middle of the summer of 1867 the Central Pacific had reached the summit of the Sierras; fifteen tunnels, embracing a length of 6,262 feet, were far advanced toward completion, and 10,000 men and 1,300 teams were working on the grade down the eastern slope. The Union Pacific, with a larger force, was laying track at the rate of two and a half miles per day, and were well on to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. That point was reached in October, and the road was advanced 500 miles west of Omaha. Here began the slower and



WEBER CAÑON, UNION PACIFIC R. R.



more difficult work of the Union Pacific, while the Central now possessed smooth sailing. On the 30th of November, 1867, the first passenger train of the Central Pacific reached the Sierras' summit, and planted the banner of omnipotent industry upon its lofty crest. A world of thought and activity of brain and brawn—a wondering world, whose doubts had delayed, but whose praise and gratitude now was boundless—lay at the feet of this iron courser, whose breath of steam mingled with the vapor of the clouds. Thus the work went on over plains and altitudes reaching 7,000 and 8,000 feet. In five years nearly 700 miles of track had been laid by the two companies. Now they were nearly equi-distant from Promontory Point, at the head of Great Salt Lake. The eastern company 522 miles, the western 545. As the summer opened, the race began with renewed energy. The great armies of industry, thoroughly drilled and equipped for the contest, were each marching on to the grandest victory ever achieved over the forces of nature upon the broad continent. Both companies, strong and reliant, possessing ample means and eager for the conflict, were struggling with all their might to reach a common goal—the rich harvest of Government subsidies and the control of the carrying trade of the gold fields and agricultural wealth of the intermediate Territories. An army of 25,000 workmen, with pick and shovel and blasting material, and 6,000 teams with all the vast stores and supplies necessary for their maintenance, were engaged in ceaseless labor upon the road, while 600 tons of material for its construction were daily forwarded from either end of the track. The woods and rocks rang with the sound of their blows as the iron rails were laid and spiked to the earth. Nearly 100 locomotives and several hundred cars on the Central Pacific, and as many more on the eastern line, were passing and repassing with material, supplies and laborers. Every man who could be enlisted was sent to the front. The wharves of San Francisco and Sacramento were piled with iron rails, and at one time thirty vessels were *en route* around Cape Horn with rolling stock for the Central Pacific, while other large quantities were transported across the Isthmus. The same energy was displayed on the eastern end. Everything available was brought into requisition to advance the road. Ties were cut 100 miles in the heart of the woodland belt, floated down stream and borne on ox-teams to the line of the railroad and transported thence by rail to end of the track. The great overland

system of telegraph lines, itself the pioneer of the railroad, became the ally of the stupendous enterprise, and flashed the words of command along the vast line of labor, and across the continent to the seaboard depots of the two ocean cities. No nation in the world had ever before witnessed such track laying. The fact is recorded that more ground was *ironed* in a day, than was *traversed* by the ox-teams of the pioneers of '49.

And thus the road progressed until the morning of the 10th of June, 1869, when the last spike in the last rail was to be driven. It was a memorable occasion in the annals of great enterprises. It was a day of grand industrial triumph. The genius of man had subjugated the rude forces of nature, and the people's representatives had gathered from the wave lines of both ocean shores to celebrate the event. In the early gray of the morning a band of Union Pacific workmen began closing the gap which had purposely been left open on their end of the line. At 10 o'clock the sound of steam whistles announced that the ceremonies of laying the last rail by the officers and friends of the road present would now begin. Governor Stanford and Vice-President Durant shook hands over the rail that was laid in its place. They were the two great captains who had marshaled the armies of industry across the continent. They were the men to whom, more than all others, belonged the honors of the mighty achievement, for they, by their courage, faith and endurance had wrung victory from defeat. But their able lieutenants were there also to join in celebrating the victory.

Two gold spikes from California and one of virgin silver from Nevada, at whose forging 100 men had each struck a blow, had been donated for the work. The governor of Arizona, on behalf of his Territory, presented one of silver also. A laurel tie, hewn from the forests of California for this special occasion, was adjusted in its place. As each spike should be the last, one of the golden ones was presented by Governor Stanford to Vice-President Durant, who should drive it as the last on his road, and the other by Governor Stanford, the last in fact as he had shoveled the first spadeful of earth in Sacramento in the hour of doubt and uncertainty.

It had been arranged by the superintendents of the telegraph lines that connection should be made with fire-alarm bells in all American cities that possessed them, to be struck when the hammer drove

the last spike home, and instantaneously both sides of the continent should rejoice at the completion of the work by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. Prayer was offered. At its conclusion the silver spikes were driven. Then Vice-President Durant drove his spike of gold. Now Leland Stanford, with his uplifted arm waited the moment that should signal the nation that the mighty work was ended. The blow fell, and the roar of cannon on both sides of the continent announced that the nation was a geographical as well as a political unit.



DRIVING THE GOLDEN SPIKE.

An interesting feature of the ceremonies was the presence of the officers of a detachment of the Twenty-first United States Infantry, with their wives, on their way to California. The detachment came up under arms, the band playing an inspiring national air. There were also present two ladies from California, one of them, Mrs. Ryan, wife of Governor Stanford's agent at Ogden, the other Mrs. Strowbridge, the wife of the superintendent of construction of the

Central Pacific Company, who had shared with her husband all the privations attendant upon the long, continuous labor and enforced absence from home during the building of the Western line of the road. She had been with him during all the years of his employment in constructing the line, and for this she was assigned the post of honor as "Heroine of the Central Pacific Railroad."

Telegrams were sent to the President of the United States, the various heads of departments, the associated press, and other prominent quarters, and messages of congratulation poured in from Washington, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and all the larger cities of the Union, proclaiming the rejoicings of the people that the great work had finally been accomplished.

But, while the road was completed amid the general rejoicings of the nation, and its results have immeasurably benefited all sections to such an extent as to prevent cavil upon the Government for loaning its credit and assuming its financial burdens, yet the facts remain patent that, by a skillful arrangement of the working affairs of the road, enormous profits were reaped by a few interested parties; the immense Government subsidies were converted from their primary purpose, and made to enrich those not contemplated, but forbidden by law, and that the cost of the road was thereby nearly doubled.

By their munificent charter, the Government offered the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific roads a loan of more than sixty millions of dollars and a land grant of 20,000,000 acres. The land at its minimum price of \$2.50 per acre was valued at \$50,000,000 more, and at its average selling price of \$5 per acre, \$100,000,000. Nevertheless the great capitalists of the country concluded that the risk of building 2,000 miles of railroad through an uninhabited country, for the most part an untrodden wilderness of plain and mountain, where there was no local traffic to aid its operation, should it be successfully constructed, was more than they at first were willing to assume. As a further inducement, as already shown, Congress still aided them by the passage of a bill enabling them to issue their own bonds to the same amount as those issued by the Government, which were to be a first-mortgage on the road and its equipment. The Government thus assumed the whole financial burden of the undertaking, with the further concession to the Union Pacific to issue its construction bonds one hundred miles in

vance of the construction. To the far-sighted financier there was now much money to be made. Oakes Ames was a representative in Congress from the State of Massachusetts, a member of the railroad committee which reported the last named bill of relief. His ability as a financier was recognized. He was a millionaire manufacturer of agricultural implements. He did a business of \$1,000,000 per year, and kept no books, although three factories were in full operation. He was clear-sighted and saw that the road could be built for a much smaller sum than the Government offered. He solved the question how to transfer this excess of values from the treasury of the United States to the pockets of the builders. He devised this scheme: A corporation of a different name, but owned by the same parties, should build the new road, receive all the profits and divide them among its stockholders, who were also stockholders in the Union Pacific, but who as such could not legally receive them. A first-mortgage indenture was made, November 1st, 1865, to Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, and Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts, as representatives of the wealthy capitalists who were to lend it money, of the road bed of the unconstructed road for which the money was to be borrowed. Then followed the organization whereby Oakes Ames, Cornelius S. Bushnell, John B. Alley, T. C. Durant and their associates should build the road and divide among themselves all proceeds not used in its construction. The corporation they used for this purpose was first chartered by the State of Pennsylvania, and known as the "Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency." It was modeled after the Credit Mobilier of France. George Francis Train, as the agent of Thomas C. Durant, purchased this charter from its owners for the sum of \$26,645. It was immediately re-christened as "The Credit Mobilier of America." The stockholders of the Union Pacific Railroad now subscribed for the same amount of stock in the Credit Mobilier that they held in the railroad. Thomas C. Durant, vice-president of the road, took 6,041 shares, representing an investment of \$604,100; Oliver Ames, 3,125 shares; Oakes Ames, 900, and S. Hooper & Co. and H. S. McComb each 500 shares. By this proceeding the eastern end of the road was transferred entire to the Credit Mobilier. The first specified act of the new organization was to make the best sort of a contract with the Union Pacific. H. M. Hoxie now appeared, a confidential friend of Vice-President Durant, who offered to build and equip a hundred miles of the road on certain

specified terms. This offer was accepted and signed, not by Hoxie but by H. C. Crane, attorney a confidential clerk of Dr. Durant, with the further agreement that, when so requested, he should assign this contract to Durant, which was accordingly done within sixty days thereafter, and the whole scheme resolved itself into the formula of the vice-president of the road contracting with himself to build one hundred of its miles. Within five days this contract was extended 146 miles further, and a new assignment made to Durant and associates. This contract in figures cost the road in stock and bonds, valued at par, \$12,974,416.24; its cost to the Credit Mobilier was \$7,806,183.33. The difference of over \$5,000,000, after deducting expenses of selling the bonds was divided among the stockholders.

It was the necessity of procuring funds to perform these contracts which led to the creation of the Credit Mobilier. They were transferred to that organization. Oliver Ames was chosen its President, and \$2,500,000 were subscribed for the prosecution of the work to the stock of the Credit Mobilier. This sum being in time exhausted, at a meeting of the stockholders of the Credit Mobilier in New York, it was decided to increase the capital stock of the organization fifty per cent., and to give the holders of old stock a thousand-dollar Pacific Railroad bond for every thousand dollars they subscribed to the stock of the Credit Mobilier, as well as the stock which they subscribed. At this time the bonds were selling at ninety cents, and, therefore the stock of the Credit Mobilier, which afterward became so valuable, was pasteboard for ten cents on the dollar. Ten millions of the bonds were placed on the market at ninety cents on the dollar, and the work was vigorously pushed. The great object now was to complete as many miles as possible to obtain the tremendous profits foreshadowed by the results of the first Hoxie contracts. The next contract granted was to J. M. S. Williams, a wealthy merchant of Boston and a large subscriber to the stock of the Credit Mobilier. This contract was for 267 miles of the road, at \$50,000 per mile, the contract immediately assigned to trustees chosen by the Credit Mobilier. Two millions of dollars on this contract had already poured into the coffers of the Credit Mobilier, when it was annulled by legal proceedings instituted by Vice-President Durant. However, to accomplish the same object in another way and on a larger scale, with the consent of Mr. Durant, the celebrated Compromise Contract was made, drawn up

under the advice of General Butler, by the terms of which it should begin at the hundredth meridian and extend westward 667 miles, for which the road was to pay for

The first 100 miles,	\$42,000 a mile=	\$4,200,000
“ next 167 “	45,000 “ =	7,515,000
“ “ 100 “	96,000 “ =	9,600,000
“ “ 100 “	80,000 “ =	8,000,000
“ “ 100 “	90,000 “ =	9,000,000
“ “ 100 “	96,000 “ =	9,600,000
<hr/> 667		<hr/> \$47,915,000

But of this 667 miles, 138 had been already built and paid for, but was included in the contract, as if entirely unconstructed, so that it was agreed to pay Ames & Co. \$5,500,000 for nothing. The average contract price for each mile to be constructed, after deducting the amount already built, was \$89,000 and the average cost per mile was less than \$40,000 or less than one-half offered by the road. This contract was made by the company with Oliver Ames and Oakes Ames, his brother, August, 1867, and in less than sixty days was transferred to the Credit Mobilier. Within sixty days from the signing of the contract a dividend of 120 per cent. was declared. Sixty per cent. of it was paid in first mortgage bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, amounting to \$2,244,000, and sixty per cent. was paid in the stock of that company, amounting to another \$2,244,000. Sold at the market rate at that time, it would have amounted to \$2,917,200, equivalent to a dividend of seventy-seven per cent.

Before this contract was made the stock of the Credit Mobilier was selling at ninety-five cents on the dollar, immediately afterward it ascended to sixty per cent. premium. In December following it rose to one hundred per cent. premium, and in January, 1868, it sold at 400 per cent. premium.

There was still estimated to be 125 miles not yet contracted for to the point where the Central Pacific would build, and this was given to J. W. Davis, with the implied understanding that as soon as made it should be assigned to the Credit Mobilier. Under this contract the remaining portion of the road was constructed, at a cost to themselves of \$15,629,633.62, and a charge to the Company of \$23,431,768.11, a gain of nearly eight millions of dollars.

Under the Ames contracts alone, during one year, dividends were paid of 545 per cent. on the par value of the stock, amounting to nearly twenty millions and a half. The last dividend of 200 per cent. was declared in December, 1868, and in 1869 a division was made of 13,000,000 of stock, as profits, under the Davis contract for the last 125 miles.

This last payment closed both dividend and construction accounts, and the Credit Mobilier retired from the road with the most enormous profits that had ever been grasped by a similar organization in the history of the world. The gains of the Central Pacific Company were undoubtedly as large as those of the eastern branch, but there was no Credit Mobilier to suck the life blood of the enterprise.

Although the Government subsidies were immense and profligately expended, nevertheless the object attained was far greater than the outlay. As soon as the road was opened from river to sea, its value to the Government proved to be far greater than its most sanguine friends had conceived or predicted. For the transportation of the mails, troops and munitions of war, between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and intermediate points, the average cost to the Government for the five years previous to the year 1862, according to the report of the Secretary of War, made March 1st, of that year, averaged \$7,309,341 annually. For the mails, the route of transportation lay partially through foreign States, and the time required for transmission from New York to San Francisco was about forty days. The cost to the Government by Holliday's and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s overland stage lines, for a part of the service, amounted to several millions per year. These vast outlays were immediately diminished, and a far greater service performed in a much shorter space of time, and for less than \$2,000,000. But such saving of the nation's money is not the sole benefit derived from the construction of the Pacific Railroad. The rapidity with which troops can be thrown along its line relieves the Government in a great measure from the necessity of maintaining, permanently, large bodies at different points likely to be menaced by hostile Indians.

To demonstrate the rapidity of movement over this continent by means of this vast connecting link between the two oceans, it is related that a company on the 1st of June, 1876, under the auspices of the late Thomas A. Scott, then president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, left the city of New York for San Francisco, via Chicago,

and reached the Golden Gate in the remarkable space of time of eighty-three hours and fifty-three minutes, consecutive running time, the distance between the two points being 3,222 miles. The weight of the train was 126 tons. The rate of speed for the entire distance, including stops, equaled forty miles per hour. The distance between New York and Pittsburgh, 444 miles, was run by a single engine in ten hours and five minutes; that between Pittsburgh and Chicago, 469 miles, in eleven hours and thirty-one minutes; that between Chicago and Council Bluffs, 494 miles, in eleven hours and thirty minutes; that between Council Bluffs and Ogden (the western terminus of the Union Pacific Road), 1,034 miles, in twenty-four hours and fifty minutes; that between Ogden and San Francisco, 883 miles, in twenty-three hours and thirty-eight minutes. When it is considered that this wonderfully swift journey toward the setting sun was made across four formidable mountain ranges of lofty elevation, the wonder is more complete. The train was divided into parlor, dining room, and commodious sleeping-room cars, and it can be readily imagined with what degree of ease and comfort the entire journey was made between the shore lines of the two great seas. No more striking illustration can be given to demonstrate the almost complete annihilation of time and space between the distant antipodal points of the American continent, and the social intercourse and commerce produced by the construction of the Pacific Railroad. In a day, or an hour even, there can be accomplished what formerly consumed many days of arduous toil, exposure and hardship.

Contrast with this lightning swiftness the ease and elegance of railroad travel across the continent, with the explorations of Lewis and Clark, in 1804, in which eighteen months were consumed in reaching the Pacific Ocean. Likewise with the still later explorations of John C. Fremont and the hardships he and his pioneer party were compelled to undergo. Take, likewise, the exodus of the Mormon emigrants on their way to found the Zion of the Mountains in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, pursuing Fremont's trail; or even the still more recent journeyings by the long and weary ways of the overland stage lines, which in their day were considered swift and palatial by the side of the "prairie schooner," and then we are enabled to note the vast increase of comfort and speed acquired in these latter days by the brain and brawn of the nation, coupled with the results attained by the

progress that has been made in the science of locomotion within the two past decades.

Such a great work could not long exist without alluring from the ranks of civilization the brave and adventurous to fill the natural avenues of trade and commerce and markets of remunerative labor, which it opened up all along its vast line. A million square miles of territory, hitherto inaccessible, were opened up to the enterprise and capital of the nation. They were no sooner made accessible than their vast mineral wealth was unfolded, and broad areas, for generations presumed to be sterile and barren, were found to be the finest and most prolific wheat fields in the world. The Great American Desert vanished in a day. Populated by towns, villages and cities, and surrounded by millions of cultivated acres, with prosperity shining like a banner of light in the clouds, the new maps of the nation record, in the place of this former broad belt of desert lands, the geographical outlines of a land of beauty and abundance. The great flow of immigration induced by the building of this road compelled the construction of other roads in the interest of trade and commerce. To reach the deposits of the precious metals and the rich valleys, from whose grain fields is garnered the cereal wealth of the mountainous west, track lines were speedily opened and their resources poured into the lap of the nation. These laterals have a mileage many fold greater than that of the main line. Its influence did not end here. As soon as the speedy construction of the Pacific Railroad became assured, great numbers of lines were projected in all the extreme Western States and Territories in order to become directly connected with it. Eight States and five Territories, directly influenced by the building of this road, containing an area of 1,200,000 square miles, embracing every variety of climate and of agricultural and mineral resources, since its completion, have added to their population over 6,000,000. Up to 1879 they had added nearly three and one-half millions, and constructed, since 1860, 16,794 miles of railroad, a gain of 16,000 miles.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC—THE ROUTE MARKED OUT—INFANTILE EFFORTS TO CONSTRUCT IT—THE SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION—RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED—THE ROAD BEGUN—WORK SUSPENDED—THE TEXAS PACIFIC—ACTS OF CONGRESS RELATING THERETO—DESCRIPTION OF THE ROUTE—THOMAS A. SCOTT—OTHER CONNECTING RAILROAD LINES—THE LAND GRANT BY TEXAS—EARNINGS OF THE ROAD—EVENTS CONNECTED WITH ITS CONSTRUCTION.

The construction and successful working of the Pacific Railroad by the Central Route stimulated the building of two other lines from the Missouri to the ocean seaboard, the Northern and Southern Pacific Roads.

The Southern line was that upon which track laying was first begun in the construction of a line through the State of Texas, and thence through New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California to San Diego, on the ocean coast in the southern part of the State. In later years, when the completion of the Southern line was an assured fact, it was still believed that San Diego would be its terminus on the Pacific coast. A town was laid out, wharves built and city lots sold at fabulous prices *for awhile*. A change, however, was made in the plans, and San Francisco, and not San Diego, became the metropolis of the road.

The infant efforts to construct this road are interesting in fact and detail. A large and influential convention of representative men from the Southern and Southwestern States, to the number of eight hundred, and known as the Southern Commercial Convention, assembled at Savannah, Georgia, on the 8th of December, 1856, for the purpose of discussing matters of commerce and internal improvements, and of political economy pertaining to that section. That convention adopted the following resolutions:

I. *Resolved*, That a railroad ought to be constructed from the Mississippi River, by way of El Paso, along or near the 32d degree of north latitude to the Pacific Ocean ; that this road should consist of separate and continuous lines ; that it should be incorporated and constructed under the authority of the State and Territorial legislatures, so far as they can constitutionally do it, and that the means

of construction should be derived from individual, corporate and State contributions, together with such aid as may be obtained from grants of the public domain, for postal and military contracts, or any other services which may be lawfully rendered to the Federal Government by said company.

II. *Resolved*, That it is hereby recommended to the Southern and Southwestern Railroad Companies, that in the event any section of said road shall remain incomplete, or without authority of construction by responsible parties, they shall obtain an act of incorporation authorizing them or some one or more of them to undertake the construction of such incomplete section ; and this Convention hereby invokes for the enterprise of the construction of such railroad, or any section thereof, the aid and approval of all the true citizens of the South, whether in private life or in public station, for the completion of a work upon which depends greatly the permanency of the Union, and the defense, development and independence of the South.

Two previous conventions, held at Memphis in 1845-49, had passed resolutions of general import, relating to the construction of a Southern Pacific railroad, but this was the first expression of a specific character impressing upon the Southern people the importance of its early construction. It will be observed that the tone of the resolutions are in strict accordance with the prevailing ideas concerning the relation of the States to the General Government, and the constitutional right of Congress to grant aid to the undertaking by subsidies of either land or money. All is left to the States, both by way of charter and aid in the construction. Already the State of Texas had granted a liberal charter through its domains and specific aid by grants of land, 10,240 acres per mile, and a loan of \$6,000 for each mile of road built, and a company had been organized, with its headquarters at New Orleans, and ten miles of the road had been graded and cross-tied within the time required by the charter, and the iron procured and on its way up Red River for the completion of twenty miles, as provided likewise by the charter.

The convention likewise adopted the following :

*Resolved*, That this Convention recognizes the importance of a speedy connection, by railway, of the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States ; and as a means of accomplishing this object this Convention recommends to the favorable consideration of the respective Legislatures of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas the importance of an early completion of the road from West Point, Georgia, to the Mississippi River, by way of Montgomery in Alabama to the Mississippi Line, and the Vicksburg and Shreveport Road in Louisiana, and thence to connect with the Southern Pacific Road, chartered by the State of Texas.

In 1849 Capt. R. B. Marcy, of the Fifth Infantry, United States Army, commanding an escort from Fort Smith, on the Arkansas

River to Santa Fé, New Mexico, made a careful survey of the intervening country, and reported to the Secretary of War that no serious obstacle existed to prevent the construction of a Pacific railway. The route he traveled from Fort Smith to Doña Aña, a town on the Rio Grande, a short distance above El Paso, he regarded as more favorable than the route to Santa Fé. This was the line of road finally adopted for its construction.

Forty miles of the road constructed under the charter granted by the State of Texas had been completed, when the war between the States began and put an end to all such undertakings. The iron was needed for the molding of cannon balls that should fly swifter than steam.

Notwithstanding this was one of the three routes proposed by the early act of Congress, nothing was done in the way of construction until long after the war had ceased. The act of March 3rd, 1871, provided for the incorporation of a company to be known as the Texas, Pacific Railroad Company, and empowered it to lay out and construct a continuous line of railroad from Marshall, Harrison county, Texas, over the 32d parallel of north latitude to El Paso, and thence by the most direct and eligible route through the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona to a point on the Rio Colorado, at, or, near the Southeast boundary of the State of California, thence to San Diego, California, pursuing the line of route on, or, near the 32d parallel of north latitude as far as possible.

It likewise provided that the company should commence the construction of the road simultaneously at San Diego and at Marshall; that fifty miles should be built within two years and the road completed in ten years, otherwise a forfeiture of the land grants, and that the New Orleans, Vicksburg & Baton Rouge Railroad Company chartered by Louisiana, should have the right to connect with the Texas Pacific at its eastern terminus, to pass through public lands and have the same number of alternate sections of land per mile in the State of Louisiana, as were granted to the Texas Pacific in the State of California.

It also provided that, for the purpose of connecting the Texas Pacific with the city of San Francisco, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California was authorized (subject to the laws of that State) to construct a line of railroad from a point at or near Tehachapa

Pass by way of Los Angeles to the Texas Pacific Railroad at or near the Colorado River, with the same rights, grants and privileges, and subject to the same limitations, restrictions and conditions granted to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California by act of July 27th, 1866.

The Texas Pacific Company, was first chartered under the title of the Atlantic & Pacific Company, by the State of New York in 1853; changed afterward to the Texas Western; in 1856 to the Southern Pacific, and by the act of Congress approved March 3rd, 1871, to the present title. It acquired the properties of the Southern Pacific, the Southern Trans-continental, and the Memphis, El Paso & Pacific Railroad Company. The Southern Pacific was a consolidation of the Vicksburg, Shreveport & Texas Company, chartered by the State of Louisiana, and the Southern Pacific, organized under the laws of Texas.

The road from the east line of Texas to Longview, in that State, a distance of forty miles, was built by the Southern Pacific Company; the balance of the road was built by the present company.

The road in Louisiana, a distance of twenty miles, necessary to connect with the above road, was constructed by the Vicksburg, Shreveport & Texas Company.

Connection with the Southern Pacific Railroad was made in the month of January, 1882, at a point 523 miles west of Fort Worth, and a through route from San Francisco to St. Louis was effected by connection with the Iron Mountain Railroad, of Missouri, in the same year.

For the construction of the line from Fort Worth west 523 miles, the company issued first-mortgage bonds, dated January 20th, 1880, and payable February 1st, 1930, with interest at six per cent., payable in gold, February 1st and August 1st of each year, at the rate of \$25,000 to the mile of completed road.

By deed, dated June 21st, 1881, the Texas and Pacific was consolidated under its own name with the New Orleans Pacific Railway, extending from Shreveport to New Orleans, a distance of 335 miles. By the terms of consolidation, the stockholders of the New Orleans Pacific received an amount of stock of the Texas & Pacific equal to that held by themselves. The total liabilities of the New Orleans Pacific consisted of a first-mortgage debt of \$20,000 per mile; its

stock was \$20,000 per mile. The balance of net earnings of the road for the year ending December 31st, 1884, was \$783,932.72.

The leading spirit in the construction of this road was Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Shortly before his death which occurred May 21st, 1881, he sold the control of his stock to the railroad magnate, Jay Gould. The Fidelity Insurance Trust and S. D. Company of Philadelphia is mortgage trustee of the Rio Grande Division mortgage. The stock authorized was \$50,000,000.

From the State of Texas the company received 4,851,702 acres of land by building east of Fort Worth, on which the income bonds are a lien, as also a third mortgage on the road east of Fort Worth. There were also 1,000 certificates for 640,000 acres deposited in trust for certain foreign claimants. The lands granted by act of Congress were twenty sections per mile in California, and forty sections per mile in the Territories between Texas and California.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company was formed by the consolidation, October 12th, 1870, of the following roads, to wit: Southern Pacific, chartered December 2nd, 1865; San Francisco and San José, chartered August 18th, 1860; Santa Clara and Pajaro Valley, chartered January 2nd, 1868, and California Southern, chartered January 22nd, 1870.

The Southern Pacific Branch Railroad Company, chartered December 23rd, 1872, was consolidated in this Southern Pacific, August 19th, 1873, and the Los Angeles & San Pedro Railroad Company, chartered February 18th, 1868, was consolidated therein December 18th, 1874. The total length of all these lines forming the Southern Pacific Railroad, as now constructed, is within a small fraction of 998 miles. The road as completed was opened to Fort Yuma on May 5th, 1877, a distance of 729 miles from San Francisco.

The Sierra Nevada range was crossed at an elevation of 3,764 feet above tidewater; the Sierra Madre was crossed at Alpina, at 2,822 feet, and recrossed at San Geronio Pass, 2,560 feet above tidewater. From the California boundary eastwardly the road was extended by the Southern Pacific Railroad Companies of Arizona and New Mexico, connection being made by the latter with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, at Deming, New Mexico, 466½ miles east of Yuma and 1,197½ miles east of San Francisco, March 18th, 1881. During the same year the line was extended eastward to the Rio Grande River at

El Paso, eighty-eight miles. At El Paso connection is made with the Mexican Central, completed in 1883 to the City of Mexico, and with the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio, forming with the latter a through trans-continental line from San Francisco to the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans.

This through line, in which the Texas & New Orleans, Louisiana Western, and Morgan's Louisiana & Texas Railroads form integral parts was completed and finally opened for business January 15th, 1883. On March 1st, 1885, it passed under the management of the Southern Pacific Company, as lessee of the Southern Pacific Railroad of California, Arizona and New Mexico, and also of the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Railway, the Texas & New Orleans and Morgan's Railroad and Steamship lines.

By agreement with the Atlantic & Pacific (33d parallel) Railroad Company, the Southern Pacific built, during 1882 and 1883, a branch line of 242 miles, extending from Mojave Junction to a connection with the main line of the Atlantic & Pacific Company at the crossing of the Great Colorado River, near "The Needles."

Under the acts of Congress approved July 27th, 1866, and March 3rd, 1871, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company acquired the right of way (200 feet wide) through the public lands and twenty alternate sections (12,800 acres) for each mile of road completed and equipped. These grants cover a distance of 932 miles. The authorized capital stock is \$90,000,000, of which \$40,363,900 has been issued and is all held by the promoters of the enterprise, the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The bonds were sold to some extent in Europe. These bonds are in series A, B, C, D and E, of which A includes \$15,000,000, and B, C, D and E, each, \$5,000,000. There are also two other series, F, of \$5,000,000, and G, of \$6,000,000, for new construction as required. The series A, B, C and D, mature in 1905 and 1906, the series E in 1912. Over \$5,000,000 of these bonds are held in the Central Pacific sinking funds. These bonds are secured by a mortgage on the lands, and as lands are sold and the proceeds come into the hands of the trustees, bonds are purchased. There is also a sinking fund of \$100,000 per year.

In 1880 the net earnings of this road were as follows: On the northern division \$442,765 and \$1,675,248 rental on southern division;

total \$2,118,013, out of which were paid \$1,762,140 for interest and rental, leaving a surplus of \$355,873.

The road in California is in two divisions, northern and southern. The northern division runs from San Francisco to Tres Pinos 100½ miles; Camadero Junction to Soledad, 60½ miles, and leased line, Castorville Junction to Monterey, 15 miles; total 176 miles. The southern division, Huron via Goshen to Colorado River, 529 miles; Mojave, toward the Needles, 131 miles; Los Angeles via Wilmington to San Pedro, 25 miles; total southern division, 685 miles; total Southern Pacific in California, 861 miles. At Goshen the Southern Pacific meets the San Joaquin branch of the Central Pacific, by which it reaches San Francisco and the main line of the Central Pacific.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE BUILDING OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC—THE FIRST PROJECTED ROAD ACROSS THE CONTINENT—THE EXPEDITION OF 1853—JOSIAH PERHAM'S LABORS—PROPOSITION TO RAISE ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS BY SUBSCRIPTION—THE FIRM OF JAY COOKE & CO.—ITS CONNECTION WITH THE ROAD—PLACING OF EIGHTY MILLIONS OF BONDS ON THE AMERICAN MARKET—SOME METHODS THAT WERE USED IN PLACING THE WAR LOANS OF THE GOVERNMENT—THE MEMORABLE PANIC OF 1873—THE FAILURE OF JAY COOKE & CO.—THE WIDE-SPREAD FINANCIAL RUIN THAT FOLLOWED—HENRY VILLARD—THE OREGON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY—THE FINAL COMPLETION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC OVER THE ROUTE MARKED OUT BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Although the Northern Pacific Railroad was the first projected across the continent, it proved the last to be completed in the United States. Half a century ago the proposition to build a railroad from New York City to the mouth of the Columbia River was generally advocated by the press, and, although the task was declared to be Herculean, the belief was expressed that eventually the enterprise would be accomplished. In 1845 a proposition was submitted to Congress by Asa Whitney, of New York, to construct a railroad from the head of Lake Michigan to the mouth of the Columbia River. This plan embraced a provision for a grant of land, sixty miles wide—thirty on each side of the road for the entire distance. A bill containing the foregoing provisions was submitted to Congress, but failed to receive its sanction. Its projector traversed the country from Maine to Louisiana, addressing many public meetings, in the endeavor to mold public opinion in its favor, and induce State legislatures to pass resolutions recommending Congress to take favorable action upon the bill. In these fruitless efforts he expended his entire fortune, and was forced to retire from the field, but by this early advocacy of the measure Asa Whitney is entitled to recognition as the father of the enterprise, which, after the lapse of almost half a century, was finally accomplished under the title of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

In 1853 an expedition under the direction of Isaac L. Stevens, governor of Washington Territory, and commissioned by the United

States Government, made an exploration of the country lying between the forty-seventh and forty-ninth parallels of latitude, to determine the practicability of a route for a railroad from the Great Lakes and the Upper Mississippi to the waters of Puget Sound. This expedition consumed three years, and its official report favorably confirmed the adaptability of the country to agricultural pursuits, its water supplies and its mineral and timber resources, as well as other general conditions necessary for the support of a civilized and industrial population.

Besides establishing the facts of its shorter distance between the oceans and its proximity to both Europe and Asia, it determined the route to be beset by fewer engineering difficulties than other proposed lines, and its possession of an abundance of wood, water and various materials of construction, while the entire route was found to pass through broad areas of arable land, watered by large streams and tributaries, and clothed with a vegetation indicating the rich productive capacity of the soil, with a climate superior in healthfulness and most favorable for the growth of the cereal and vegetable productions.

When, in 1862, the Union and Central Pacific Railway Companies obtained their charters, an unsuccessful effort was made to secure one likewise for the northern route. However, in 1864, when the Union and Central Pacific Companies were petitioning Congress for legislation, subordinating the Government to the first mortgages of the two lines, the friends of the measure, supported by the facts embraced in the report of Governor Stevens and corps of engineers, successfully urged their suit, and Congress, by the act approved July 2nd, 1864, created a body corporate and politic, under the style of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, with power to construct a road from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, on the line of the forty-fifth parallel of latitude.

The man most prominently connected with this movement was Josiah Perham, a citizen of Maine, who had formerly organized a company under a charter granted by the legislature of that State, called the People's Pacific Railroad. His success with Congress was chiefly attained by framing a bill for a charter, coupled with a land grant, but providing for no subsidy in bonds or money from the Government. It embraced the alternate sections of land for twenty miles on each side of the line in the States and for forty miles in the Territories, with an additional ten miles on each side, as an indemnity limit to

compensate for lands taken by settlers inside of the original grant.

Perham was elected president of the company, and for two years tried in vain to obtain the necessary capital to construct the road. The chief obstacle in the way was a clause in the charter, which prohibited the company from mortgaging the road or land grants, or issuing bonds. Perham's idea was to build the road with the proceeds of the sale of the company's stock, of which, he believed, \$100,000,000 would be at once taken by popular subscription. The first directors were elected December 6th, 1864, and on the following day organized the company by the selection of its officers, who unfortunately were not men of practical experience. They proposed to raise \$100,000,000 by the subscriptions of 1,000,000 persons of one share of stock each, at par, and thus build the road. It is needless to say that the parties could not be found, the scheme, failed and the franchise was sold to a syndicate of New England capitalists for barely sufficient to pay Perham's debts. He did not live to witness the successful inauguration of the enterprise for which he had obtained from Congress a grant of land greater in extent than many of the kingdoms and empires of the Old World. He died at Boston early in 1868.

A new organization was effected by the election of a new set of directors, and J. G. Smith, of the Vermont Central Railroad, President, who petitioned Congress for aid similar to that granted the other roads, by Government bonds. Congress, however, refused at this time to adopt the proposed legislation, and another organization was completed by a combination of the best railroad experience, ability and wealth in the country, consisting of J. Edgar Thompson, President, and Thomas A. Scott, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; William B. Ogden, president of the Chicago & Northwestern; J. G. Smith, of the Vermont Central; George W. Cass, of the Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne; R. P. Cheney, of Boston, and William G. Fargo, of Wells, Fargo & Co., who made a contract with the eminent financial firm of Jay Cooke & Co., to act as the fiscal agents of the Northern Pacific. This organization was more successful than its predecessors in securing favorable legislation by Congress. An act was passed authorizing the issue of bonds and changing the main line of the road so that it should run down the Columbia River to Portland, and thence north to Puget Sound, instead of crossing the mighty barrier of the Cascade Mountains. By adopting the same means to

popularize the bonds of the company, which they had so efficiently employed in selling the great war loans of the Government, the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., in two years from the spring of 1870, placed 80,000,000 of the bonds upon the American market. With the means thus supplied, the company, in 1870, began the construction of the road, commencing at Thompson's Junction, twenty-three miles west of Duluth. At this time Jay Cooke was engaged in building a road from St. Paul to Duluth, and the Northern Pacific purchased a half interest in the twenty-three miles from its junction to Duluth, which then was an obscure village of less than a hundred people. It possessed no harbor, but obtained one by cutting a canal across a long, narrow sandbank inclosing the Bay of Superior. Work was also begun in the same year on the extreme western division of the road running from the Columbia River, at Kalama northward to Puget Sound. In 1871 the road was finished across Minnesota to the Red River of the North, and by 1873 as far as the Missouri River, where the town of Bismarck was laid out. By the fall of the same year 105 miles on the Pacific side, between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, were completed, and the terminal city of Tacoma, on the Sound, situated in a dense fir forest, was also laid out. During this period 555 miles of road were completed and put in operation, to wit: The Minnesota Division from Thompson Junction to Fargo, 230 miles; the Dakota Division, from Fargo to Bismarck, 195 miles; of the Pacific Division 105 miles from Kalama to Tacoma, and jointly with the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, the line from Thompson to Duluth, twenty-three miles.

In September following occurred one of the most memorable financial convulsions ever witnessed in the world—the disastrous panic of 1873. The great house of Jay Cooke & Co. fell, and involved universal financial ruin. The result was a sudden and enormous contraction of values whose inflation had been engendered by the great war debt and vast issues of paper money by the Government. The failure of Jay Cooke & Co. involved the speedy bankruptcy of the Northern Pacific, and two years were spent in readjusting the financial affairs of the company. Its mortgage was foreclosed, a receiver appointed by the court and its entire property sold under the decree, and purchased by a committee of the bondholders. A new organization was perfected, a new board of directors elected, and a new

President, Charles B. Wright, elected September, 29th, 1875. In 1879 Mr. Wright, overcome by ill health, resigned his office, and was succeeded by Frederick Billings. During the incumbency of Mr. Wright, owing to the financial depression of the country and continued Indian hostilities, nothing was accomplished in the extension of the road, except thirty-one miles on the Pacific coast from Tacoma to Wilkeson, and a branch line of sixty-four miles from Brainard to Sauk Rapids, connecting the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Important renewals and improvements in roadbed, track and equipments, however, had been made on the operated lines. Through the revival of business in the country, the company, in 1879, had so far recovered its credit as to be able to borrow money to resume construction on an increased basis. It commenced to build from the Missouri River westward, and from the Columbia River, in Eastern Washington Territory, near the junction of the Snake River, northeastwardly toward Lake Pend d'Oreille, in Northern Idaho. The company, however, did not feel warranted in attempting the completion of the entire road, but sought only sufficient means to construct two divisions, which it mortgaged separately, together with the land grants accompanying that part of the line. In the following year, 1880, after Mr. Billings had succeeded to the presidency, negotiations were completed with a syndicate of bankers, including the New York houses of Winslow, Lanier & Co., Drexel, Morgan & Co., August Belmont & Co., and the London house of I. S. Morgan & Co., through which a loan of \$40,000,000 was secured, thus enabling the company during the two succeeding years to complete the road through Montana and to close the gap in the line which then amounted to over eight hundred miles.

In the following year a very important change occurred in the management of the company's affairs. Henry Villard, a German by birth, but who came to America at a very early age, had become interested in the management of railroads in Kansas and Oregon as the representative of large German financial interests, and had gradually obtained control, during the six years following the panic of 1873, of the transportation lines by rail, river and sea in the State of Oregon. He had consolidated and extended these lines to such a degree that they became a wonderfully efficient system of transportation. Villard conceived the idea to harmonize the interests and control between his own lines and the Northern Pacific, so that the former

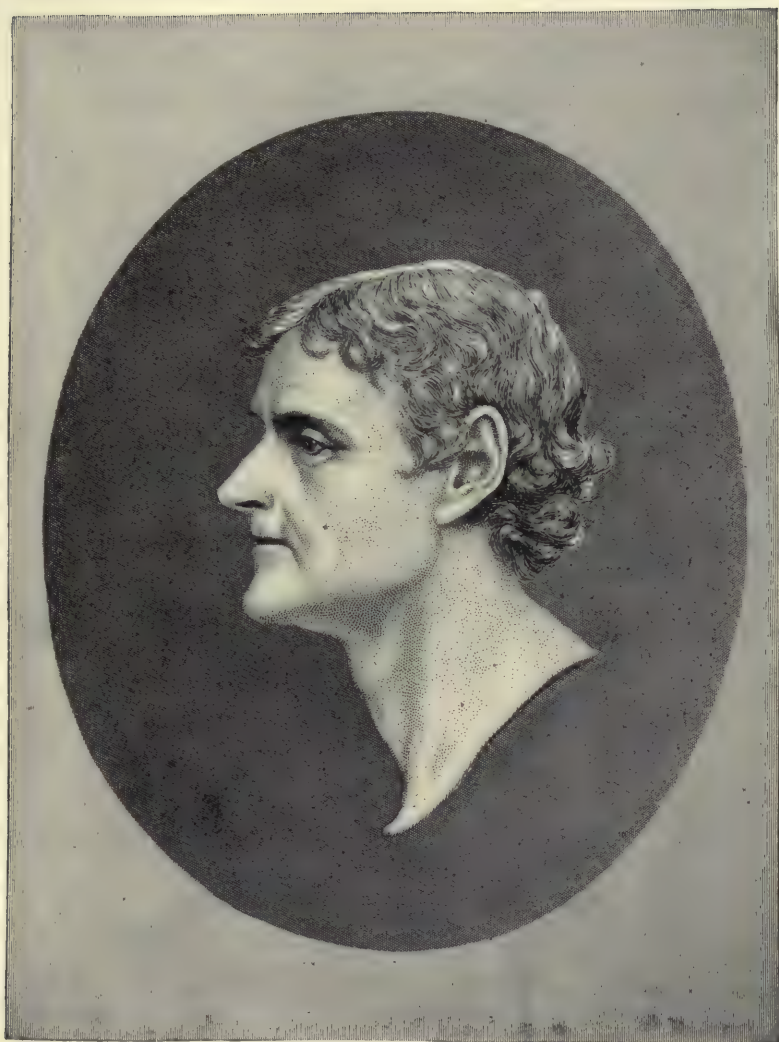
might become the western extension and feeders of the latter. In the following year, 1881, he organized the "blind pool" in New York, and obtained in an incredibly short space of time, subscriptions of money amounting to more than eight millions of dollars, without disclosing the use he intended to make of this large sum of money, and without further security than his own personal obligations. With this and other means he immediately secured a controlling interest in the stock of the Northern Pacific, and was elected President of the company in September of that year. The road was now rapidly extended and at the beginning of the year 1883 only 300 miles remained to be completed, on all of which the grading had mainly been done. The Missouri River, at Bismarck, had been spanned by a splendid steel bridge, and the work on the Yellowstone division pressed rapidly to completion, and other divisions had progressed so far on the Pacific coast side as to give a continuous line from Missoula, Montana Territory, to Puget Sound, by way of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's Railroad. At the same time, work on the Rocky Mountain division, in Central Montana, was pushed forward, as rapidly as the heavy construction would permit, through the narrow gorges of Clark's Fork of the Columbia, bordered by lofty and precipitous mountains. Two great tunnels were bored through the mountains, one at Bozeman's Pass in the Belt range, and the other at Mullan's Pass, in the main division of the Rocky Mountains, the former 3,600 and the latter 3,850 feet. The highest summit passed at any point on the line was in the Bozeman Tunnel, 5,565 feet above sea level. That at Mullan was only seventeen feet less. A third and lower range was crossed between the valleys of the Missoula and the Jocko, in Western Montana, the elevation at the summit being but 3,925 feet. The grade adopted in crossing these three ranges was that prescribed as the limit by Congress, 116 feet to the mile. On all other portions of the line the grade does not exceed fifty-two feet to the mile, and this is necessary at but few points and for short distances. Besides the great steel bridge at Bismarck across the Missouri, there is another spanning the Snake River, at Ainsworth, Washington Territory, which, however, is a low bridge with a draw. That at Bismarck is built so high above the river as to require no draw, and ranks as a fair exhibition of engineering among the railroad bridges of the world. There are other constructions on the line requiring less engineering skill. The Yellowstone is

crossed three times, the Upper Missouri once, and Clark's Fork of the Columbia, three times, by Howe's truss bridges. The bridge at Bismarck and at Ainsworth are both built upon stone piers, with superstructures of iron and steel. Other interesting features of construction are the two long pile bridges across the arms of Lake Pend d'Oreille, each of which is a mile long, and the great trestle bridge at Marent Gulch in the Coriakan Defile, which is 226 feet high.

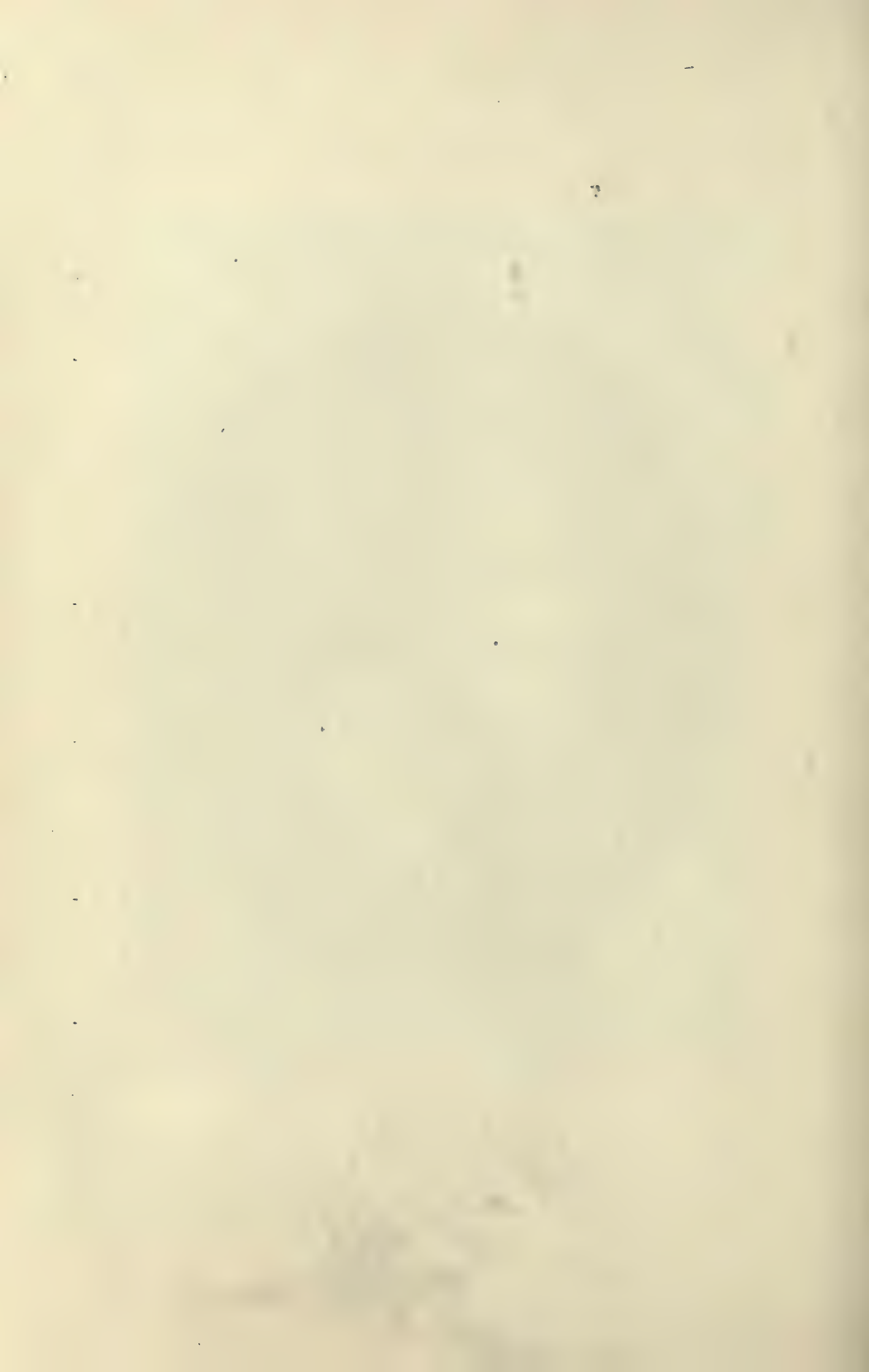
The principal eastern terminus of the Northern Pacific system is at the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. From the former, three trunk lines connect with Chicago. It likewise possesses two terminal lake ports at the head of Lake Superior—Duluth and Superior. Its tidewater terminals on the Pacific are at Portland, Oregon, and at Puget Sound, Washington Territory. The largest ocean steamers and sailing vessels traverse the Columbia and Willamette and anchor at the wharves of Portland, while the deep land-locked sea of Puget Sound is all one immense harbor where the navies of the world might ride at anchor.

The total mileage of the main line divisions of the Northern Pacific is 1,980 miles, and that of its nine branches, 674 miles, aggregating a grand total of 2,654 miles. The distance by rail from Portland, Oregon, to New York is 3,283 miles. The branch lines of the Northern Pacific system, as already stated, were built by the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, which held a controlling interest in the stock of the Northern Pacific and of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and constructed branches under an agreement whereby the stock ownership was to be acquired by the Northern Pacific Company after the bonded debt of the branches should be extinguished by the operations of sinking funds.

The Northern Pacific Railroad was built entirely by private means, with the exception of the land grants from the Government, which secured the payment of its bonds. Congress refused to grant a money subsidy, or in any manner, save by grants of land, indorse the permanent success of the road. It was constructed over the course marked out originally by the hand of Thomas Jefferson, when he dispatched the expedition, known as the Lewis and Clark Expedition, to discover a practical route for emigration and traffic with the Pacific coast through our possessions newly acquired by the Louisiana purchase. The road was built without the aid of a *Credit Mobilier*,



THOMAS JEFFERSON.



and opens up to the nation and the world most practicably the great wheat fields and mineral deposits of the vast Northern belt of our country. It was the third and last achievement of the intelligence and energy of the people, in subduing the wilderness and piercing the mountains that divide the continent. It was the completion of one more tie to bind together in an indissoluble band the once remote sections of our common country. It creates one more portage for the water-borne commerce plying between Europe and Asia. It opens new fields of industry, where agriculture, mining, factories and workshops will provide homes and employment for the landless and moneyless millions of the Old World, as well as of our own race and country, who will seek its broad domain and reap wealth and prosperity without the aid of capital. It will assist in creating new States, whose political and geographical subdivisions will add riches and power to the nation, and strength and security to the Union.

The electric spark that repeated in the marts of Wall street the blows upon the golden spike in the wilderness by the waters of distant Pend d'Oreille, ticked its cabalistic speech for unborn generations. It told of a wave of golden wealth that should roll from mountain slope to land-locked city, and thence to the ocean's rim to fill the fleets of commerce from earth's remotest points, bearing the Indus of our mines, the product of our soil and the labor of our sons, to every land and people, whose shores are watered by the tides of ocean.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROBBERS OF THE OVERLAND ROUTES—MY MISSION FROM THE GOVERNMENT TO CAPTURE AND PROSECUTE THE DEPREDATORS—SKETCH OF COUNTRY—EXCITING SCENES—DESCRIPTION OF FRONTIER TOWNS—THE VAST ARMY OF MEN THAT WERE SCATTERED OVER THE COUNTRY AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE WAR—MURDERS AND ASSASSINATIONS—DEPREDACTIONS UPON OVERLAND MAIL BY ORGANIZED BANDS OF MAIL ROBBERS—RAILROAD TOWNS BY NIGHT—PUNISHMENT OF THE ROBBERS—A DESPERADO'S INNOCENT AMUSEMENT—COMMISSIONED BY THE GOVERNMENT—JOURNEY TO THE FAR WEST, VIA NEW YORK, NIAGARA AND ST. LOUIS—THE HUDSON, THE RHINE OF AMERICA—WEST POINT—OTHER CITIES.

WHEN the vast transcontinental lines of railroad on both sides of the Rocky Mountains were pushing their way toward the "Great American Desert," the war between the sections had closed. Its battles, campaigns, marches, assaults, repulses, victories and defeats had ceased forever, and the mighty armies that had for four years been grinding each other to pieces in a gory maelstrom, had melted into the peaceful paths of civic life. The cordons were broken, Death's black engines were silent—the sword was returned upon the wall to rust. The nation became engaged in the divine work of healing war's wounds and cementing within the Union the strained and broken brotherhoods.

But while the vast armies of each section swiftly disappeared within the grooves and crevices of home society, resting upon its bosom from the aches and pains of the stern contest—there were on both sides of the Potomac turbulent spirits, who could not be appeased by the smiles and offerings of the God of Peace. Their passions had been aroused by the turbulent scenes through which they had passed, and demanded a protracted stimulus. Some found it on the table-lands of Mexico, some in the armies of Egypt, and some amid the wild scenes and adventures of a mining camp. These men, however, were imbued with sentiments of honor; they were not outlaws, but good citizens.

Another class, of lower instincts and brutal desires, drawn together by the affinities of their depraved natures, became a band of "land pirates," marauding the country in various sections, robbing

banks, plundering homes and destroying trains upon railroads. These bandits hesitated not at murder! They loved the sight of blood! They became a scourge, and every honest man's hand was lifted against them. They traversed the Southwest, spreading terror by their sudden raids, their ferocity, brutality and the dark crimes that followed their footsteps.

From the Southwest to the Northwest they transferred a part of their band and operations, and reënacted their dark deeds in the quiet vales of Minnesota, unused to such scenes since the tide of civilization had driven back the barbarous savage.

I do not believe that these men, with rare exceptions, had borne an honorable part in the battles for and against the Union. I do not believe they had carried the honorable arms of warfare. I believe them to have been the bummers and camp-followers of the army, the scurrilous off-scourings of the earth, who had, in some manner, found a lodgment within the lines of honorable men, and profited by the contact.

Thence a multitude, apparently more degraded than all others, sought a field of desperate and brutal adventure on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. It was the custom of the builders of that road to establish at various intervals according to the character of the locations, certain halting places for all trains (save those used in the construction of the road), which were designated as the termini. Instantly, upon such a location being made known, the city on wheels at the former terminus would move forward at the word of command. Sometimes large fortunes were made by those in authority, whose peculiar privilege it was to determine and lay out the site of a road terminus and subdivide it into building lots. I have known such lots to sell for cash all the way from \$500 to \$5,000, according to the eligibility of their location for certain classes of business of unique and peculiar character. Especially was this so, and proportionately greater the harvest in disposing of all kinds of building lots, when it was established that the halting place would be that of a "winter terminus"; for such a location meant also a vast harvest for all who should secure an early business foothold on the *embryo* city, whose life naturally would be much longer than that of a summer city. Here, as if by magic, would arise in the wilderness a city of many thousands of people of all classes and conditions, living,

mostly, in wooden houses brought thither on wheels. Some, however, were made of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, and others were constructed of tents and logs, hauled from distant mountain heights, where grew the cedar, cypress and lofty pine.

Hotels for travelers would spring into existence in a day; a bank and an opera house would rise simultaneously, side by side; stores and out-fitting establishments of every variety would line the main streets with their quaint signs and emblems of trade. Mechanics and artisans would pour in from other parts of the road, and with them would come the lawyer and the doctor, both great healing mediums with peculiar methods. The morning's dawn would be greeted with the daily newspaper, the first to herald the name and wondrous fame of the new town and winter terminus; and night's blackness would be dispelled by flaming colors, proceeding from saloon and dance house, where men and women (once guileless little girls, who might have been angels but for the tempter) stood within this vestibule of hell, drank the fiery liquids, danced to the wheezing tune of the "hurdy gurdy," sang their obscene songs and laughed merrily at the ribald jest. Verily, they were of their day and generation! They were a part of the rude civilization of wild frontier life, which paved the way for the purer and gentler influences, that followed to mold the morals of the race that peopled the cities of the "wilderness."

In addition to the classes of population above enumerated, there would appear at times, frequently in large force, the bandit order previously mentioned. The town, hitherto peaceable for a Western frontier town, would now be converted into a pandemonium through their bloody orgies. Life was held of little value. Men were murdered for the possession of 50 cents. At one of these towns, in the Bear River range of mountains, a barber was killed in broad daylight for 19 cents. Men, who were at work upon the railroad, having been paid their month's wages, would be waylaid and murdered ere reaching the town half a mile distant. Sometimes buildings would be burned and valuable lives would be lost, when resisting the efforts of these lawless pirates to "paint the town red," as was their favorite expression when engaged in making such a raid.

The overflow of this class penetrated the mountains beyond the line of completed railway, robbed the mail stages and sometimes

killed the drivers and passengers. They likewise delighted in ripping the mail bags and destroying their contents and scattering the remains along the road.

Sometimes the better class of people, thoroughly aroused by such brutal atrocities, would inflict swift vengeance upon the lawless bandits who raided their towns. Among others I recall a most signal instance of swift retribution. A band of such robbers infested a young town on the first mountain grade of the Union Pacific Railway, now one of the most beautiful locations along its whole line. At that period it was but a city of tents, as it had been the terminus of the road for a short time under a summer solstice.

Upon a warm July day of 1868 one of these desperadoes entered the open tent in which a saloon was kept and called for a drink of "best" whisky. The bar-keeper, to whom the man was an entire stranger, placed the bottle containing the liquid, together with a glass, before him on the bar. The man filled the glass two-thirds full of the fiery beverage, passed it beneath his nose, as if to test its excellency by its aroma, and then, at a single draught, swallowed the contents.

He was noticed by the bystanders to be a very quiet sort of a man in both manner and speech. Smacking his lips he remarked, "This is fine liquor?" "Yes," replied the bar-keeper earnestly, "it ought to be; it cost us ten dollars per gallon landed here!" "Well, ten dollars a gallon is a good price!" "Yes, it is," said the bar-keeper, standing in an expectant attitude to receive the customary price for such an article.

"See here, bar-keep!" said the stranger, "I have been out of luck for four days, and I think I'll just kill you and see if it won't change my luck after a fashion." The bar-keeper smiled at what he presumed pleasantry of speech, but the stranger immediately whipped out a revolver and shot the peaceful bar-keeper dead, as he stood behind his bar still smiling with the others at what he deemed the stranger's jest.

Well, it did change his luck! The citizens, exasperated beyond measure at the barbarous murder, rallied in force and hung the desperado within twenty minutes from the commission of the murder. Then, giving his companions thirty minutes to leave the town, bag and baggage, they instantly proceeded to make ready for the hanging of any and all that remained there a minute beyond the allotted time.

It was quite a sight to behold the robber hurrying his cayus swiftly on every road save in the direction of the town.

It was during the administration of President Andrew Johnson that the greater part of the first overland railroad was constructed and became a United States mail route in accordance with its charter. It was, therefore, during that period that most of the outrages were perpetrated, which have become historical in connection with the building of that great line of intercommunication.

The passage of these robbers from point to point on the line of their depredations upon the mail service was abrupt, silent and rapid.



"JUST FOR LUCK."

They would cross the line of jurisdiction of one Territory to another, and having committed a crime would move rapidly on, and in a few hours be lost forever to view, while the remains of their treacherous work would be visible to the next party of travelers, on the next stage coach traversing the road.

It was the object of the Government to capture, prosecute and punish these desperate marauders, and re-establish the safety and security of the Overland Mail Service. Instructions had been issued

by the department of justice at Washington to the United States district attorneys and marshals of Territories to assist the postoffice department in the performance of this work to the full extent of their power. However, from the causes above enumerated, their efforts in most cases proved futile. The lawful authority of these officers ceased with their Territorial limits. As their duties, independent of such labor, were unusually severe and oftentimes dangerous, it was not to be presumed they were anxious to invade the jurisdiction of another officer, even with the hope of capturing and punishing a desperate mail robber. And so it became necessary that some one should give his whole time and attention to this matter with any hope of success. I was gratified, as a young lawyer who had seen some army life, when informed that I had been chosen for the work. Of course I knew that a certain degree of hardship would be connected with the service, but what was that to a young man full of hope, life and ambition, who had frequently enjoyed a refreshing sleep in a pool of water and grown fat upon "hard-tack and salt junk?" I was not, therefore, averse to enter upon what might prove to be perilous service in a country of which I had read so much, and which to my vivid imagination had been pictured as a land of knight-errantry, in the midst of nature's most majestic and marvelous works.

I must confess, however, that ere my departure from the seat of Government my ardor was somewhat dampened when one day, upon visiting the postoffice department for instructions, I beheld a remnant of the bloody clothing of a special agent who had just been murdered by the Indians, and a portion of a mail sack, with pieces of partially destroyed letters plainly marked by the bloody fingers of the savages, which had been gathered and returned to the department, and viewed with sad interest by many of his friends.

I shall never forget the bright September morning more than twenty years ago, that, bidding my friends good-bye, I set out upon my journey to the *far* West. With the instructions of the department in my pocket, I stepped aboard the train for New York City, to obtain at the headquarters of the great Overland Mail Company, the necessary credentials that would enable me to pass over their lines in accordance with their contract for transporting the overland mails.

My readers will pardon me for indulging in certain retrospections and descriptions of events and objects of interest that impressed

themselves upon me while pursuing my way toward the field of my future labors. They may recall to them, as they now recall to me, many friends and scenes I separated from with regret; and if they furnish as much interest to them as they did to me, I am sure they will not regret that I have lingered by the wayside to briefly tell the story of my journey in the East before that in the West.

I had frequently visited New York City, but never did I gaze upon its salient points with such a critical eye as upon this occasion. Hitherto it had been to my mind the vast metropolitan city of the Union, with its transatlantic trade and commerce with all the maritime nations of Europe, enriching not only its own vast population but the great country itself. But now I was going to view the marvelous cities upon the other border of the continent, where the peaceful waves of the placid ocean roll up to the "Golden Gates of the Sea," and it was with a more analytical and thoughtful eye that I now gazed upon its wonders.

I had frequently passed by "Old Trinity" church and peered momentarily through its iron guards upon the time-worn tombstones of its ancient dead. This, however, always happened as I was swept along in the vast life-current that moved swiftly through its principal artery. Hitherto I had never lingered long enough to read the inscriptions upon those marble memorials of the moldering Stuyvesants and other famous burghers who had, in the bygone century, laid the foundations of all this material splendor. But now I was fascinated by the mute appeal that seemed to come forth from these venerable tombs of a former age—an appeal to the waves of trade and barter and sale and the mighty millions of exchange that daily rolled up to the verge of those quiet mounds from the great mart spread below—not to break over the barriers and wash them away forever! Indeed, "Old Trinity" itself seemed to stand sentinel over its long-sleeping dead—its giuded spire, an uplifted arm defying the rude waves' approach!

I remember as a small boy at school the injunction of the schoolmaster, that when we were men grown and possessed the grand opportunity of sailing upon the bosom of the Hudson, "the most beautiful sheet of water in the world, with its scenery," as he recalled it, never to forgo the glad privilege. I had also read in Thomas Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*, where the great man, whom patriotic tradition

declares to be the "father of freedom"—he who, it is said, drafted the Declaration of Independence and created a fire-cracker holiday for every boy in the land, affirms that to view the grandeur of the scenery about the region of Harper's Ferry, the wild gorge at the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac, where the latter passes through Blue Ridge of the Alleghanies, was worthy a visit across the Atlantic, in those days of slow sailing ships.

So I visited this spot at the earliest opportunity amid the shot and shell of war, and beheld the site of the Government foundry, arsenal and armory, which were destroyed and abandoned by the United States troops at the beginning of the Civil War, and about which the John Brown raid of 1859 forms an exciting episode of *ante-bellum* history, and surely 'twas grandly repaid by the view of magnificent scenery that greets the eye of the tourist and traveler. I therefore determined, likewise, to follow the schoolmaster's advice and sail upon the bosom of this beautiful stream, "the Rhine of America," rendered classic by the pen of America's sweetest historian, as well as by the stirring incidents upon its banks during the nation's dark travail for independence.

I did not see the ghastly gibbet upon which the unfortunate André perished; nor the British sloop-of-war *Vulture* in which the traitor Arnold escaped after his well-nigh successful attempt to deliver up to his country's enemies the key of the stronghold; nor any of the old spirits who played such a majestic part in the drama of the Revolution—they had passed, one and all, friend and foe, chief and subaltern, betrayer and betrayed, into the land of dreams, into the world of mystic forms and shadows. But I saw, passing in panoramic, life-drama review, the grand scenery which had warmed the heart and quickened the imagination of Washington Irving as well as the old schoolmaster of my boyhood days, who, having once lived upon its banks, loved to tell his pupils of its glory and historic grandeur.

I stepped aboard one of the line of fine steamers that ply between New York City and Albany, and spent a day of sight-seeing and weird romance long to be remembered. As the steamer sailed forth upon this beautiful stream, I beheld in the east the heights of Fort Washington and the village of Inwood on the upper shore of Manhattan Island; Spuyten-Duyvel Creek flowing into the Harlem, and separating Manhattan from the main land; then the village of Riverdale,

where now the great building of Mt. St. Vincent, the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity, looms up—the central building being the granite castle erected by Edwin Forrest, and intended for his own dwelling; and the beautiful suburban city of Yonkers, with its elegant mansions and parks, one of the fairest scenes on the peaceful highway.

On the west I saw the Palisades, extending like an unbroken wall from 250 to 600 feet high, from Hoboken to Dobbs' Ferry. On the east shore again, where the river is the widest, I saw Irvington, and Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving, and Tarrytown, of Revolutionary memory, with Sleepy Hollow close by. I expected every moment to see old Rip Van Winkle walk down to the river's edge and



ON THE HUDSON. VIEW FROM WEST POINT.

hail our passing boat to take passage for another world on the strange craft with breath of steam and lungs of flame. But, alas! Rip was dead, and his frau und his oldt tog, Schneider!

Beyond was the beautiful village of Sing Sing, from whose midst rose conspicuously the dark walls of the State penitentiary. Alas, but few songs of joy are sung there! It seems to me that Miriam's song might be a glad one to some, at least, of its inmates. All along this part of the river were the palatial dwellings of merchant princes and other rich New Yorkers, who dwell in summer upon the banks of this

majestic stream. Beyond Haverstraw Bay the Highlands boldly loom up, but the river narrows again after leaving Peekskill, and, winding first to the northeast and then to the southwest, leads us past Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and around West Point, the picturesque seat of the nation's school of war, thence by Cornwall and Newberg on the west and the city of Poughkeepsie on the east, and thence past innumerable towns, cities and villages, which dot its shores all the way to Albany.

At this historic town, after one of the most delightful days I had ever enjoyed, we registered at the Delavan, to start again in the morning for the majesty of nature itself in the overflow of Niagara. The State legislature was in session, and of course there were many politicians and notables present on business for the State or their local communities, or their own personal ends.

## CHAPTER IX.

A GLIMPSE OF HORACE GREELEY AT ALBANY—NIAGARA DESCRIBED—FROM THE FALLS TO CHICAGO—ST. LOUIS—TURKISH BATH IN THE TOP ROOM OF THE SOUTHERN HOTEL.

AMONG those at this hostelry, and towering above them all, not less in the kingly majesty of his form than in the purity of his character, was that silver-haired editor, who, a few years later, was doomed to close a long and eventful life of wonderful journalistic and political activity in the throes of a mental overthrow, *and lay down his life* amid the despair of a heartless ingratitude and the false accusations of old time friends. I saw before me a renowned character, who had traveled over the same wild frontier lands whose soil my own feet were soon to press, and who had been immortalized by his famous California ride in the coach driven by Hank Monk, the veteran stage driver and Indian fighter. For the first time in my life I was able to inspect the personal appearance of Horace Greeley, at short range. I stood within three paces of the famous political controversialist and reformer, and eagerly scanned each feature. Of powerful physique, in loose fitting clothes, with the inevitable white hat and the side pockets of his coat stuffed full of newspapers, he stood, the center of observation and attention, his kindly face beaming with intelligence and good nature. The man, who had by his own energy and labor founded the New York *Tribune*, and by his genius and ability made it the most powerful advocate of Republican principals; whose world-wide fame as a reformer was based upon the universal belief that every form of political and social activity to which he gave his support was based upon a high moral purpose; the man who, after years of denunciation of the institution of slavery at the South, when the first tocsin of war was sounded between the sections, and the South declared its purpose to secede from the Federal Union, frankly avowed his willingness for a State to withdraw from the Union if, after a full and free discussion, a majority of its people should so declare; the man who after the war began had given its prosecution a vigorous support, and

becoming discouraged in the hope of restoring the Union by force had, with the consent of President Lincoln, gone to Canada, in 1864, to hold a fruitless conference on the subject of peace with George N. Sanders, Jacob Thompson and Beverly Tucker; the man who at the close of the war advocated the doctrine of universal amnesty and suffrage; who declared that the prolonged imprisonment of Jefferson Davis, without indictment or trial for any offense, was a palpable infraction of the sixth amendment to the Constitution, relating to the speedy and public trial of the accused by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime was committed, and that the Government was bound to either try or release him, and who joined with Gerrit Smith and others in signing the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, whereby he and they became responsible to the Government for his appearance to answer any indictment that might be found against him; the man who afterward became the candidate of the Liberal Republicans and the Democratic party on a platform of equality of all races before the law — universal suffrage, the removal of political disabilities, universal amnesty, local self-government and protection of the people against the encroachments of centralized power; and finally, the man who died of a broken heart at the cruel impeachment of his integrity by old friends, who accused him of throwing away his principals and entering into a foul conspiracy to turn over the Government to the control of the men who had instigated the Rebellion. I saw before me the man who had written his own epitaph when he wrote those memorable lines, "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, the only earthly certainty is oblivion, no man can foresee what a day may bring forth, while those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow."

With the dawn of the morning we flew on to Niagara. I could not content myself to journey to that remote section of our country—the Switzerland of America—with its deep chasms, its lofty cascades and mighty cataracts, without first viewing this vast wonder of the world, where the waters of all the great chain of lakes, but Ontario, are compressed below the falls into a channel 400 feet wide, and, rushing in wildest commotion, struggling to escape from their narrow roadway, dash madly along with a descent of twenty-five feet to the mile. Here the bewildering scene greets the eye, of waters piled on waters, rolling ever on in terrible turmoil, with a depth almost a hundred feet, and a velocity of twenty-seven miles per hour, carrying

into the whirlpool below, at the same velocity of speed, over 100,000,000 tons of water. These figures are derived from the United States survey, and are as near perfection as absolute care in estimation can make them. To obtain an outlet the great mass labors and surges and writhes in aqueous agony, until it is piled up in mid-stream to the height of thirty or forty feet above the shores.

Now crossing over from the American side from this vast immensity of a boiling, seething cauldron of an inflamed overflow of maddened waters, we turn to the savage grandeur of its cause. All that is here described is far below the imperial majesty of the falls themselves that produce the boiling overthrow. The narrowing of the stream Niagara, into which flows first all the waters of the lakes, save Ontario, and the sudden descent in the channel, which is about sixty feet in the mile above the falls, produces the swift currents called the Rapids, in which the river, notwithstanding its great depth, is perpetually white with foam. This continues for a mile and a half, until the vast body pours over the precipice in two mighty falls, one 600 yards wide and 154 feet high, the other 220 yards wide and 164 feet high. The water is so deep that it retains its beautiful green color for a long distance below the falls, and the gorgeous rainbow that ever shines through the mist of the o'er-toppled waters, lends a sacred beauty to the awful majesty of the scene.

The reader will be called upon, in the course of this work, to compare the grandeur of these falls with those that for thousands of years alone broke the silence of the remote West. We crossed over to the Canada side by way of the Suspension Bridge and stood on the shelving rock (since blown into the river) while my photograph was taken, descending thence beneath the overflowing waters, far down at their base, where the roar deafens and the mist blinds you. Here you gather more fully than above, the intensity of their awful majesty. After viewing the Clifton House and all other objects of interest on the Canada side of this great historical stream, just as the golden sunset poured its iridescent flames upon the waters, rendering them more gorgeous in their new robes, we entered our carriage to return to the American side. As our wheels were once more about to roll from the bridge upon the soil we were halted by an officer of the customs and our carriage and ourselves examined as to the transfers of dutiable articles from Canada to the United States. By this act, for the first

time in my life, I realized that I had been absent from my native land, a traveler in foreign climes, roaming under a foreign flag and subject to the laws and institutions of a foreign government. How happy to again return beneath the sheltering folds of our own flag, and breathe once more the air of freedom!

Leaving behind me the roar of the vast cataract, the mighty whirl of Niagara's waters, and the extortionate tradesmen, hackmen, guides, hotel hosts, and beggars, as well as the handsomest Indian girls I have ever beheld upon the continent, with their beautiful glass beads, charms and souvenirs, I journeyed rapidly westward along the borders of our great lakes until I reached the "City of the West." I will not stop to describe the magnificence of Chicago, with its teeming thousands, its vast business marts, its great transatlantic and inter-oceanic trade, and its iron girdles, making tributary to its granaries all the producing lands of the prolific West. It would take a volume in itself for such a purpose. The life and history of a people who beheld their homes and worldly possessions vanish in a day, yea, an hour, amid billows of flame rolling on the bosom of a fiery ocean, and whose unbroken spirit and tireless energy laid, amid the hot ashes of their former homes, the foundation of the majestic city which now crowns their sterling effort and glorious spirit with the grandest monument of modern times, can not be written in a few pages, and so we leave that for other pens.

Some writer, discoursing upon heat, declares it to be "the unknown cause of the sensation of warmth and of a multitude of common phenomena in nature and art." I certainly have faith in the correctness of this definition. I remember, after leaving Chicago, fanned by the cool breezes of Lake Michigan, crossing the molten Missouri at St. Louis, which had the appearance of an undulating sea of lava or melted metal of some sort, and entering that heat-laden city in a frame of mind and body sufficient to excite the commiseration of a Stoic. The ride over the Alton road had been a severely hot and dusty one, and at the moment I presented myself before the clerk of the Southern Hotel, I feel confident that I was not classed in his mind as a modern dude. I had divested myself of everything superfluous in the way of clothing, and was appareled in a thin linen coat, so far as the upper garment was concerned. I think I wore a shirt, but no vest or collar or cuffs, or other male *lingerie*, so much in vogue. I had been taught

to believe that hotel clerks were pitiless, unmindful of the sufferings of others and utterly remorseless in all their dealings with their fellow-men. That it was always considered a bright day in their lives when they could encompass still greater evil about a traveler's life. I knew that most men, however brave in battle, were quickly subdued by the awful majesty surrounding the movements of a hotel clerk, and that the traveler's heart had been known to be loftily lifted by even so much as a condescending smile (he usually freezes you stone dead with a glance) just sufficient to let him know that he wasn't really angry that he registered his name for food and shelter at his hotel. I say *his* hotel, for who but the clerks own the hotel? You never see the proprietor around. It is the clerks who run the institution and therefore they *must* own it.

I had some reputation as a pleader at the *bar* and frequently, it is said, had brought tears to the eyes of court and jury. I tried the same art upon the magnificent clerks of the grand hotel. Fortune favored me. I was successful. I often think of him with a great degree of regard and friendship. I have often sought the opportunity to thank him, but never yet found it, and if he should read these lines let him accept them as my thanks for his kind treatment.

I said to him: "My friend, has your heart ever been stirred to its deepest depths by the woes and sorrows of suffering humanity?" Here he struck an attitude of one about to refuse a tramp who had asked for lodgings or trust. "Have you ever felt that a brother's sufferings claim a brother's sympathy? That the smile of a human countenance when marked by pity can illumine life's darkest chambers? That each golden link in pity's chain is the secret chord of sympathy that runs from heart to heart, like the invisible electric spark flashing from shore to shore, from world to world, far down in the depths and mysteries of old Ocean's waves?" At this point a shade of deeper interest stole over his handsome countenance. I ascended into poetry. I quoted from Darwin. I conquered. He melted as I repeated:

"No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,  
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears;  
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn;  
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,  
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows  
Down virtue's manly cheek for other's woes."

He could no longer withstand the subdued tenderness of such an appeal, and earnestly asked in a broken and sympathetic voice, "What can I do to serve you?" I replied, "You see before you a man weighing

225 pounds, who expects to travel many, *many* thousands of weary miles, and has but just begun the vast and toilsome journey. The summer's heat which would, alas, be no disgrace to the warmth that illumines the subterranean chambers of *Hades*, has well nigh roasted me alive. I am burned into my marrow. The hair upon my head has been fried in its own oil. There are chafings on my limbs, boils upon my back and a million of tiny shafts filled with the poison of a summer



ARRIVAL AT THE SOUTHERN HOTEL, ST. LOUIS.

solstice piercing each thousandth part of the square inches that compose the surface of my parboiled body. I am dying for a wave of cool air. My tongue is parched, my lips already brittle, and my breath smells of flame. I beseech you to be merciful, even as the angels are merciful, and give me a room somewhere in this vast caravansary, where a cooling breath may reach me ere I die!"

I saw that I had conquered, and felt once more the power of eloquence and poetry! He said: "*I will* have mercy upon you and give you the coolest room in the house."

I saw him place the cabalistic figures upon the hotel register that should consign me to the embrace of cooling zephyrs. I heard his

stentorian words to the messenger boy, to guide me by elevator to the room numbered five thousand and something. I seated myself in the ascending car and as we journeyed upward, far upward toward the realms of ether, I thought of what the governor of Georgia said of the elevator, when he fervently asked God to bless the man who invented a perpendicular railroad.

And still upward we were borne on the swift wings of steam; floor upon floor faded from view; glimpses of melting stalwart men and beautiful women passing from corridor to corridor, came like the shadow of a sunbeam and passed out of sight forever; gaily caparisoned children in white muslin and bright ribbons, romping with their pretty nurses, unmindful of the torrid heat. Mirrors reflecting the beauty of the scene; bright garlands overhanging hallway arches, and soft notes of distant music, all passed in review and charmed the senses as we still sped onward and upward in our journey to the skies.

I said to my guide, the messenger boy, "How much farther on is our station?" He replied, "Four more and we will be there." And so onward we went with a jump and a bound, the bells all the while jingling a reply to the impatient travelers below, awaiting their turn for a ride on the "perpendicular railroad."

At last we stopped, our journey was at an end, and for the reason that there were no more stories to climb; another bound and we would have gone through the roof. By direction we entered a cell at the end of a hallway, which appeared about the size of a little garret room that creeps back in the memory of our boyhood days, where we have lain many a weary night, lulled finally to sleep by the musical patter of the rain upon the roof, forgetful alike of our tears and our heartaches, of the world and all its sorrows, in the sweet unbroken slumber of childhood years.

And this was the retreat of cooling zephyrs pictured in our mind during our long journey from the earth! Here, nine stories high, with nothing but the roof to shelter us from the burning rays of a torrid sun, with the roof itself pierced, penetrated and filtered through with particles and fragments of flame rained down constantly from daylight to darkness from the burning orb above—shut in by the four hot walls, with the floor itself heated from the projected rays of the sun until you could not stand upon it in your bare feet, and only the lack of a sulphurous smell to relieve you of the fear that you had reached

your final abode, there to roast upon penitential fires for the "deeds done in the body"—was the "cool room" to which we were assigned by the tearful clerk whose feelings had been so overwrought by our tender appeal for human kindness and sympathy in our suffering!

And so it was all a sham and delusion, and the clerk had played us for a greenhorn, tampered with our tender feelings and yet expected to live! We siezed a club (the cast-off club of an ex-M. C. who had no further use for it and had presented it to us) and ran down the whole flight of nine stories to brain him for such outrageous treatment. We reached the earth safely and rushed at once to the office. The clerk was gone. Another austere gentleman was behind the counter, whose "awful majesty" instantly wilted us. We let the club fall upon the marble floor with a ringing sound, and as the reverberation died away, meekly asked for a cool room, so that we might remove from our present abode in Tophet. The clerk examined the register and rejoined in a sharp, crisp tone: "Can't do any better for you. You have already got the coolest room in the house!" We turned away in sorrow. Alas, it was too true! It was not imagination. Our end had come. We were in *Hades* and had the favor of the coolest room! Silently we strode back to its hallowed precincts. We found our baggage there, brought up in our absence—we had come to stay! We concluded to make the best of the bargain, and so disrobed, stood in the middle of the room and took a Turkish bath. After rubbing ourself down we concluded it was time to refresh the inner man, as it was now five o'clock, and so, again clothing ourself and in our right mind, descended to dinner.

After dinner we strolled out upon the shady side of the street and tried to smoke a cigar. We were compelled, however, to desist. Its flavor was lost in the steam of the street! We threw it away in despair, and lost the interest on a dollar for a whole year. Night came on and we sat and crouched from the glare of the gas lights beneath the shadow of the wall. We sat and shivered with the heat. We thought of the story told of the Arctic sailor, who picked up a piece of steel on the deck of his vessel and burnt his fingers. The extremes had met and heat and cold were alike in their results. We too had fallen upon an extreme and felt the cold chills run down our back! Again a wave of heat rolled over us and we got up and walked down the street blazing with the hot gas jets. We met an old army

friend who regaled us with a glass of cold beer, and the story of the Arizonian who died and went to *sheol*, but having lived in Arizona found it too cool for his health in Tophet and sent back for his blankets. He could not endure the sudden change of temperature.

We parted with our friend, the General, and came back to our old seat in front of the hotel. We sat there till long past midnight until the streets were all deserted. Tired and worn out with our travel and the heat we fell into a dose and slumbered in our chair. Finally, from sheer exhaustion, we were compelled to seek repose upon our bed, redolent with the memories of the hot hours of the afternoon. The elevator had ceased running and we climbed the lofty stairs. We reached our room, opened wide the door and found—Ye Gods!—our burning cheeks fanned by a cool and refreshing breeze! It was indeed a grateful surprise. The abused clerk after all was our friend. He had in truth given us the coolest room in the house—the room at the end of the hall where the breeze high above the roofs of the hot city, cooled by the descending dew, found access to our habitation. We instantly got within the folds of our mosquito bar and lay down to a sweet refreshing slumber. And so we lost all of those hours of cool rest by failing to place a proper credence on the word of the hotel clerk. We apologize.

## CHAPTER X.

ON THE MISSOURI—STORY OF THE GENTLE MISSIONARY ON THE MISSOURI RIVER  
STEAMBOAT—THE BAPTIST ELDER AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE OCEAN  
STEAMER IN A STORM—"WELL, JUST SWEAR A LITTLE."

WE did not dare to remain a day longer. We were afraid our 225 pounds *avoirdupois* would suddenly collapse, melt away to a mere grease spot. We sped away to the country seat of an old college classmate, where we hoped to exude the flames that were consuming us. We drank huge draughts of iced buttermilk to cool the inward wounds, and swallowed poultices of the tender white flesh of chickens to heal the scars. The complaint succumbed to this special treatment, and in a short time we journeyed on to the historic town of St. Joseph, on the Missouri, where we could take the choice of a dusty stage coach ride to Omaha, or sail upon the bosom of the "Great Muddy." We chose the latter route, and for the first time were made acquainted with life upon a Missouri River steamboat stranded upon a Missouri River sand-bar.

Here we met and became acquainted with two of the finest and most genial young officers in the military service, Lieutenants Hamilton and O'Brien, who were on their way to rejoin their regiment, the Sixth Cavalry, then stationed at an outpost on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, who were returning from a visit on furlough from their homes in the States.

I shall long remember this sail up this historic stream, that Lewis and Clark first explored. How many incidents of pleasure and profit were crowded into that experience. The loading and unloading of the boat; the various temperaments and characteristics of the passengers; the midnight upon the river, despite its snags and sand-bars; the wood-yard on the Missouri, and the ghostly men with their weird bundles of wood flying swiftly from shore to boat, and from boat to shore, across the gang-way, in alternate darkness and glare of torches; the approach to dangerous places, and the quick dropping of the lead, and the cry of "Mark Twain"; the rush on the bar, the

ripping jar, and the sudden stoppage of the wheel and engine, and the outpouring of royal sailor vernacular of all the crew, from captain to cabin boy. And such a vernacular! I learned it by heart. By the time we got off and away from that sand-bar, I became thoroughly acquainted with the dialect and could repeat it word for word. Never were three days more actively employed in the study of language. Never before had I been made acquainted with the artistic force of old "Anglais and Saxon," when properly rolled out with the word of command; not even in camp or on the battle field; and no "Army in Flanders" could approach it in excellence, power and choice of expression. The first mate was the champion linguist. I learned more from him than from all the others. The captain and crew were generally proficient, but the mate was a "professional." He had made the study "a specialty." I used to sit all day long within the sound of his musical voice and listen to the black adjectives roll out in rich profusion and quick succession. His voice was, indeed, both strong and musical, and would ring out like the clang and hammer of an alarm bell on the midnight air, or it would strike you in daylight

with all the shudder of the electric shock, if your nerves were particularly sensitive. The third day upon the sand-bar it grew so strong and constant that it became monotonous, and then it was a clergyman aboard, going out as a missionary to some heathen congregation in the mountains, went below to consult with the mate and suggest a suspension in the flow of the liquid volume of his speech. It was with the quiet air



THE MATE AND THE CLERGYMAN.

and the ease and dignity of his gentle profession that the clergyman went below to make the suggestion. There was no halt, however, in the long roll of black words. The volume was more powerful than before; the object alone was changed. This time it was directed toward the "meek-eyed preacher." How he made his escape I never knew. He would not tell; in fact, he would not even talk about it. When he came back, however, his hat and gold-bowed spectacles were gone; likewise a wig with which he previously adorned his head. In a part of the *vernacular*, to which I referred above, that mate had "snatched him bald!" I never heard of him again attempting missionary work on a Missouri steamboat.

The scene put me in mind of the story of the Baptist elder, and the swearing captain of the ocean vessel, in which he sailed for Europe to attend a religious convention. He became thoroughly annoyed at the captain's way of swearing at his men to compel them to perform their duty with alacrity, and one day had a quiet talk with the captain and expressed his mind quite fully and freely as to its impropriety.

The captain replied that it would be utterly impossible for him to command his men without swearing at them. This the elder denied in emphatic terms, declaring as his firm belief that could it be established by trial, the crew of the vessel would more readily and effectually obey the captain's commands should they be treated as gentlemen and not as dogs.

The captain demurred to this statement of the prelate, but was willing for his sake to give the elder's plan a trial. That afternoon an emergency arose which tested the scheme admirably. A storm of great severity suddenly struck the vessel and the waves began to roll and the wind to blow "great guns." The elder was on deck to observe the manner in which the crew would work when their manhood was recognized, and they should no longer be addressed as dogs, and to rejoice at his victory. But the elder's words of advice and good suggestion had been spoken in the captain's ear while sailing on a peaceful sea. Now the storm-lashed ocean cast over his revered form its spray from the white capped waves that threatened each moment to engulf him. He turned piteously to the captain in his fright and asked if he did not intend to instantly take steps to save the vessel from destruction. The captain replied that he had already spoken to

his crew in the mild manner suggested by the elder and that his words had no effect whatever. And to convince the elder he turned to the nearest man and said: "Mr. Brown, will you please go aloft and reef the main sail? Mr. Jones, will you be so kind as to assist him in his laudable endeavor? Mr. Smith, will you likewise try to be of some service in the same work? It is necessary that you should go quickly about your work and be as expeditious as possible, otherwise the gale will tear us to ribbons. Now, *gentlemen, please* do as I request, and I and the elder and all of us will be greatly obliged to you and equally benefited by the prompt and efficient performance of your duty."

Not a man stirred! They all stood as mute and still as the gale would permit them and gazed with intense astonishment upon their demented commander; for each and all believed he had gone daft and was now a lunatic, and this to a superstitious sailor meant far more than the storm itself.

The captain in turn gazed upon the elder with a look of resignation, quietly remarking, "You now see for yourself. I have no further command over my men; they will not obey a single order, and in a little while we will all go down to 'Davy Jones' locker!'"—which being interpreted to the elder meant that the elder and all the others would soon go down with the ship to the bottom of the ocean.

Now thoroughly alarmed the elder begged the captain to save them. The captain, however, remained obdurate, declaring it impossible to make the men work without swearing at them, and that nothing could be done without their co-operation. "Very well," said the elder, "this being a case of great emergency, I think it best now that you should swear 'a little'!"

What a change instantly took place. The captain jumped ten feet at a bound right in the midst of his wondering crew. He yelled at the top of his voice: "Here, Brown, you — idiot, what are you standing there for like a stoughton bottle? Get aloft instantly you son of a 'gun' and reef that sail or I will break every—bone in your body. You get up there too, Jones, you — lazy lout. I give you just thirty seconds, or I will brain you! And you, Smith, waddle along too just as fast as you can up the shrouds, or I will knock the wind out of you in ten seconds. You are the ———est, laziest, most good-for-nothing bummer that ever boarded a vessel or walked a gang plank. Get up, or I will burst your ——— carcass wide open! Get up and reef

that sail and lower the topgallant mast! And you, Pat Gallagher, you —— Irish son of a ‘gun,’ and the rest of you, help to get this ship about, or we, Elder and all, will go right straight to ——.”

You just ought to have seen the men move! Now, their captain was all right. He was no longer a lunatic, going about like a crazy man, calling them gentlemen and all such foolish stuff. He had regained his mind and the use of proper language. They could now obey his orders with the full belief in their correctness, as he was now clothed in his right mind! The reef was taken, the ship was got about and the good elder’s life saved by just a *little swearing!*

We finally got off the bar, but at little intervals of time, during the rest of the passage to Omaha our ears were greeted day and night by the rasping voice of the Celtic sailor with the lead, crying out in the long swell of a continuous and peculiar cadence, “Wan fut,” “f-o-i-v-e fate” and “Mark Twain” until, together with the ringing of bells, the blowing of whistles and the sudden backing or forward plunge of the vessel, we were unable to remain quiet long enough to take in the beautiful scenery that greeted us on both sides of the stream.

The river traffic between St. Louis and Omaha and all intermediate points, at that time so great, has, in a very large degree, been superseded by the railroads that now rush along with such tremendous speed as to claim generic names, such as “cannon ball.”

A revolution in transportation has been effected by the introduction of steam upon the rails, and the hoarse cry of the steamboat heralding its approach along the river bank has given way to the quick shrill shriek of the engine rolling in upon the iron rails its long sinuous trail of cars and depositing its burden in the heart of the city.

Omaha is situated upon the right bank of the Missouri River about twenty miles north of the mouth of Nebraska River, opposite Council Bluffs, with which it is to-day connected by the splendid Union Bridge thrown across the Missouri at that point, and with the great radiating system of railways to all points eastward and to the country north, south and west, by other railroads of which it is the terminus. It was the starting point in 1864 of the great transcontinental railroad, and before the construction of that road, it was the most northerly outfitting place for overland trains to the far West. Its population to-day is a hundred thousand. It derived its name

from a tribe of Dakota Indians, was laid out in 1854 and became an incorporated city in 1857.

But the outlines of the old town have faded with the old landmarks. New scenes have opened upon the vision of those who lingered within its gates in those old and stirring days which marked the advent of the great line of railroad, whose iron bands have bound together the extremes of the Union. Lowing herds have wandered off forever with the blue "ships of the desert"; for steam has made a revolution in transportation, and the bullwhacker has gone!

The traveler now finds the city lighted with gas, and all modern improvements greet his approach. He finds, as food for his mind, three daily, six weekly and three monthly papers; for his morals twenty-five churches, and for his comfort and convenience numerous hotels and opera houses.

Its accommodations, however, in this last respect were not always of the most perfect order. About the year 1866 the eccentric George Francis Train became interested in the growth and advancement of this frontier city, which had been laid out upon a most magnificent scale. At that time there was but a single "first-class" hotel in the place, and that alone in theory. Of course there would naturally be in hotel *parlance* a rush at the dinner hour for the best places and waiters. It does not take a hotel *habitué* long to discriminate in this respect. George Francis Train was a regular boarder at this hotel. He was then in his most palmy days, during the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, with plenty of money and friends. He was always noted for his high-strung and self-willed nature, and would rather go to jail than submit to a rebuff or a personal affront of the slightest character.

One day he entered the dining-hall of the hotel and found his own seat occupied. There was no help for it then or redress thereafter, as it was occupied by a stalwart man from the plains, who likewise possessed an overwhelming amount of personal esteem, and ever in the habit of discovering and sustaining the "main chance." It was useless to argue, and George was compelled to yield. He had his revenge, however, upon the hotel proprietor for permitting the act. He went across the street about a block away from that place, selected a site, and in *ninety* days (I really think it was *sixty* days; I say *ninety* for fear my veracity might be questioned) completed, furnished and

opened to the traveling public, the finest proportioned hotel of that early day between Chicago and San Francisco. I have frequently slept beneath its roof and sat at its board, and feel encouraged, by the remembrance of its good cheer, to speak thus kindly and truthfully of this old friend of the traveler journeying across the plains.

The result was to divide the traffic and injure the old house amazingly. But the "Cozzens' House," as well as the old "International," have both given away to the more elegant and complete structures that now adorn the city, and greet with pleasure the eye of the traveler, as dust-covered, travel-stained and weary-worn he seeks repose and recuperation beneath their refined and hospital roofs.

As I was one of the first to enjoy the cheery hospitality of the Cozzens' House, and was well acquainted with its history, I have often been reminded by the George Francis Train dinner scene of a similar one that occurred at a famous ante-fire hotel in the city of Chicago. It is well known to be the usual custom to retain a seat for a favored guest by reversing the chair and turning the back toward the table. Upon this occasion there was a large attendance upon a convention or some notable gathering in the city, and the hotels, as a consequence, were quite full. The dinner was at full tide, guests ordering, waiters running hither and thither, champagne bottles popping and everthing full of life and vigorous gastronomical activity, when a large, tall man, considerably over six feet in height, and weighing perhaps in the neighborhood of 300 pounds, made his appearance at the doorway of the dining hall and cast his eye over the room. Every seat seemed taken, and he was about to retire when, at the farther end of the hall, he espied a vacant seat with the chair turned back upon the side of the table.

Like a giant he strode down the long aisle between the tables until he reached the vacant seat and grasped the reversed chair. At this moment one of the colored waiters, who had this particular chair and seat at the table in his care and keeping, awaiting the arrival of the favored guest, ran hastily to the newly arrived guest as he was in the act of appropriating the chair to his own use, and quickly called out in the peculiar dialect of his race, "Say, sah, we's keeping dat seat fo a gentleman!" "By — he's come!" responded the big man, and immediately appropriated the seat and surroundings, much to the consternation and disgust of the waiter who, doubtless, lost his *fee* that day. I

never heard, however, that the Palmer House or the Grand Pacific were erected from such a cause. I presume the irate guest on his return smothered his wrath in a "second bottle" at the proprietor's expense. They have a way of settling these things in Chicago very neatly when the occasion requires.

And thus the frontier outpost of 1854 becomes by the law of American progress the prosperous and growing inland city of to-day. The traveler who then obtained his general outfit for the long and perilous journey across the continent at what was but little more than a trading-post, now returns to find a city of a hundred thousand people living in wealth and luxury. He rides over several lines of street railways; visits the United States Court House for the district court of Nebraska, and listens to the argument upon appeal to the circuit court now sitting as such, before his honor the circuit judge from the final judgment of the district court in the admiralty case of *Montgomery vs. Anderson* for the loss of thirty-seven barrels of rum; thence inspect the large and elegant buildings for schools, the extensive railway structures, the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the splendid residences and business houses which have taken the place of the little huts in the outskirts—the large iron works, rolling mills and machine shops, and the extensive establishment for smelting, separating and refining the ores of the precious metals and copper, lead and zinc, which constantly pour in from all the mining camps along the line of the great Overland Railway; thence he visits the newspaper offices, and retires to rest in one of the elegant hotels to await the Sabbath dawn to inspect the beautiful churches which have arisen upon the ashes of the Indian's wigwam and the camp fires of the early pioneers of his day.

Such is the law of progress. That which Carlyle delighted in calling "a living monument," that which makes the goal of yesterday the starting post of to-morrow, and the wise man of to-day still wiser to-morrow.

## CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEYING TOWARD JULESBURG—THE BROAD NEBRASKA PLAINS—"SPOTTED TAIL"—RACE ON THE IRON ROAD BETWEEN AN ANTELOPE AND THE "MIGHTY ENGINE"—JULESBURG BY GASLIGHT—THE COACH RIDE TO DENVER—THE PERILOUS ROAD—INDIAN SIGNS—INDIANS CIRCLING AROUND US—COACHES HALTED AND HORSES CORRALED—WAITING FOR THE SUNDOWN ATTACK—THE CITY OF DENVER BY DAYLIGHT—COL. JAMES J. TRACY—TALL CHURCH SPIRES, AND CLOSED STORES ON SUNDAY, IN THE PLACE OF THE "HURDY GURDY" AND THE "WAR CRY" OF THE AUCTIONEERS.

JOURNEYING toward Julesburg, the summer terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad, on a warm September evening, seated on the rear platform of the last car, watching the long lines of bright rails speed magically away in the distance, as the shades of night dropped silently upon the broad Nebraska plains, while the fiery sparks from the engine blew swiftly overhead, mingling with the stars that twinkled through the darkness, my mind passed rapidly from retrospection to thought upon the future, and the scenes of wild adventure that were doubtless in store for me. I did not, however, recall the gloomy thoughts of Shakespeare, as I strove to pierce the dark rim of the future and obtain its revelations:

"Oh, if this were seen!  
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
Would shut the book and sit him down and die."

I chose rather to embrace the more cheerful suggestion of our Longfellow, who so sweetly tells us not to look mournfully into the past, but wisely to improve the present and go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

I could not but think of the weary men, who years before had trudged over the same soil, mile upon mile, with blistered feet, while we swept along on the wings of the wind accomplishing in luxurious ease in a single hour that which required of the pioneer three days of severe toil.

When morning dawned upon the plains the great round fiery disk seemed to rise out of the earth as from beneath the sea when sailing

on the waters. Two hundred and thirty-one miles from Omaha we passed "Plum Creek," the scene of a great Indian butchery alluded to in another chapter of this book.

In front of the hotel at North Platte Station, I saw for the first time the famous Indian Chief "Spotted Tail," who from a most relentless foe of the whites, had been converted to a state of enduring friendship by the simple act of the commander of one of the posts upon the frontier, who had bestowed a magnificent military burial upon a favorite daughter of the chief, and laid her away to rest in accordance with



INDIAN MODE OF BURIAL.

the Indian fashion, with beating drums, flying flags, marching soldiers and the firing of the great guns of the fort over her dusky remains.

As we were speeding swiftly along over the smooth plains during the early morning hours, we ran into a small herd of antelope, which instantly scattered, save one more courageous than the rest, which began a race with the train in the endeavor to cross the track ahead of the engine. It was in deed an exciting, curious and interesting sight to observe the contest between the little brown animal with its soft gazelle-like eye,

and the mighty engine belching forth its flame and smoke.

It was a trial of speed not often witnessed, and instantly every passenger and employé of the great train plowing the wilderness became thoroughly interested in the result. Onward sped the train upon its smooth and even track, until it seemed to leap through the air

in the hope and expectancy of success. Close by its ponderous side ran the frail little animal that, with prodigious bounds, slowly but surely gained upon the iron horse. Shout upon shout rent the air as if to startle from its base the brave little beast that so swiftly annihilated space. By tremendous effort it continued to gain upon the train until at length it was neck and neck with the engine. What a curious sight it was upon that distant western plain, in the hazy atmosphere of the early autumn morn, to behold that small and delicate animal compete for the mastery with the mighty element that had revolutionized the world of trade and traffic! We were cleaving the air at the rate of fifty miles an hour at the moment the little racer seemed ready to bound across the track ahead of the engine. At this instant, fearful of defeat, the engineer pulled wide open his throttle-valve, while the fireman made the red heat shoot up in flames to increase the speed. We fairly flew through the air at more than a mile a minute. A great cloud of smoke rolled in billows over the train and the hot cinders fell all around; but the little antelope still clung to the engine and would not be shaken off. I do not now remember how many miles the race continued, but suddenly the engineer pulled the steam cord, and, as the awful sound of escaping steam fell upon the little brown beast that so valiantly had striven for the mastery, its powers seemed to cease at once, and it instantly collapsed and fell prone upon the earth. We all believed the terrible voice of the locomotive had snapped its heart-strings with fear. Instantly the brakes were applied, the panting engine stood still upon the silvery track and we hastened back to where the antelope lay in death, as we supposed. Two of us approached at the same moment and put forth our arms to bear it back to the waiting train. True, ever true to the instincts of its wild nature—loving the freedom of its vast range upon the plains, and, as if scorning the attempt of man at its capture, it rose up suddenly and bounded away upon the prairie with the same swift speed with which it ran the marvelous race with the iron courser. Soon it was lost to view amid the tall grass that skirted a distant branch. We did not regret its escape from man's bondage. Its life and home was freedom, and in that, typical of our own, for

"Freedom's soil hath only place  
For a free and fearless race."

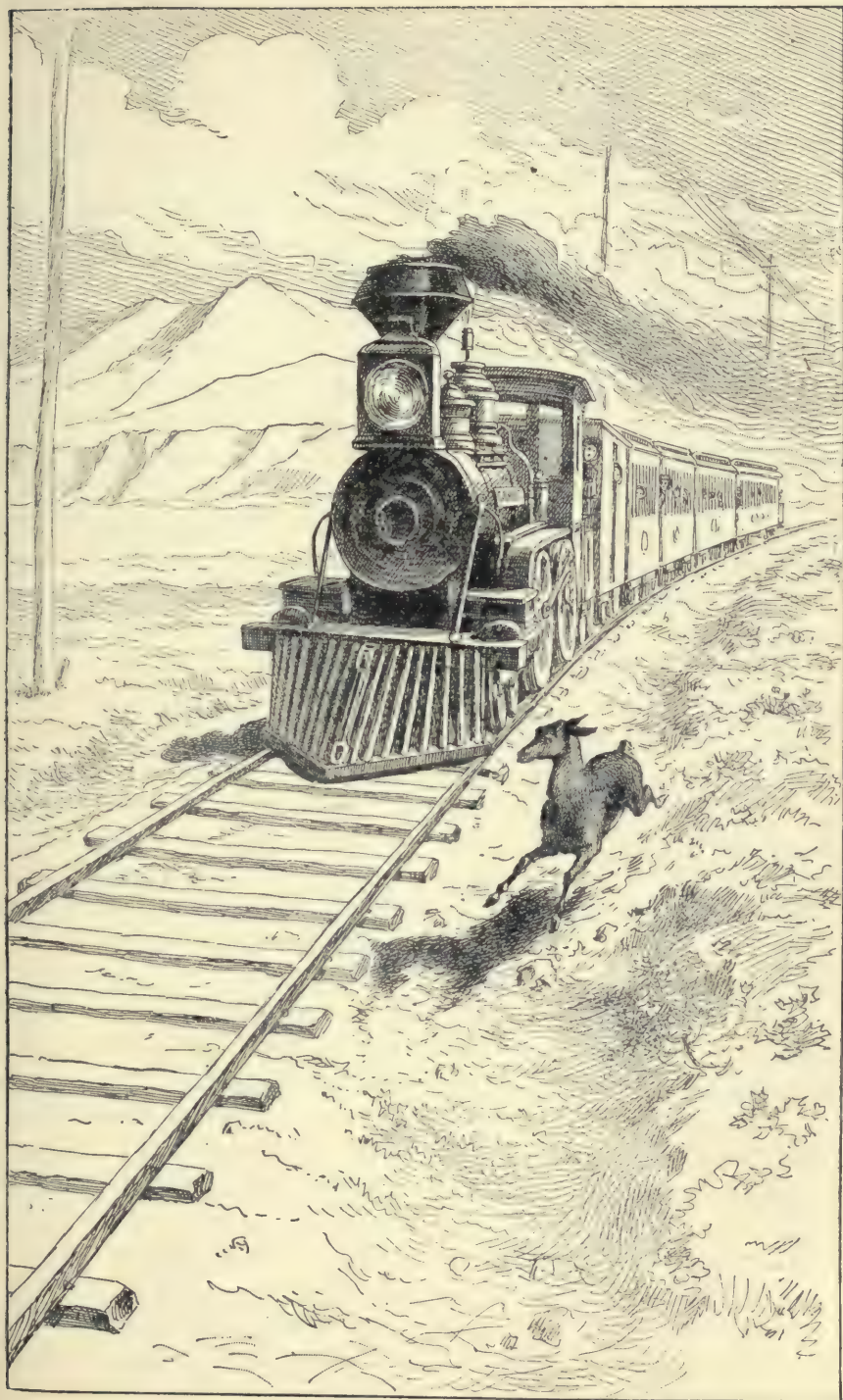
At noon we reached the terminus of the road and thenceforth

farewell to the ease and luxury of the palace car! Here, after a brief stay, we would take to the stage coach and go out upon that wild road of adventure where so many had laid down their lives.

Julesburg was just the town I had pictured from the various representations I had read, and heard from those who had invaded its precincts. It derived its name from the patronymic of an old French settler, Jules Beni, who for many years resided in the neighborhood of Fort Sedgewick, lying just across the stream from this summer terminus of the road, and of whom I shall have more to say at a point beyond.

Of course, this was all historic ground, replete with incident and tale of Indian treachery and bloodshed. The first man I saw on entering the town was a walking battery. He was standing at the station as we alighted from the cars. In a few moments he was joined by some thirty or forty more of the same pattern, although I think some had magazines as well as batteries. It immediately occurred to me that there had been an Indian raid upon this city of the wilderness. I asked one of the warriors if there had not been a battle? He said no, but wanted to know why I asked the question. I replied that I judged so from the vast number and variety of deadly weapons he carried around. He laughed vociferously and called me a "pilgrim" and a "tenderfoot" and quietly suggested that the first best thing I could do was to get "heeled." All of this sounded very strange and queer, but I soon learned the value of the suggestion, and the time swiftly arrived when I too became a partial "battery" and rammed my derringer in my pocket with the same ease, dexterity and necessity with which I placed my hat upon my head. I walked into the main part of the town and saw Julesburg by daylight. It was composed of all manner of stores, saloons and other business places, and a multitude of such "warriors" as I had met on my arrival. In fact every man I saw was a "warrior," judging from his armament. There was also an innumerable number of "ladies" all painted and clothed in white and spangled silks. I had a friend there—one of the boys noted for his desperate bravery. He said: "To-night you shall see Julesburg by gas-light!" I saw it in all its deformity, and over it I would draw the curtain of forgetfulness.

The road between Julesburg and Denver, which during the summer of 1867 was the direct mail route to the West, was so beset by



RACE WITH AN ANTELOPE.



Indian violence that it became necessary for the protection of both the mails and the lives of the passengers to travel in quite large parties, well armed and willing to fight. Consequently the rule was established by the superintendent of the mail route for three coaches to start together every other day, thus transporting the mails and passengers that had accumulated daily at the end of the line.

The second day after our arrival at Julesburg was the day upon which such a start should be made, and so, early in the morning, three large Concord coaches, each drawn by four spirited horses, were driven in front of the mail and express office and there loaded with passengers and the mail and express matter destined for the Pacific coast and all intermediate points.

We swung gayly across the Platte River, passed over the old historic battle-field and by the newly-erected Fort Sedgwick (named after one of the bravest of men who have held a commission in the military service of the Government), and thence on the direct route to Denver, nearly every mile of which had been marked by bloodshed and savage violence.

Notwithstanding the danger, the travel at that time was quite large, and the bolder spirits chafed at the delay occasioned by the cautious movements of the drivers in sight of "Indian signs."

There were forty-three parties in all, including the drivers on the three coaches; each of the other two coaches carrying fifteen passengers and ours but thirteen. Each man was armed with a "Ballard" rifle and forty rounds of cartridges loaned by the company for the daily emergency. Of course each man carried also his own weapons, usually consisting of a revolver, bowie-knife and a pair of derringers. These last occupied a very important part of the traveler's thoughts as well as his fighting outfit, for they were intended not for the blood-thirsty savage but for the man himself. It may appear strange to relate at this distant date that such was the fact, but nevertheless it was a fact, as all who, from business, pleasure or curiosity invaded the "Indian country," as it was called at that day, can now attest. They were the inseparable companions of such a man, and never to be discharged at the enemy during an engagement, but their fire to be always reserved for the unfortunate man himself should he chance to become a captive. The tortures and brutalities inflicted by the savage upon his defenseless prisoner were so horrible and so utterly diabolical

and beyond the comprehension of those unacquainted with savage character, that it became incumbent on the man immediately upon his capture, if no means of escape offered, to blow out his own brains. I possessed a pair, a beautiful pair, mounted with silver and elegantly engraved, as a present from some friends. I wore them a long time; became so familiar with them that I esteemed them old friends, and when I came to love them best I lost them! They were stolen from my hotel room in the Christian city of Chicago, upon a bright Sabbath day when the sound of the church bells was still lingering upon the air and I was wending my way toward a Christian tabernacle. I used to look at them sometimes with a most anxious gaze, when afar off in the "Indian country" and wonder if I should ever be called upon to put them to such a homicidal use.

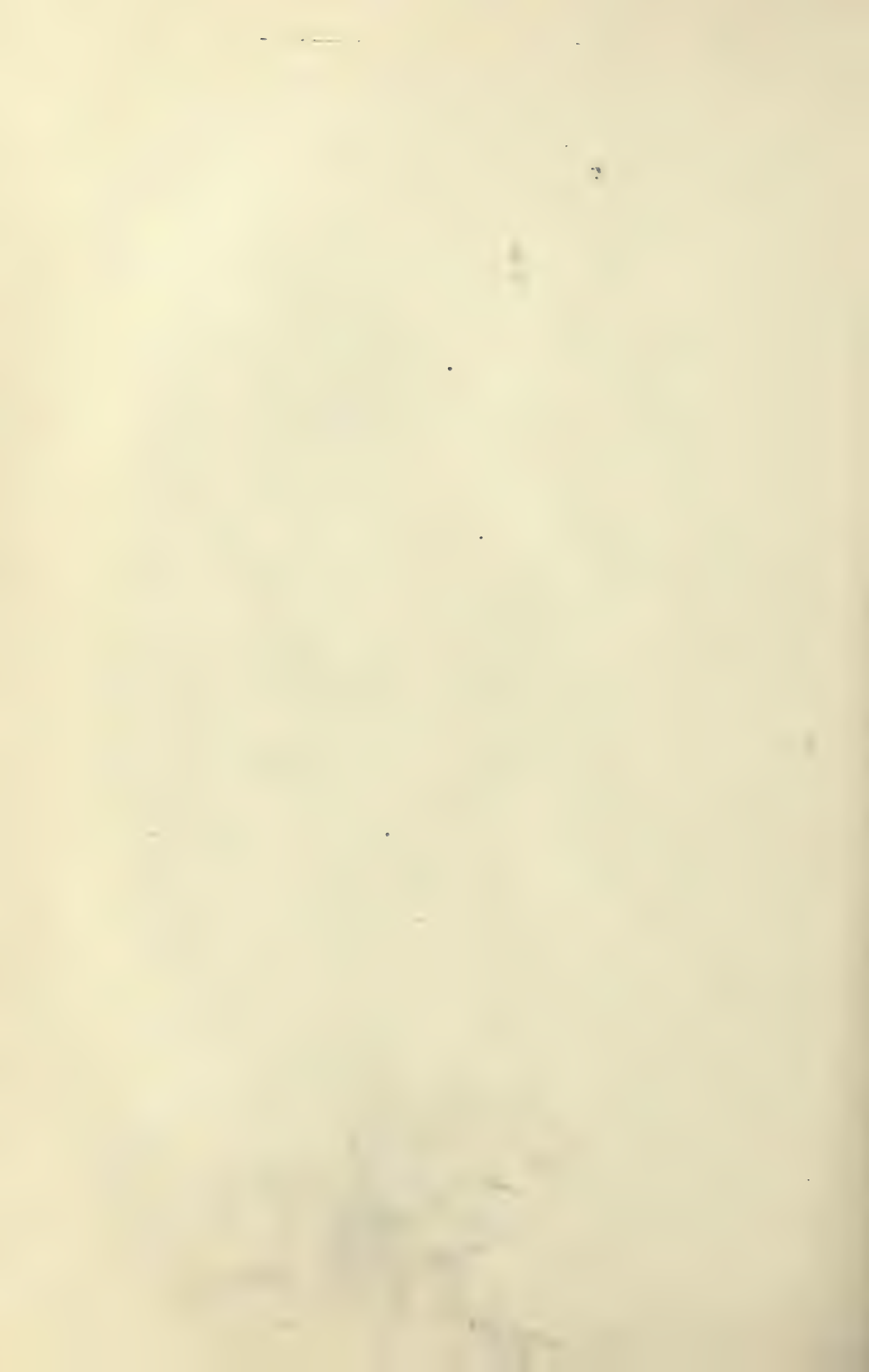
The seat of honor on a stage-coach was beside the driver. Sometimes you would strike "good company," but more frequently a "post." These drivers generally were personages of great importance, clothed with much authority and filled with consummate pride. They were conscious of vast superiority over the "pilgrims" who, through favoritism of the station agent, obtained on the waybills a seat by his side, and seldom would deign a reply to any of the foolish questions so often propounded by the traveling querist. There were others, however, without the "mulish" propensity—gentlemen in every sense of the word, who retained their good breeding even amid those solitudes of the savage and the rude elements that formed the civilization of a wild frontier town.

I shall always remember my ride upon the stage-coach between Julesburg and Denver, not alone because of the excitement attendant upon an expected "brush" with the Indians, but because of its fresh and invigorating experience, the long, wild swing of the coach upon the road, the bracing atmosphere of the early autumn month that sent the blood through our veins with life and health, and that indescribable state of buoyant feeling that always attends the first experience of an adventurous career.

I found the driver of our coach to be a gentleman full of experience of this wild life upon the border, and willing to relate its exciting scenes and incidents. And thus between the watch for "Indian signs" and the blood-curdling tales of the driver, who by the way was no Munchausen, but a veritable Indian fighter, having but the year



CAMP ATTACKED BY INDIANS.



before lost a part of his right ear and several fingers from the shot of a savage foe, the first day wore away without a single adventure of a startling character.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day "Indian signs" became plentiful to the experienced eye, and just as we reached a "home station," they were reported by the station hands to be in considerable force all around us. The horses were coralled in a short time, and the coaches so arranged as to afford us a partial shelter from their fire. We all took the position assigned us, and in as brave a frame of mind as our total ignorance of Indian warfare would permit, awaited the attack of the savages, some of whom could be seen in the far distance engaged in the Indian pastime of "circling" about on their swift little ponies. A scout was sent out to reconnoiter and to ascertain, if possible, the extent of their numbers, but returned toward evening without having accomplished much in that direction.

We expected, however, if the attack was to be made at all, that it would occur in the neighborhood of sunset as the hours of both sunset and sunrise are the favorite periods for an Indian attack. Of course we were all on the alert, and having fortified the "inner man" with the substantial food of the "home" station, were in good trim to meet the foe. But we watched in vain. One by one the stars came out and filled the heavens with their glory,

Shining in order like a living hymn, written in light.

The red man came not upon his murderous mission. Nor did he come in the early morning. It was quite probable that he had fully reconnoitered us ere we were aware of his approach, and, finding us too strong for his numbers, had "circled" around a few hours in our sight for his own amusement, and then betaken himself off to await the coming of a weaker party. We did not regret, however, his failure to attack. We were not thirsting for gore; we merely wished to be "let alone." In the morning both the skies and the field being clear we again started, after a splendid breakfast of cornbread and antelope steak, and gayly sped along over the smooth hard road of the broad Colorado plains.

I could not fail to dwell upon the lonely life of those we left behind at the station, and wonder how their lives were preserved amid such constant peril. These stations were sometimes besieged for days by the Indians in the hope of capturing their inmates and

personal property. They were usually built of strong material, somewhat after the fashion of a fort, and when the doors were securely fastened, their inmates could make a strong and usually a successful defense by firing at the enemy through loopholes arranged for such a purpose. The Indians possessed a wholesome dread of such an encounter and kept out of range of the unseen but unerring bullet. Their hope of capture lay in the night attack when their stealthy approach could not be observed. At such a time their chief effort would be an attempt to set fire to and burn the ranch. In this they were sometimes successful, and the brave defenders would either perish at their posts or meet the barbarous fate reserved for them by those blood-thirsty monsters whose chief delight consisted in torturing the human frame.

I shall long remember the first conscious hour of daylight of my visit to the city of Denver, Colorado. It was two o'clock in the morning, a very dark morning, when the stage in which I was a passenger pulled up in front of the express office of Wells, Fargo & Company, in that mountain town, after the exciting ride from Julesburg.

There happened among our passengers on this trip one of the most genial gentlemen whom it was my good fortune to meet during the whole of my sojourn in the Rocky Mountains. He was one of the bravest of spirits who had stood under "Indian fire," and one of the best business men among the hosts of such to be found upon the plains at that early date. He it was who, as agent of Wells, Fargo & Company, first conceived the idea of consolidating the two overland routes which resulted in the purchase of Ben Holliday's line from the Missouri to Salt Lake City, thereby creating the longest and best apportioned and disciplined stage mail line in the world. I refer to Colonel James J. Tracy, general superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Company's Overland Mail and Express Line. He had formerly been a successful merchant in the city of New York, but went down in the financial slaughter that began with the human slaughter of the late war, in the loss of several hundred thousands of dollars of "Southern credits."

He took up the burden which relentless fate had thrown at his feet, and, from wealth, ease and affluence in the great metropolitan city of the East, ascended to the grandeur of a new and more complete manhood which he discovered within himself amid the perils, hardships and vast business demands of his new calling in the frontier life

of the far West. Our relations made us intimate friends, and I came to know him well and to read and understand his "inner nature." He has passed over the great *divide*.

The gentle wafting to immortal life made him again a pioneer to open the way to fairer plains for those he left behind; to smooth the rugged paths and break the bars of terror nature throws across them. If there be broad plains and lofty mountains in that other life over which pilgrim bands must journey with a leader toward the celestial city, I doubt not he has found his mission in the continuance of his mighty work. Friend of the wilderness, it was a shining memory that came in your dying moments and, like the bright sunshine that breaks across the hills at the close of a stormy day, gilded with glory the closing hours of your stormy life. "We will push on to the rescue!"

It was to the thoughtful care of the superintendent that we were indebted for the warm and comfortable quarters we immediately turned into on our arrival. He had telegraphed ahead of us, and the clean white beds awaited us in well-lighted rooms over the office at that unseasonable hour. A number of us agreed to meet in the morning and breakfast together. I was the first to awake, and it was the sound of a church bell that awakened me! It was the Sabbath day, and the bright sun was shining merrily through the window panes. I arose quietly and strolled out to take a morning view of the historic town by "the holy waters of Cherry Creek."

It was about eleven o'clock when I reached the heads of Larimer and Holliday streets, and gazed with wonder and delight upon this "City of the Hills," and I stood upon the summit of the *bench* and counted the gilded spires of five churches. I looked down the long thoroughfares of trade and business activity and enterprise, and off upon the beautiful homes on the highlands skirting the magical town, and could not but dwell upon the grandeur of the race which in half a decade had converted the mining camp of a rocky wilderness into a city of trade and inland commerce with all the beatitudes of civilization. I could not but dwell upon the fact that only a little while ago and Denver, the Christian city of Denver, was as deep in the depths of crime and as dark and polluted as the wicked Julesburg which flaunted its scarlet crimes in open daylight. There were now borne upon the air the sweet songs of the Christian Sabbath, and men and women

uncovered their heads and bowed in prayer in the holy tabernacles of the Lord where but a few years before the gambler openly plied his trade; the dance-house and the saloon gathered their votaries; the wanton "temporizing with decay" threw wide open the doors of her gilded den; the auctioneer cried out with leathern lungs his bogus wares, and every store in the town on the Sabbath contracted and carried on more business than upon any other day of the week. Upon the Sabbath the miners left their claims and gathered in the town; to each and all it was a *gala day*. Drunkenness, brawls and street fights became the amusement, and murder lifted its red arm and smote the peace and order of the community. But civilization brought thither a finer feeling; order arose from chaos and bloodshed; refinement appeared with the wives and daughters of the pioneers who came like angels to create homes from haunts of vice—the light of love banished the mildew and rot of depravity, and a better manhood dawned instantly upon the "brave rough diamonds" of the mines. The church came with the bold missionary, for he was the bravest of them all, and then the school-house and the court-house weeded out the dance-house, and the forlorn outcast sought some "Poker Flat" farther on in the race of life until disease and dissipation entombed her ghastly shadow. Of course there was a broad and deep gulch between the Sunday rattle of the auctioneer and the sweet chime of Sabbath bells, and in the rude elements of frontier society the violence of the "bad" was often checked by the violence of the "good!" The long outspreading limb of the historic tree that grew by the side of the historic stream beneath the shadow of the "sentinel peaks" of the Snowy Range, had much to do as a civilizing agent, with the peace and order of the community, and the perturbed spirits of many outlaws who dangled from the oaken bough still haunt the superstitious who dwell hard by. Such was Denver in the early day of the pioneer and hard-working and hard-drinking miner, and such again, when Christian refinement had uprooted the gnarled and twisted growth whose roots had first struck into the virgin soil.

The Denver of to-day is a familiar figure. Steam has annihilated space and it lies at our doors. It is a bright inland town of trade and commerce, the commercial and political center of the young but rich State of Colorado, with many manufactories, a United States mint, and various public buildings, with a population verging upon a hundred

thousand, while a stream of emigration continues to pour in over the four conjunctive railroads, adding constantly to its internal strength and prosperity. Yes; there sits the Denver of to-day, the Queen of the Foothills, within the shadow of the Great Snowy Range, proud of her people and worthy of her renown; and yet in 1858 there was not a human habitation in her vicinity.

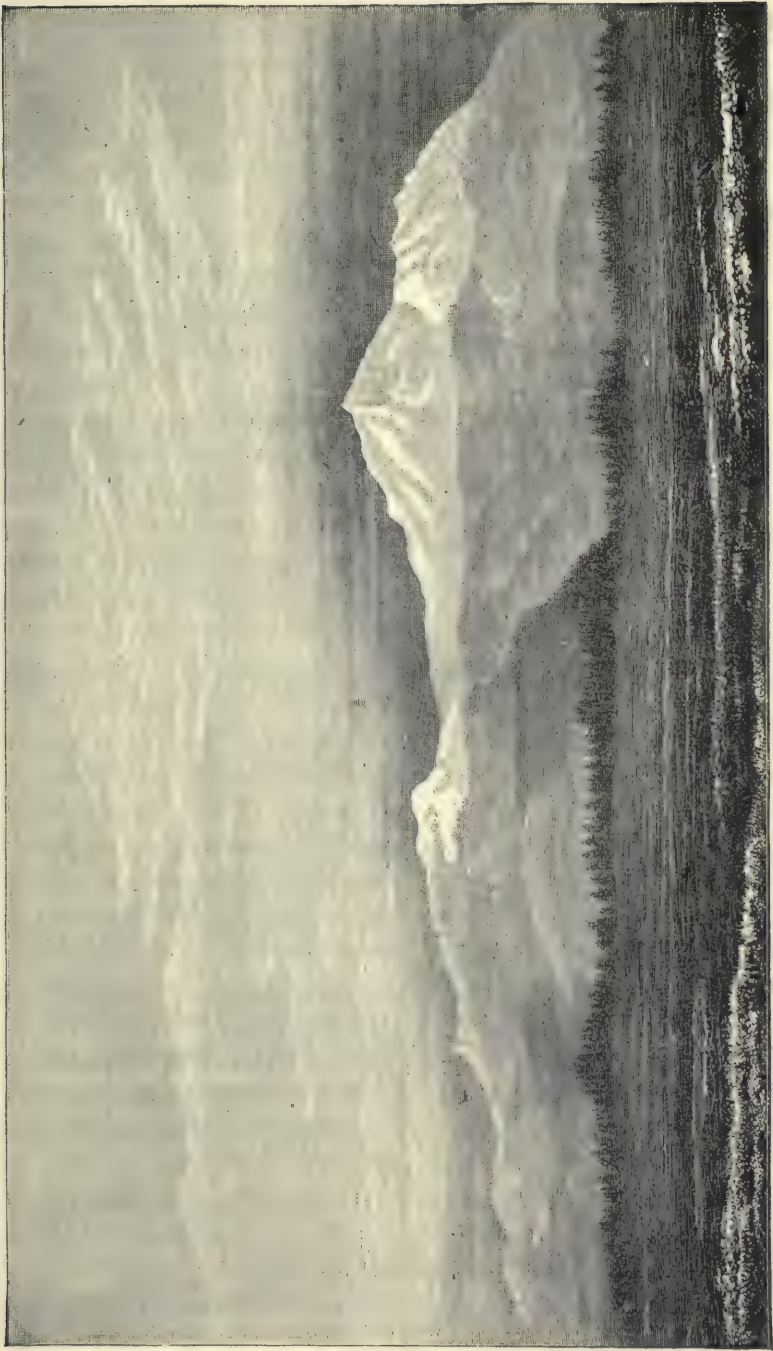
## CHAPTER XII.

THE CITY OF DENVER—PIKE'S PEAK—GARDEN OF THE GODS—WILLIAMS CAÑON—THE GUN-BARREL ROAD—SNOWY RANGE—LONG'S, GRAY'S AND PIKE'S PEAKS—BOULDER CITY AND BOULDER CAÑON—THE WONDERFUL SOUTH PARK—THE VALLEY OF THE ARKANSAS—FOSSIL FOOTPRINTS—THE SCIENCE OF ICHNOLOGY—THE ROAD TO CHEYENNE—SCENES OF INDIAN VIOLENCE—THE BLACK EMBERS OF THE HOUSE, AND THE STORY OF THE MURDER BY INDIANS OF A PIONEER'S FAMILY.

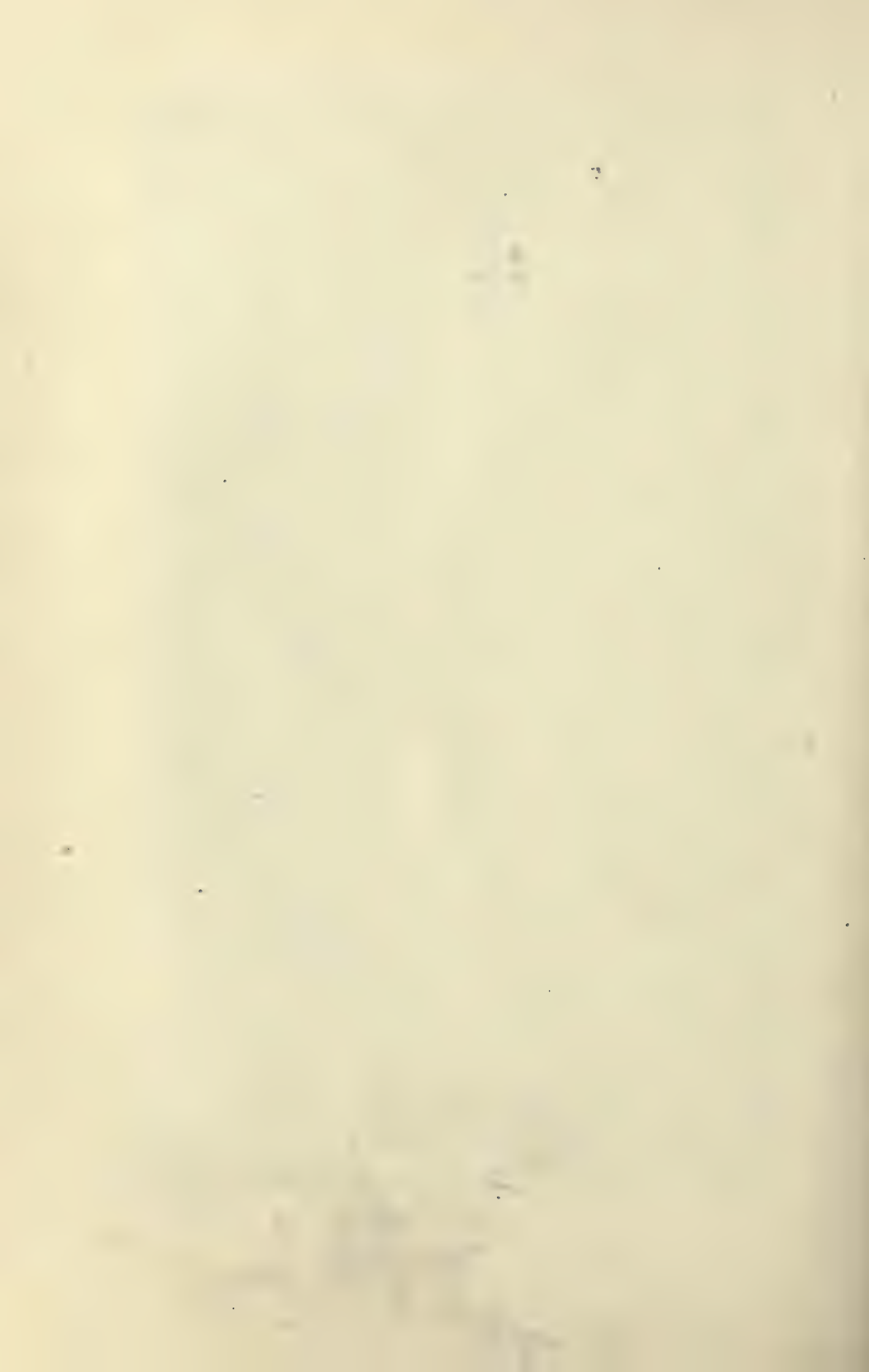
DENVER, the capital of Colorado, is located on the South Platte River, at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, nearly 5,500 feet above the sea, and occupies a series of levels rising gradually toward the mountains, commanding a magnificent view of the proximate plains and the peaks of lofty mountains covered with perpetual snow.

It is surrounded by scenery of the grandest order. For a hundred miles the most romantic and picturesque scenes greet the eye. Manitou Springs, now one of the most charming of popular resorts, lies at the foot of Pike's Peak. The Garden of the Gods, a vast park among the hills, is filled with picturesque rocks and cliff formations with sweeping plains intervening, covered with luxuriant verdure. One of the most interesting of natural objects is the Cave of the Winds. This you approach through Williams' Cañon, a winding driveway between towering cliffs, more than two miles long. It is the largest cave yet discovered in the vast range, and full of weird interest to all who enter its magical depths.

Half way between Denver and Cheyenne is the town of Greeley, named after the great founder of the New York *Tribune*, whose admonition to all young men was, "Go West!" Directly west from Greeley runs the famous "gun-barrel road," pointing straight to Long's Peak, fifty miles distant. This remarkable road stretches across the green plains for a dozen miles or more without a single curve. The story is related that immediately upon the survey being made a farmer started a furrow with his plow and kept it all the distance in a straight line, turning neither to the right nor left. Over this "gun-barrel road," on your way to Long's Peak, the



VIEW OF PIKE'S PEAK;



magnificent panorama of the Snowy Range greets your eye. Before you, in all its grandeur, lies this lofty range with its eternal snows glittering in the sunlight of your high noon as they have glittered in the sunlight of centuries, before the voice of man had broken the silence of its solitudes, or his hand carved the pathway to its majestic heights.

Boulder City lies close up against the range. It contains a population of several thousand, and possesses buildings of note, chief of which is the State University, but its principal attraction is the far-famed "Boulder Cañon." The tourist, overjoyed to be permitted to revel in the glory of its beauty and sublimity, enters the cañon a little beyond the city, upon a road that winds about for many miles. A crystal stream of diminutive cataracts flows on and on, amid its rocks and shelves in wild haste to reach the thirsty plain that stretches far beyond. At times the road itself seems to overhang the stream, and rude bridges formed of hardy mountain timber are thrown across from projecting rocky eaves, and lead you on to where the cañon's mighty walls loom up 2,000 feet above its base, seeming to rise higher and higher toward the heavens until a glimpse of blue cloud rolls over your head, while your feet press the wild flowers that fleck their mossy beds, mingling majesty with the tender simplicity of nature's sweetest offering.

Half-way between Denver and the "Garden of the Gods" is the divide which separates the waters of the Platte from the Arkansas. South of this divide begins the monumental uplifting of rocks which increase in number until the "garden" itself is reached, where the eye is greeted by the grandest display of these weird objects formed of quartz and pebbles held loosely together in circular condition, tapering from base to top, over which rests a cap of rust-colored sandstone, made by the oxide of iron which forms a cement binding the grains together. The smaller of these monuments vary in height from ten to twenty feet, but the castellated shafts of the larger table buttes, surmounted with a layer of purple porphyritic basalt, rise almost perpendicularly to heights ranging from 100 to 250 feet from beautiful green meadows upon which the glowing rays of a golden sunset fall with a peculiarly impressive beauty.

The wonderful South Park covers an area of 1,200 square miles, with an elevation rising at points to 10,000 feet. It is surrounded

by mountains, and has at one time been the bed of a lake.

The valley of the Arkansas, cut through the solid granite mountains, runs for 100 miles, ten miles wide, presenting the finest field for glacial study and observation in the West. The masses of rock transported by this tremendous agency often reach 100 feet in diameter. Everywhere mounds, ridges, basins and boulders obstruct the traveler's pathway. Worn rock is also exposed, revealing the effects of ice on the surface. Mineral and sulphur springs of great medicinal value are frequently found.

Pike's Peak was discovered by General Pike, United States Army in 1806, and is 14,000 feet high and commands a rugged mountain view of 100 miles radius. Here gold was first discovered in Colorado in 1858, and was followed by that remarkable *hégira* from all parts of the Union.

During the first four years succeeding the discovery of gold nearly \$40,000,000 were taken from the mines. It was the beginning of Denver's growth and prosperity—this great camp whose foundation stones were laid 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, with its toiling gold-seekers delving madly for sudden wealth!

The third of the sentinel peaks of the lofty Snowy Range is Gray's Peak, twelve miles distant from Georgetown, one of the principal mining towns near Denver, and connected with it by a railroad running through Clear Creek Cañon. One of the most beautiful sights to behold in this land of wonders is the morning sunrise from its summit. You start up a shady glen and watch the rapidly descending stream and listen to the weird song it sings of its lofty mountain home until you reach the timber line, and thence on your path lies over what appears to be a level country full of grass and flowers. A fair valley, closed in by two low rocky walls, you now traverse searching for the lofty peak you first beheld when moving upward from its broad base. Suddenly, on rounding the curve which has obscured your vision, the full glory of the stately heights breaks upon you. Before you stands a mighty wall of rock, upon whose summit it would seem a star might nestle in the night. And yet up its steep and rocky sides the hand of man has carved a pathway to the clouds! Here romance and reality shake brotherly hands over the divide. Summer and winter are locked in each other's arms. A July sun beats down upon frigid snowbanks and not a tear flows from the warm embrace. There is

no "melting mood." But how beautiful are the variations. Beds of green moss, grass and wild flowers creep up to the snow line and hide their modest heads beneath its fleecy folds. At Alpine Pass it is no unusual thing to scrape away the snow of the sudden storm and pick flowers and ripe strawberries from green vines beneath. Now we begin the ascent. Onward and upward and still onward and upward we go. Our steps become weary and our breathing painful from the light air, but there is no halt. Onward we press toward the summit, until at length, exhausted, we stand upon the expectant heights transfixed with the glory of the panorama that stretches before us, fifteen thousand feet above the sea and billows of mountain peaks below! No sound amid the vast solitude to break the dead silence that wrapped its mantle all about us. Not the hum of an insect nor the ripple of a cloud to jar the solemn stillness of that meeting of man with his Maker. If night should settle instantaneously upon us could we not reach out our hands and pluck a star from the heavens as a blossom from the tree? And still the awful silence! What if a cannon peal should shake the mighty depths with its battle roar? How it would rumble on and on, far down in the depths below until its tumultuous upheavals found rest and repose in the thunder's home. And yet grander still would be the artillery of heaven amid lightning flashes as through the riven clouds from the blasted peak, man, the mite, should look up and there see God!

Such, indeed is the grandeur of this scene. Memorial Pisgah would be dwarfed by its foothills. And what a majesty of transfiguration! Eastward the vision ranges unbroken over a line of sixty miles of mountain peaks. What a vista for the eye of man, and how diminutive he seems as we view far down below the dark line projected along the distant horizon, so dim as almost to be undefined, and know that it is the outline of man's abode, the level plains upon which he has erected his earthly *penates* and around which revolves the cycle of years in which he has struggled in vain for the mastery of life over death.

But not alone are the mountains and plains of the far West objects of interest and wonder on account of their physical grandeur and picturesque scenery, and the vast mineral wealth of rock and soil as a field for the employment of labor and capital, but likewise as a fruitful domain for the development of what might be termed an occult science,

whose richness of resource depends mainly upon minute examination of the region of country known once as the great American desert.

It is believed to be an established fact that this portion of the continent was the bed of an immense primeval ocean. There are many evidences to sustain such a theory. The nature of the soil, the growth of rude vegetation, the wonderful mineral and vegetable deposits, the clearly defined water line upon the mountains plainly marked by the unerring shell deposit—mountains whose peaks once clothed with verdure were islands of the sea; and finally the fossil footprints of amphibious animals that came up out of the water to mingle with other protoplasts of that dim period of existence in the twilight of the earth's history.

Engraved upon the rocky tablets of the earth's crust we find the evidence of the vegetable life of remote ages in the innumerable species of fossil ferns. In the coal measures immediately succeeding the devonian period we find their maximum development in tree ferns whose immense size classify them as companions of the gigantic *Sigillarias* and *Lepidodendrons* whose remains are found together in the carboniferous rocks.

Likewise in the stratified rocks known as fossiliferous strata, we find the remains of animals of pre-historic ages. Sometimes in pleistocene beds, the organic remains are but slightly altered. Sometimes the whole organism is dissolved and carried off by water percolating the rock, and its former presence is indicated alone by the cavity between the mold of its outer surface and the cast of its inner, in the rocky matrix.

The actual remains of the hard portions of the animals themselves are the materials on which rest most of the knowledge of the earth's earlier inhabitants, but of many animals that did exist we know nothing more than the impressions made by them as they moved over the muddy shores of those silent streams that slept upon the bosom of Time's remotest ages.

To the science of ichnology (or that of footprints) we are indebted for any knowledge of their existence, for nothing now remains but their indurated footprints upon the rocks of their own life-period. It carries us back to the remotest known period of animal life upon the globe. It presents to us the evidence of the shore wave preserved in the ripple-mark and the influence of the sun's heat exhibited in surface

cracks. Frequently it unfolds the impression made by a passing hail storm, or a sudden thunder-shower, and the influence of a single drop of rain; and it marvelously reveals from the form of the cup-like depression the extent of the little breeze that blew with the rain drop, or the magnitude, direction and velocity of the gale that swept over these unknown shores.

Giant birds that waded in the sea, crustacean animals that swam in shallow water with bifurcated tail lashing their muddy beds; fish-like reptiles that have passed into an unknown identity; tiny worms that bored into their clay quarry; great clawfooted tortoises that passed from tidewater across an estuary periodically in search of food or pleasure—all are made known to have existed in their respective ages by their footprints upon the muddy shores of their ancient home streams.

All along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in the neighborhood of Denver and elsewhere, are immense beds of red sandstone, the slow accumulations of vast ages, when the whole of that expansive territory was an open sea, save the long low islands which in that remote period formed the base and groundwork of the present lofty mountain ranges. Uplifted with the mountain was the red sandstone at its base—from two to three thousand feet in thickness, formed by the drifting sands of those mighty seas swept by primeval gales. In certain places almost every layer exhibits ripple marks and raindrop impressions like the sunken rings with raised centers observed in the flagging street crossings.

Besides these ripple marks and raindrop impressions there have been found, on both slopes of the mountain range, the footprints of animals whose creation was hitherto unknown. In the neighborhood of Denver alone some fifty of these footprints have been uncovered and presented for the study and investigation of man. Over a single slab thus obtained, about five feet long, are to be seen nine pairs of tracks, running across it diagonally, each two and a half inches long, with a stride of nine inches and a straddle of five inches. Wonderful to relate, every track exhibits but one apparent digit, which ends with a claw, and in some of the tracks the digit appears to be three-jointed, while the ball of the foot is deeply impressed and round.

Upon another slab, taken from the same red sandstone formation, are five pairs of footprints of different characteristics. These are much larger, evidently belonging to an animal of far greater proportion

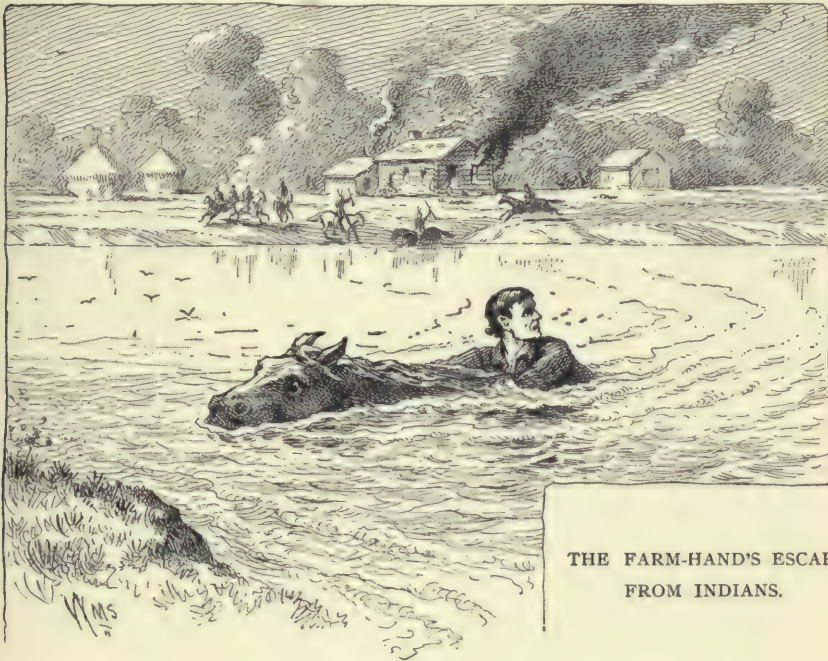
physically, the forepart of which, singular to relate, is rounded like the hoof-like sea weeds. It demonstrates the fact no hoofed animals existed in that age, they are doubtless the footprints of claw-footed panthers roaming on these vast islands in search of prey.

A vast number of tracks have been found existing in the St. Vrain beds of the Snowy Range. They are the molds left by the dissolving of chemical salts, and hence are irregular as to size and form, but of undoubted origin, as the footprints of a large growth of animal creation. Triassic tracks have also been discovered on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, which are now in the museum of Yale College.

In the Cretaceous age following we have the evidence of the existence in the old Archipelago of the Modern American Desert of vast monsters, gigantic lizards and marvelous amphibians, but in the footprints of the preceding age we are given the evidence of the existence of an animal creation that once inhabited the shores of old-time seas, that, together with the animal life itself, have been swept away from the shores of time. What they were, whence they came, and *where* they departed are matters of speculation which engage the earnest attention of great naturalists who have devoted their lives to the development of those occult sciences which relate to the determination of life in the earth's earliest ages.

After a stay of some weeks in Denver engaged in the investigation of the character of the Overland Mail Service and the depredations on the mail routes in that Territory, I started with a well-armed company of travelers, including the general superintendent of the mail line, in a Concord coach, for the site of the new town of Cheyenne, which was to be the winter terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad for that year. We traveled all day long in full view of the majestic snowy range and over territory that had been blood-dyed with Indian violence. Westward from the line of our road, at a point not far distant from where the town of Greeley now stands, lay the charred embers and the black ruin of what had once been a human home smiling in the wilderness. The home of a pioneer who had broken the virgin soil beneath the shadow of the lofty range, and opened the first path of civilization, by the side of a singing stream. Here, with his wife and child and a single farm hand, he had driven his stake and dwelt in fancied peace and security. Often warned of Indian treachery and urged to abandon the location for one nearer the larger

settlements, to which in time of danger he might retreat, the only answer returned to such expostulations was : " I have sought my home in the wilderness from choice. I am perfectly secure from Indian violence because I follow the paths of peace. I bestow kindness and charity upon the Indians who chance to come my way, and I have faith in their gratitude ! " And thus, deaf to all entreaties, he lived on in the wilderness. The wandering red man found food and shelter within his cabin, and he tilled the soil and gathered his herds and flocks about him. Suddenly, in the midst of this fancied security, the savage, forgetful of his charitable deeds, fell upon and smote with ruin this home



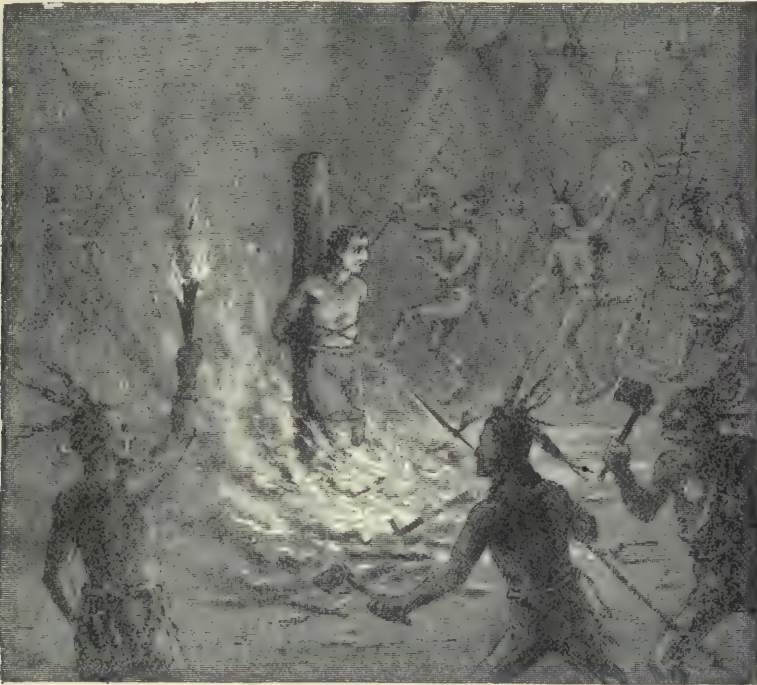
THE FARM-HAND'S ESCAPE  
FROM INDIANS.

in the wilderness. He saw the flames devour the roof-tree his own hands had built to shelter wife and child ; he saw the savage brain his innocent offspring, whirling it as a club by its little limbs ; he saw his wife brutally assaulted by the red demons who had her captive, and then, amid her screams and supplications, scalped, stripped of her clothing, hung by her limbs and a stake sharpened at the end driven longitudinally through her body. The extreme refinement of savage cruelty and torture he beheld reserved for himself. The cries and

groans of his wife having passed away with her spirit, he now watched with agonized interest the preparations for his own anguish. He beheld the stakes driven securely in the ground to which he was to be bound and roasted by a slow fire. He saw the savages bring thither the fagots for the funeral pile, and all the preparations made for the wild dance and orgies that should accompany his groans and torture. Then, scalped and stripped of clothing, he was hurled by fiendish hands upon the ground; he was firmly bound to the driven stakes and a fire kindled upon his bowels, and, amid dance and howl and demoniac laughter and his own heart-rending cries, his entrails were slowly consumed.

In the meantime a score of Indians had guarded the farm hand who, witnessing these horrible atrocities upon his helpless friends, determined to escape or die. Overcome by their savage instincts, one by one his captors left to join in the revolting death-dance until but a single savage remained on guard. Seizing his opportunity he instantly despatched him with a bludgeon that fortunately was at hand, and mounting the nearest Indian pony, drove his rowels deep in the animal's flanks and began the race for life, heading toward the river which he reached and crossed before the savages could get well under way. Fortune had favored him or he too would have been lost, and none have remained to tell this tale of horror. He chanced to mount the fleetest pony of the band, and the beast maddened by the spurs deeply driven in its body, plunged forward with all the speed it possessed. With wild yells the savages pursued him, chagrined to lose their pony and dashed madly in the chase whose end was a human life. In the beginning they were close upon his track, but gradually the distance widened, and night's shadows falling early from the approaching mountain heights, he made good his escape, and, gaining the city of Denver at midnight, narrated the tale of horror. A strong band of stalwart men were in the saddle and on the trail ere the morning's dawn to avenge the horrible deed. Before high noon the whites had reached the scene of the terrible butchery and gathered and buried the frail remnants of humanity, the shrunken shreds of human flesh that remained from flame and torture, the charred bones found among the embers, and the body of the little babe whose face had opened so suddenly upon the early morning of life eternal in the land of song and flowers.

Through such savage tortures and rapine were the early paths of civilization in the far West opened. It is the maxim of the Christian world to-day that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." As the traveler approaches the city of Rome his gaze is first attracted by the lofty spire of the Cathedral erected by the Christian nations of the earth in commemoration of the early martyrs of the church. It is said to stand upon the very spot where the ancient Roman circus stood, within whose arena the inhuman emperor cast the despised Christians to be torn in pieces and devoured by ravenous wild beasts. It towers



A MARTYR PIONEER.

above all other objects of the Seven Hills. If you enter Rome by way of the Gate of the Arch of Titus and stop to gaze upon the inscriptions and designs carved upon its broken columns and fallen friezes, those heralds of Hebrew captivity, the lofty dome of St. Peter's rises before you. If you wind your way through the by paths of the Palatine and over the crumbling ruins of the temples of the Cæsars, or hard by the barks of the yellow Tiber, its lofty spire silvers in the sunlight as it kisses the clouds.

And so has the mighty West been built upon the blood of its martyrs. Upon the very spots where many of its pioneers fell from barbarous torture, stand cities, towns and settlements, as if to commemorate their dying struggles. By the side of every western stream and beneath the shadows of mountain ranges lie also their unmarked graves. On the plain and in the gorge, on mountain top and deepest cañons they fell stricken by wild beast and barbarous savage, by hardship, cold and starvation, and the pillars of our Western empire lie in their lowly graves. They have a temple for their sepulture, grander far than proud St. Peter's. Its dome is the bending heavens, its pavement stones the kingdoms planted by their blood and heroism, its altarcandles the watching stars.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE MIDNIGHT SUPPER AND DANCE AT LA PORTE—THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE—RIDING THROUGH THE “WAVE OF FLAME”—ARRIVAL AT CHEYENNE—PRIMITIVE POSTOFFICE—THE STORY OF THE “LAWYER’S OFFER AND THE JUSTICE’S JURISDICTION”—SUDDEN ILLNESS AND THE DOCTOR’S INTERVIEW—ORDERED TO BE BLED—DALE CREEK AND DALE VALLEY IN SUMMER AND WINTER—CHANGE—MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY—MORNING DAWN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ON our way to Cheyenne, after dark one night we approached the home of a settler upon the beautiful mountain stream of La Porte. As we reached this “home station,” fifty miles distant from any other home upon the frontier we heard the inspiring strains of the music of the dance. Could it be possible that in this remote spot so far from other human habitations a score or two of stalwart men and buxom women had gathered for the enjoyment of the dance? True it was, however, and some of them had ridden a hundred miles to participate in the gay amusement. It was indeed an unexpected sight to behold this merry throng, revelling in all the evolutions of the dance, in the very heart of the wilderness, the men clean shaven and the ladies with bright, fluttering ribbons. Care, anxiety, privation, hardship and danger were all forgotten in that hour of common joy. A homogeneous feeling made all akin in the revival in the far West of a home custom of the East. And so they whirled away in the giddy dance with all the old-time happiness and joy of by-gone days.

We were tired and hungry when we reached this “home station,” and our order for supper having been given, the music ceased, the merry dancers filed out of the room, the tables and chairs were replaced, and, in short order, we were served with a splendid supper of speckled mountain trout, juicy steaks from the white tailed deer, steaming biscuits from the oven, fresh butter, and many other delicacies very grateful to the sight and palate of a half-score of hungry men, whose blood had been quickened and appetites sharpened by the fresh mountain air. Ere long the dance was resumed, and as our coach rolled on in the

dark, it was accompanied by the strains of music that grew fainter and fainter until they died away in the distance.

About day break we met an advancing column of fire from the short buffalo grass, which, thoroughly sun-dried, burned rapidly and sent forth at intervals dense clouds of smoke. Choosing a point where the grass was low and the body of the flame corresponding, we passed



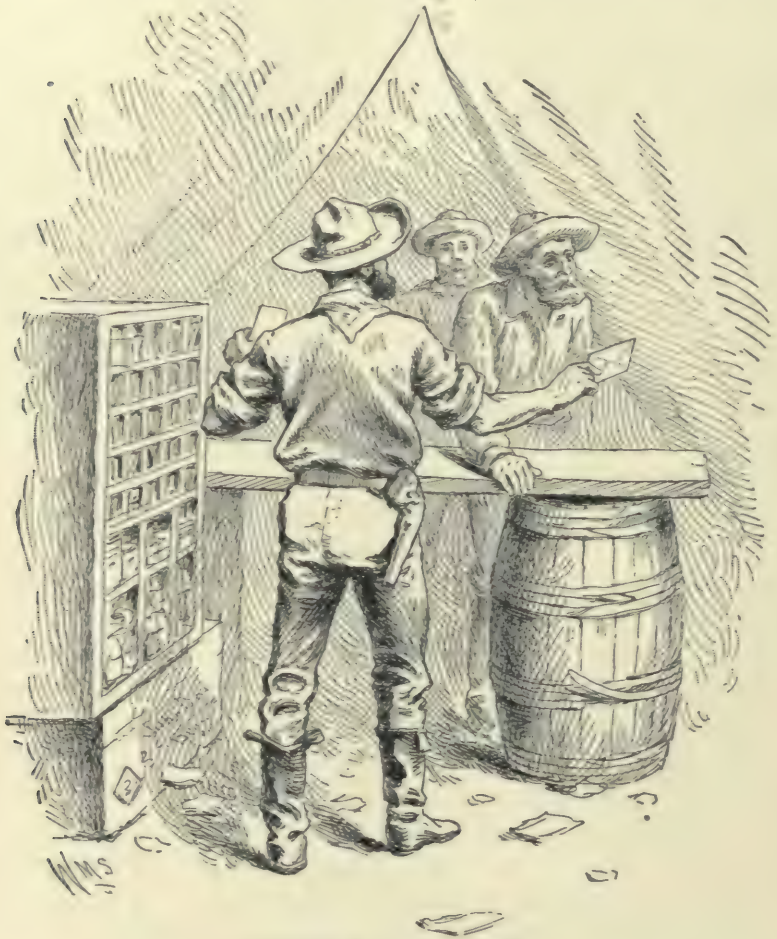
ESCAPE FROM A PRAIRIE FIRE.

safely through without material damage to man or beast. It was, however, an interesting sight to behold the long line of flame stretching for miles across the level plains. It recalled the pictures in our school books of the burning by the Indians, of the long *pampas* grass; there was wanting, however, to complete the scene, the herds of plunging buffalo and other wild animals of the plains engaged in the terrible race for life from the devouring element.

As the day advanced we beheld in the far distance what appeared to be a speck upon the horizon. As we approached, it assumed the aspect of the white wings of motionless animals. They were the white tents of the embryo city of Cheyenne—mere dots upon the vast plain. They were the advance-guard of the army which shortly appeared and laid the foundation of the capital city of the new Territory of Wyoming. At that time there were not more than a dozen tents, and yet the “new city” wore an aspect of business. Wells, Fargo & Company had located upon a prominent corner, another tent covered the United States postoffice, a third was a newspaper office, while the others served as stores, saloons and places of commercial resort, not to forget that of the justice of the peace, whose jurisdiction was boundless amid the wilds of this Western civilization. He would hear and decide a case in equity or on the law side of the court with as much composure and firmness of purpose as if he was sitting and presiding as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory. And I do not undertake to say that some of his decisions were not of as high an order, although brief and of the Lord Chief Justice Jeffrey’s type, and would take equal rank with the best efforts of some of those who held a much higher appointment in the early jurisprudence of the Territories.

The taste of those wedded to refinement in all things would have been seriously shocked, by a glimpse at the internal arrangement of the Cheyenne postoffice at that early day. I frequently visited it subsequently, when it was sumptuously furnished, when the town of phenomenal growth had attained, within six months, a population of 10,000, and the postmaster rejoiced in a salary of \$3,000 per annum. But at the period of which I speak, the office was a little wall tent and the furniture a deal-box split in two, one half resting upon the upturned end of a second box of like character, and partitioned off in pigeon holes of rude structure with the refuse lumber of the broken box. Yet around this inelegant structure was the busy hum of the awaiting throng for the little rectangular packages, with Uncle Sam’s stamp affixed thereto, that should bear to them, in the vast wilderness, news of business success or defeat in the varied departments of human life and exertion—news from the great world behind them, with all its throbbing industries and exciting events, or words of cheer from loving hearts at home, whose electric chords of affection and adoration stretched from Eastern hearthstones to campfires on the frontier.

I had not been long in the town, not over two hours, when I was approached by Judge Miller, who became subsequently one of the most distinguished lawyers and politicians in the Territory. He was engaged as counsel for a distinguished member of "The Society for the



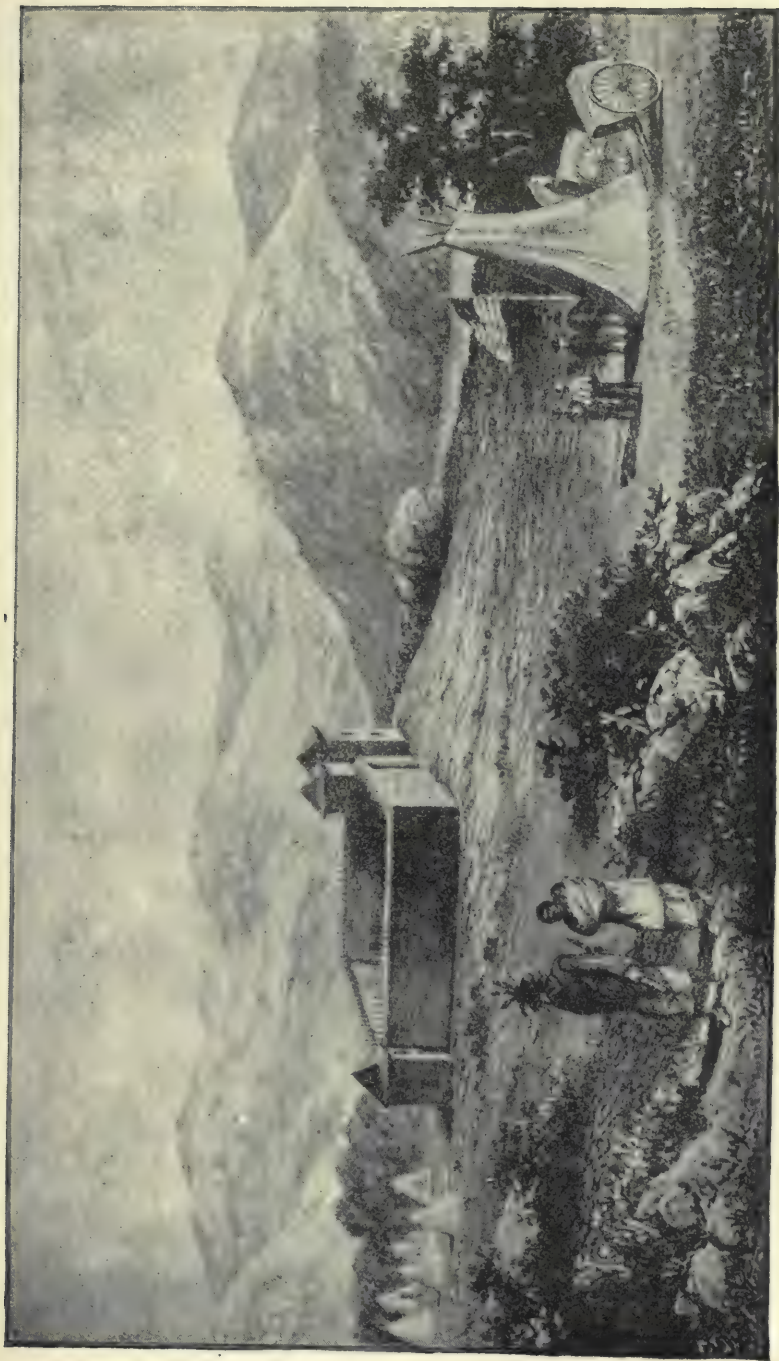
POSTOFFICE AT CHEYENNE.

Prevention of the Public Peace," who in the exercise of his high functions had skillfully murdered a man the day before, and now, with plethoric purse, invoked the lawyer's aid, to show the court by a clear and concise analysis of certain technical points of the law, that his honor's court was of limited jurisdiction—that he could not try the

case, and consequently should discharge the prisoner! The argument on the jurisdiction of his honor's court was set for the following day, and the object of the lawyer's visit was to retain me in the case, agreeing to fairly divide the fee, which was \$2,000. This may be considered a large fee for a small amount of work, but it must be remembered that in those early days lawyers were scarce and money plentiful among the class that never worked for a living. Besides, it resolved itself into a philosophical financial question. If the prisoner should be discharged from custody, he could, by going upon the road, retrieve his fortunes in a day, perhaps. If he died he would have no use for the material money, of a material world. His spirit would soar to those spiritual realms where all good murderers go! In any event, therefore, it was best that the money should go into the lawyer's pockets, and in it went! Of course I should have been untrue to every professional instinct, had I declined the generous offer of this brother in the wilderness. I agreed to help him divide the prisoner's fortune. I could never fully realize why ill-fate should suddenly overtake me and dash this golden prize from out my grasp. I have oftentimes pondered upon it, but never clearly solved it. At least not entirely satisfactorily to myself. All day long I thought over the points of the argument which I was expected to make upon the plea to the jurisdiction of the court; and thought how romantic, indeed, it would appear to stand upon this spot, far out in the wilderness, where an Indian battle had raged but a little while ago, and make a plea in the interests of peace and the divine rights of man.

That night I was taken violently ill. Previous to this attack I had never been sick a day in my life, save with the customary diseases of childhood and an occasional attack of cholera and small-pox during the war. This attack was something new, and I did not understand it. I was in such pain I could neither lie down nor sit up, so I concluded to go down to the drug store I had noticed at the newspaper office, and endeavor to obtain some relief. I approached, stated my symptoms and demanded relief. The drug man looked at me seriously and said: "Young man, you are very ill; you must be bled!" In ancient times that was the sovereign remedy for all ailments, and this drug man was an "ancient." He was always "good" on bleeding. He resembled his prototype, who being called in for a case of croup, remarked that he did not know much about croup, but he could give

the child something that would throw it into fits, and he was h—— on fits. As I had never been “bled,” save in a pecuniary way, I did not know how to proceed, and asked to be directed. He peremptorily ordered me to take off my clothes. I promptly obeyed. He and an assistant brought a large tub and placed it behind some boxes as a screen and remarked “Get in there.” I got in, thinking how novel was the proceeding, and wondering what next would be done to “bleed” me. He came at me with an instrument which resembled in appearance half a dozen little sawblades all joined together. I watched with keen interest the barbarous device and thought I could already feel its teeth tearing into my flesh. The next instant would have been fatal, had there not at this moment opportunely arrived a doctor who had come into town to start a newspaper. He called a halt in the proceedings, felt my pulse and asked me what was the matter. I explained my symptoms as well as I could, and he ordered me out of the tub, told me to go to my tent and lie down. I did so, and, shortly he came with a preparation of opium, etc., which he injected forthwith near the seat of the disorder. Midnight came and still no relief. The pain grew more and more severe from hour to hour. The doctor gave a second injection but with no change in results. It was perhaps two o’clock in the morning when the doctor again made his appearance and gently inquired as to the state of my health. I had hung my revolver and belt just over my head upon laying down. Frenzied by the intense pain which had not ceased a single moment, and believing I should die if not soon relieved, I hastily pulled down the revolver and foolishly threatened to shoot him if he did not immediately relieve me. He was a brave man and quietly said: “I will do so!” In fifteen minutes he returned and gave me an injection which wrapped me in profound slumber from which I did not awaken until the next afternoon. I arose fully restored, although somewhat weak from the overpowering pain. Yet the pain was gone and I felt happy. Thinking of my legal engagement, I hurried down to the court-room (or tent) and reached there in time to witness the adjournment of the court, the prisoner having been discharged. I got no part of that fee. I received something else, however, just a little reminder of the last night’s foolish experience. I went to thank the doctor, apologize and pay my bill. He quietly remarked that apologies were not in order in that country. Said he, “It was your time last night, it is mine now, your



OLD FORT LARAMIE.



bill is \$50!" I paid it without a murmur and he received it without a smile. I said before parting, "Doctor, will you tell me what was the matter with me? I never endured such pain in my life." "Yes," he said, "I will tell you sir! You had an attack of Nephritic colic."

A ride across the plains and over the mountains of the far West to-day is not the same as that of twenty years ago. Seated in a palace car in the midst of the luxuriant ease of the progressive age in which we live, surrounded by all the comforts and enjoyments of home life while flying on at the rate of fifty miles an hour, we do not comprehend the magnificence of the journey across whose pathway Nature has thrown her bars of terror, or smiled in the simple beauty of her flowered landscape and rippling waterfalls.

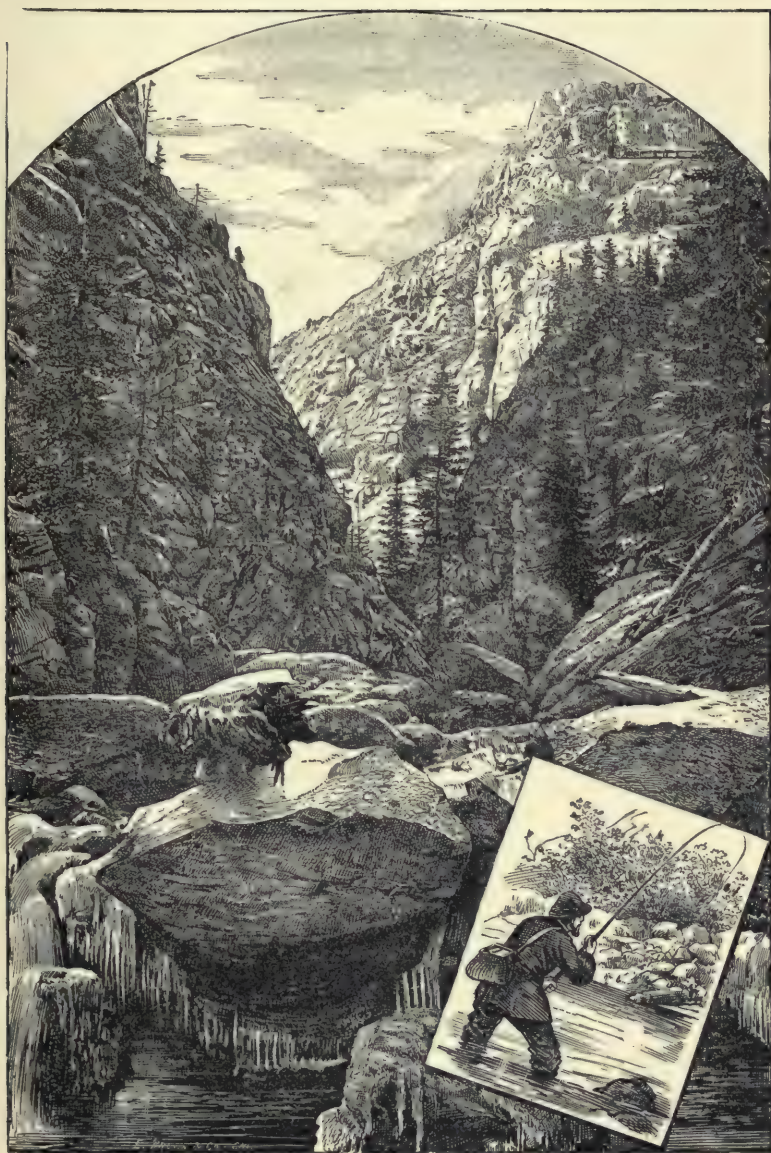
How glorious is the pure mountain atmosphere as it invigorates each blood cell and sends them coursing through our veins and arteries! Sitting beside the driver on the lofty perch of a Concord coach or the secure seat of a "mountain hack," we drink in the glory and the beauty of the scene as nature painted them in cloud and landscape, in sunbeam and shadow, in sky and rivulet, in rock and rainbow, in flowered vale, frosted plain and snow-capped mountain, kissed by the floating zephyr.

The old overland stage road ran its circuitous route through a more picturesque country than the present line of railroad. Some portions, indeed, were the very picture and poetry of wild, fascinating, soul-inspiring scenery. After leaving Cheyenne the gradual slope of the mountains began in the lofty Laramie plains, stretching like a greensward in every direction as far as the eye could reach, over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. And here a magnificent panorama greeted our vision. To the southward, far beyond the line of level green rose the Snowy Range. Towering above all the rest in their majestic grandeur, stood Long's, Pike's and Gray's peaks, still kissing the clouds, their white caps mingling with the blue. Overhead the bending heavens and the shining orb; underneath the green carpet, and over all, that everlasting stillness that rests upon those lofty heights, unbroken by the whirl of a leaf or the hum of a wild bee. And here we stood and gazed enraptured at the marvelous works of nature.

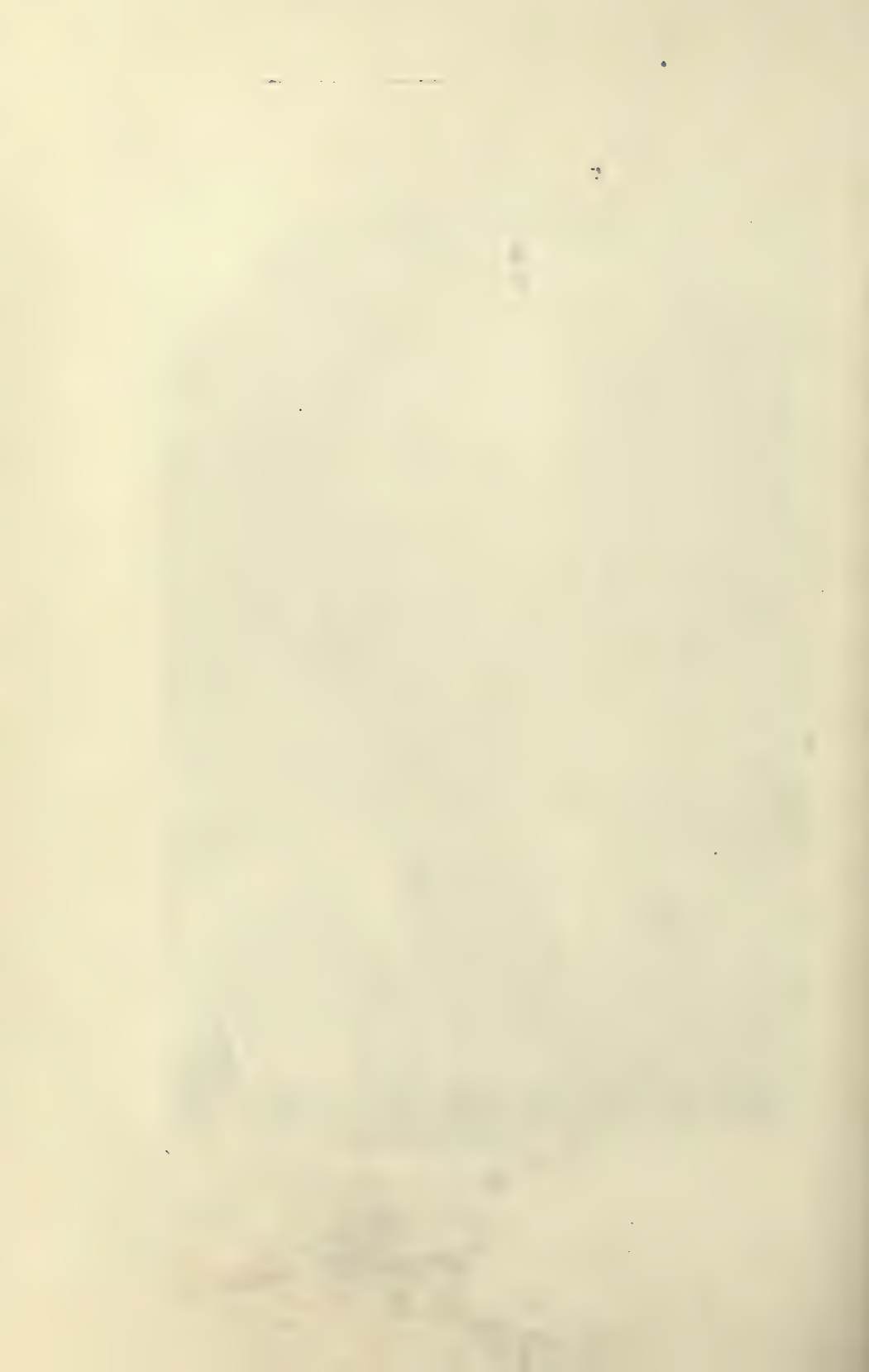
The Union Pacific Railroad crossed Dale Creek over a trestlework that appeared frail indeed, for the dizzy depths below made your

head swim as you gazed momentarily far down into the chasm 160 feet to the water, as the train thundered over the trembling rails. And yet they were firm enough. I never heard of an accident at that point of the road. Before the construction of the railroad, the old stage route wound some miles farther north, and Dale Station was one of singular beauty. We reached this point, which was a "home station," about two hours before daybreak, and awaited the dawn for our breakfast. What a glorious scene is a "morning dawn" in the mountains, with its pure, fresh and invigorating air! And of all places in the Rocky Mountains how fair was the morning sunrise in this lovely vale. It was the sweet and quiet morning of an October day when the sun began to sprinkle and drop its scintillating rays from the far-away snowcaps and had sent a flood of light shimmering down the mountain sides, awakening the sleeping valleys and casting glittering beams in the pearly depths of the rainbow waters. Here was divinity itself in this quiet vale, so beautiful that it seemed as if God in pity for the blasted peaks had for an instant laid His hand upon it and made it bloom like a paradise, among the mountains brown and bare. Its green carpet, interwoven with leaf and flower, smiled in the early morn. They were the flowers that Ophelia could not give, because they had all perished when her father died. Here they had been resurrected and embalmed in beauty by the dews and the sunshine and God's love, filtered through cloud and sunbeam from those portals on high, through which the spirit of Polonius had passed.

I stood by the silver stream in the early dawn and cast my line in its pellucid waters. Speckled mountain trout were my reward, and served for breakfast, were indeed a tempting morsel for our appetites. Shaded by the tall rocks that rose high overhead, the waters of this mountain stream retained the cool temperature of the loftier heights from whose snowbanks they came. Weeping willows fringed their banks and dropped their dewy tears in the shining depths over which they hung. Blossoms from the wild plum had in the springtime shed their aroma upon the air, but the blossom had blended into the bud and the bud into the fruit and impatient hands had plucked it ere the purple gloss had grown into the gold, and now their branches were well-nigh bare, with here and there a green leaf to recall the happy springtide.



TROUT FISHING.



No frost had yet appeared with blighting breath to wilt the tender bud or dim the glory of the full-blown flower. The vine of green still clambered over the trellised rock and caught its folds among the seams and scars that convulsive nature had wrought in the mighty throes of a bygone age. All was yet fresh and green within that sheltered vale, and grass blade, bud and flower were just as vernal and as bright and beautiful in form and color as when the warm breath of early summer came to cheer their life and growth. But change is written on all things as an inexorable law of nature. I passed this way again and lo! all things beautiful were blotted out. My heart was sad. I gazed upon the wreck the elements had made and listened in vain for the song of the stream. It too had' departed. The tall brown cliffs were there and the same bending heavens, but their blue had changed to sombre cloud from which the frozen raindrops fell. The ghosts of the grove were there also, leafless and bare, and the drooping willow bent beneath its frozen weight. The green carpet was gone and not a single flower remained to tell the story of its bonnie summer life in a mountain dell. We asked our heart to tell us why this sudden change from life to seeming death? Our thoughts were echoed on the air, for a sweet voice beside us murmured:

Why do the winter winds  
So mournfully sigh?  
Why do the leaves all fade  
And flowers die?  
Why are the vine-clad hills  
All brown and bare?  
Why are the rills all hushed  
In mute despair?  
Why do the raindrops fall  
From sombre cloud?  
Why are the fields all clad  
In silver shroud?  
Why doth the summer die  
With all its charms?  
And droop in death's pale sleep  
In autumn's arms?  
And golden nut-brown Autumn,  
Its rivers red  
From vine and valley, sleep soft  
With winter's dead?  
Why do our fondest hopes  
Swiftly depart,

And leave a rayless gloom  
Within our heart ?  
Why do our loved ones steal  
Silently away,  
Into the mystic realm  
Beyond our day ?

\* \* \* \*

Swift the answer came from  
Each bud that bloomed,  
From all we love and cherish  
That lie entombed ;  
It was, that death may point  
A brighter way  
To all we love on earth,  
In *endless day* !

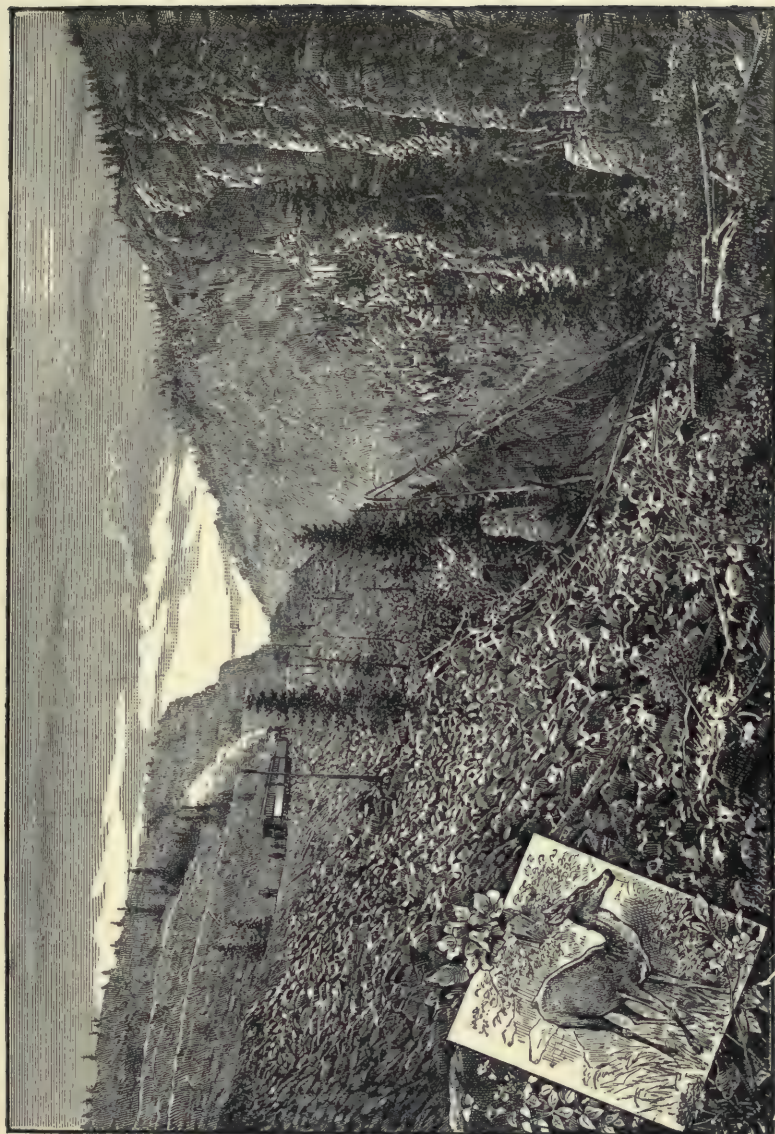
## CHAPTER XIV.

THE JOURNEY OVER THE PLAINS—THE SPIRITS OF MEDICINE BOW VALLEY—MEDICINE BOW STATION—THE SUBTERRANEAN FORT—THE LAND OF ANTELOPES—ROCK SPRINGS—THE LONE STATION IN THE WILDERNESS—THE ICE WATERS OF THE ALKALI—THE FRONTIER TRADERS WHO LEFT THEIR GOODS TO GAZE UPON THE BEAUTY OF TWO LADY PASSENGERS IN THE OVERLAND COACH—WASHAKIE, THE GOOD CHIEF OF THE BANNOCKS—SOUTH PASS CITY—"MINER'S DELIGHT"—BATTLE BETWEEN SIOUX AND BANNOCKS—MINERS AID WASHAKIE TO REPEL THE SIOUX—THE SIOUX'S REVENGE—MASSACRE OF SETTLERS IN WYOMING.

MEDICINE BOW STATION was another mountain spot of beauty, similar to that of Dale Creek, although not quite so expansive. It was just a little ribbon of a valley enclosed by tall mountains. A perfect carpet of green grass—greener grass, it seemed to me, I never saw elsewhere—was spread before us, and, as we rolled over its tender sod, the very sound of the wheels of the great Concord coach was stilled by the soft velvet moss with which there could be no rude contact. In the springtime or early summer the warm rays of the sun melt the snows upon the summits, and large and small streams and cascades pour down into the valley from every direction. This was the spot where the spirits of the mountains gathered in council to formulate their commands to the winds and waters, and the red men of the plains. Savage legends led thither the tribes, and whenever, on the warpath, they seldom failed to enter the depths of this mystic valley of Medicine Bow. At such times the settlers at the stations would perish miserably, in the usual barbarous manner. As a means of defense and a secure place for retreat on the approach of a band of hostiles, the settlers and stockmen constructed a subterranean chamber, or rifle pit, about fifteen feet square, covering it securely with a heavy roof of earth and sod, leaving open a space of four or six inches between the surface of the earth and the lower edge of the roof, for air and light, and for the purpose of viewing and picking off by rifle shots the marauding Indians whenever they came in range of their unerring aim. This pit was located about thirty feet from the entrance to the station and stables of the stage company, and was reached by a descent through the

floor of the main room and thence through a subterranean passage dug from station to rifle-pit. Here stores of all kinds were constantly on hand ready for any emergency that might suddenly arise, and the flight of the settler, after barring the outer doors of the home station, was instantaneous to the rifle-pit. Once gained the savages were at great disadvantage. An unseen foe with unerring aim drove the deadly bullet through their brain or heart, and the savage would fall without the power of resistance. Having full range of station, stock and stable, they could protect them while preserving their own lives. In this manner they could hold out for days or weeks, and repel any assault made by the savages, who soon learned to dread the fearful ambuscade and leave the whites unmolested in the peaceful enjoyment of this beautiful and romantic glen. It may be that another Irving will come with marvelous pen to paint above time's mausoleum the story of a second Rip Van Winkle. And should the spirits of these mountains gather within their mystic toils the drooping, weary form of a second wandering Rip, may his heart be as generous, his nature as genial and his long sleep as peaceful as our old-time friend of the weird and secret Catskills.

Not alone, however, was this valley invaded by the red or white man bent upon good or evil intent. This valley with its green carpet so beautiful to our eyes—attracted by the luxuriant growth of so rich and succulent vegetation—was the paradise of the timid, soft-eyed antelope. Ofttimes we had seen them on the plains and in mountain fastnesses singly, or in bands of five or six, but here is this green mountain dell, this oasis of the mountain desert, this paradise of green verdure, whose bloom seemed to have dropped from heaven's portals—here, where nature had spread her richest feast in glorious profusion and every trickling mountain stream, every dewdrop from the evening clouds and every ray of sunshine sprinkled from the battlements of light served but to aid the rich profusion of the growth; they came, as nature intended, in flocks and herds. As our coach rolled away from Medicine Bow Station, a herd of a hundred or more were grazing peacefully within a few hundred rods. As we approached them noiselessly, they raised their timid eyes and gazed upon us with a wondering look. They did not appear to comprehend the approach of man, their mortal enemy, until we were close upon them, within a few feet almost, when suddenly, as if awakened to a sense of danger,



HOME OF THE ANTELOPE.



they swiftly bounded away, and with the fleetness of the wind crossed the green stretch of country and were lost within the rugged defiles of untrodden mountain passes.

Our lumbering coach rolled on, climbing the foothills of the mountains that environed this romantic glen, and grass and rivulet faded away in the dim distance as the shadows of night deepened and fell around us. But the silence was not unbroken. Through the darkness came the roar of mighty waters as we climbed toward the source of all the beauty of the valley we had so lately traversed. Why were the sounds of the waters so mighty here, when down in the distant valley they were singing their songs of peace and rippling over their white beds in many diverse ways?

The fruitful valley was watered and enriched by many gentle streams. Otherwise, there would have been no green carpet, no verdure, no beds of velvet moss therein to entrance the human eye, or feed the timid antelope. If all these waters had rushed upon the valley in one vast stream, the earth would have been overwhelmed by their immensity, and the green valley would have been a sea, instead of a laughing landscape.

Thus doth nature perform her greatest works in her most simple ways. Her marvels lie in her solitudes and silence. Within her mighty depths unmoved by storm or convulsion, lie the silent forces that have molded the earth for the use of man in the divine order of his being. In her crucible of rocks she has worked her marvelous miracles of minerals. Little by little, through the long ages, she has molded her vast coal formations from the gigantic forests that waved their sombre branches over silent seas ere the morning stars had sung their songs of rejoicing at the birth of man. Beyond that primeval period lying back of the misty past, before the years that lie back of the ocean of time—back of the lines of century waves which blend beyond the horizons of remote antiquity—before history was born or legend had painted on the canvas of time the grandeur of departed ages, before the walls of Damascus had risen with it 4,000 years of hoary antiquity, or the foundations of Baalbec had been laid, or the gates and spires of the temples of Ephesus and Thebes had shimmered in the sunlight—these ancient mountain walls had stood as towering sentinels on the pathway of time, crumbling from age to age to enrich the sleeping valley. And over all, then as now, was spread

the quietude and calmness of that unruffled nature which overawes man's tiny doubts and fears as seen in the pulseless clouds, the serene sky and the quiet clustering stars, and gives to every time and season some beauties of its own, and marks its changes with such a gentle hand that we can scarcely note their progress.



THE LONE STATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

Rock Springs was a station at which we halted for an hour, on the old overland stage road that was noted for its marvelous supply of pure, cold water. It was at once a gratifying yet singular natural development that puzzled the scientist as well as the rude, unlearned frontiersman.

Here, in the midst of a vast alkali plain, so completely saturated with potash and soda that the color of the earth was the same as that of whitewash, and in whose soil but the rudest, toughest and most fibrous growth of vegetation, such as the sage bush and the grease wood survived; here, not far distant from the stream called "Bitter Creek," whose acrid waters running through the arid soil so absorbed its alkaline properties as to render it useless for man and beast—a single draught inflaming the tongue and palate; yet here in this vast region of desert was a spring of pure fresh water, so cold as to resemble ice water and with as grateful and sweet a taste as that of a mountain spring trickling from its ice rocks and beds of frozen snow.

At this spring two frontiersmen had built a primitive fort and surrounded it by a stockade with loop holes through which to repel an Indian assault. As each coach load of passengers would gladly alight and linger about the waters of this refreshing spring, the enterprising men had located a stock of goods for the traveling public, consisting chiefly of wine, whisky, cigars, tobacco, pipes, and a few other articles of prime necessity to parties journeying through the vast desert.

The life of these men was necessarily a very lonesome one. They were compelled to be always present to protect their wares not only from assault by savage tribes but likewise from that rude element of the white race, which unfortunately infested the country and engaged in plundering the mails, robbing stage coaches and despoiling *all* of their wealth who chanced to become their prey. As the stock of goods of these ranchmen became depleted it was replenished through the agency of Wells, Fargo & Company's Express, who brought thither their orders of goods of all description, and from passing freight trains from which they obtained without difficulty the goods of larger bulk needed for their trade.

Seldom was their lonely life varied from its monotony. Each day, perhaps, they saw for a few moments a coach load of male passengers who alighted, partook of the pure waters of the spring, made a few purchases from their stock, re-entered the coach and rolled on toward the setting sun. It was not often their lot to look upon a woman. That divine inspiration and handiwork of our Maker had not yet learned to endure the severe trials of an overland journey. It was seldom indeed that a long and perilous overland journey by stage coach

in the olden days was sweetened by the presence of a woman. Man journeyed alone in those ruder and more adventurous days.

I remember, however, an incident while halting customarily at this spot, which made a deep impression. There chanced to be two remarkably handsome women of different types of beauty, accompanying their husbands as passengers to the Pacific coast. These ladies remained in the coach, while their husbands and friends alighted to refresh themselves at the ranchmen's bar and counter. We all entered the stockade, partook freely of the cold water, and thence turned to the store to continue the line of refreshment. The frontiersmen were gone. We knocked and hammered upon the counter, but they came not. We, however, helped ourselves to what appeared to be set before us, and very freely consumed a goodly portion of the frontiersmen's stock. When we finished we laid upon the counter what we deemed to be a sufficient *quid pro quo*, in the recognized currency of Uncle Sam before his return to specie payments, and wended our way toward the coach, which had been driven off to the side of the station to refresh the animals. What our surprise was can be imagined when we found our lost tradesmen standing by the side of the coach like marble statues, perfectly immovable, gazing with fixed attention upon the pretty ladies within the coach. The ladies did not seem to mind what, in other lands and under other circumstances, would have been an insult. As one of them afterward informed us, she appreciated and sympathized with the tenderness exhibited by the rough men of the frontier as they stood without a word and gazed upon their features; and she said to her cousin:

"Do, Mollie, uncover your face, and let those poor fellows look at you, perhaps they have not seen a woman for years."

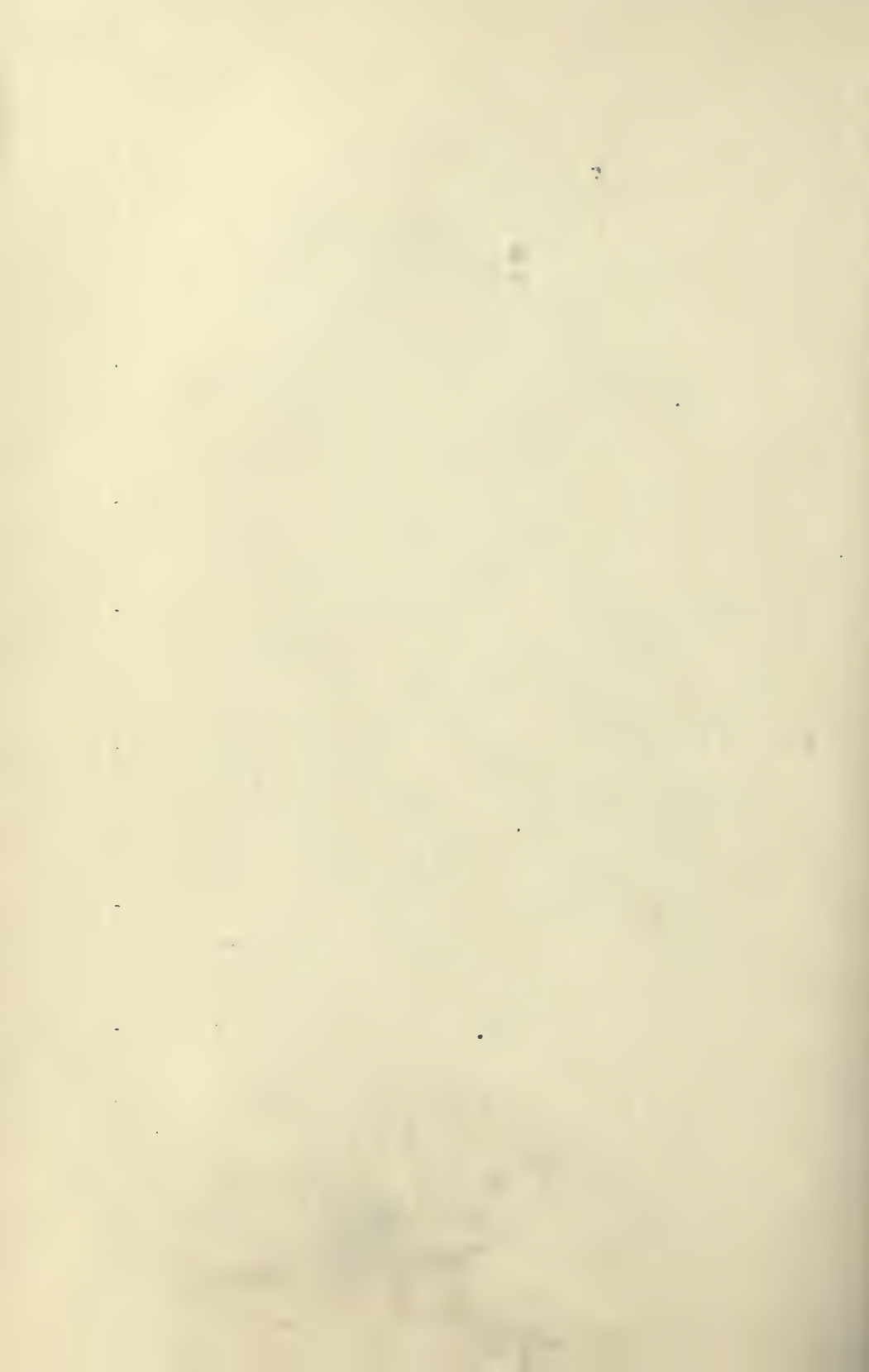
And Mollie uncovered and let the "poor fellows" look at her more than beautiful face. God bless her!

"Alas, poor fellows!" Poor, lonely frontiersmen. How long had it been since your gaze had feasted upon such a sight? What a world of beauty opened up to your mortal vision in those few fleeting moments! What were goods and chattels, barter and sale, trade and exchange, beside the glow of womanly beauty that had stolen unawares for a transitory moment within the shadow of your monotonous lives? It was like the sudden flash of a sunbeam in



RANCHMEN LOOKING AT LADIES IN STAGE COACH.

FRONTIER TRADESMEN GAZING WITH RAPTURE UPON TWO LADY TRAVELERS.



the darkness of clouds, and as refreshing as the dew and rain to the wilted blossom.

As the coach rolled away we gazed backward with a parting glance, and beheld these two sons of the desert, these *avant couriers* of civilization, these men of the wilderness, used to sudden danger and the storm of Indian violence, these pioneers, who, in their loneliness, were among the first to carve the paths of empire on a distant meridian, still standing in a dazed condition, looking at the vacancy of air, where but a moment before a vision of beauty enraptured their gaze and enthralled their souls. Call it weakness in men, if you will, but let the battle-fields of earth speak! It is woman's province to enslave. Her smiles and tears have changed the maps of the world. They have even wrought greater miracles.

Washakie was another station we passed on the old stage road, named after the old chief of a tribe of Bannock Indians, whose reservation was located in Wind River Valley, a rich country lying in Wyoming Territory, north of the Sweetwater River and mines.

There was nothing remarkable about this station or its surroundings to attract particular attention from those who journeyed past it when it formed one of the "home stations" of old overland traveling days. The old chief, however, commanded much attention from those who from one cause or another were thrown in his way, and were shrewd enough to gain his confidence. Like all others of his race he was exceedingly reticent, save to those who by some act of kindness or special mark of distinction had gained his esteem. To all such he gave his confidence and implicit trust. He was a dignified old savage, very tall and of herculean frame, one of the finest specimens of Indian manhood I ever beheld. He had, when in the humor, much to relate concerning his prowess and skill in Indian warfare. His proudest boast, however, was that he had never shed a drop of the white man's blood nor adorned his girdle with a white man's scalp. And I think old Washakie told the truth, for he had always been a firm friend of the whites and never participated himself nor permitted his tribe to engage in any of the murderous raids upon the settlements, frequent in those and earlier days. And the whites in turn had done him many favors and performed certain acts of kindness which involved hardship, sacrifices and sometimes loss of life.

The rich hunting grounds of this tribe was the envy of the other

tribes of Indians, especially of the Sioux, and its boundaries were frequently invaded by that warlike band, who would descend suddenly in force and drive the Bannocks out of their own country, and force them sometimes to take shelter under the guns of Fort Bridger, many miles distant. Of course their raid was one of plunder, and after capturing all the game they could bear away on their ponies, and stealing everything belonging to the Bannocks which had been abandoned in the flight for their lives, they would swiftly return to their own homes to avoid a conflict with the United States troops, who would be sent forward to capture the depredating savages who had left their reservations.

After the discovery of gold near South Pass and the establishment of several mining towns in that neighborhood, the Bannocks, when pursued by the hostile Sioux, would fall back upon those settlements in the foothills of the mountains for protection.

Upon one occasion, after a most determined resistance and great loss of life, the Bannocks under Washakie, slowly retreated into these settlements. The miners, all brave and daring men and used to Indian warfare, seized their arms and rushed forward to the aid of the retreating band of friendly Indians. Reforming their line of battle in accordance with Indian tactics with the aid and under the leadership of the whites, they made a most gallant charge back upon the pursuing tribe, and in turn put them to flight. At each crack of the rifle of a white sharpshooter, a savage Sioux fell from his pony and instantly his streaming scalp would deck the girdle of a Bannock. The new and powerful enemy armed with the repeating Henry rifle, was a foe the Sioux had not expected to meet, and being finally overcome, hastily retreated, leaving behind them, contrary to their custom, many of their dead.

An Indian never forgets an injury, either real or fancied. Time may elapse and the occurrence fade from our own memory, but never from that of a savage. In his breast he religiously cherishes the wrong, and sooner or later seeks his revenge. And thus it was with the occurrence just related. Stealing silently under the cover of darkness into the mining settlements on the Sweetwater, after the lapse of a year, the hostile Sioux first killed all the miners remote from the town, and mutilated their bodies in a most barbarous manner, among them, Doctor Barr, a venerable retired physician of wealth, who,

from a profound love of nature left the haunts of civilization and sought a retreat in the mountains, where, amid the wild scenery and grandeur that surrounded him, he could worship its deity. After applying the torch to the quartz mills at the little town of "Miners Delight," situate upon the famous lode of the same name, they proceeded hastily toward South Pass City, distant but six miles, killing and mutilating all on their way, and destroying all the mills and improvements intervening. A messenger, however, had carried the news of the Indian raid to that place, and the savages finding them prepared to resist an attack, again retreated, followed by the whites who secured a number of their scalps.

This attack virtually destroyed the prosperity of this promising young mining settlement, which otherwise might have flourished into importance. Many valuable lives were lost, a number of whom were old pioneers and men of wealth and standing in the community. Among those whom the savages captured and tortured to death was a little boy who was bearing a message to the first-named town, totally unaware of the close proximity of the savage fiends, who, for devilish sport, twisted his tender limbs from his body and the joints from their sockets.

The military authorities afterward established a post a few miles from South Pass City, in the valley of the little Po-pa-goe. The force, however, consisting of but a single company of unmounted troops, was of little avail. The Sioux Indians continued their raids upon the Bannocks, and frequently approached near enough to the white settlements to occasionally murder a miner and drive off the stock grazing in the contiguous valleys. I was informed that during an engagement with the United States troops incident upon one of these raids, they would have been overpowered and slaughtered, had it not been for the gallantry of the miners, who, understanding Indian warfare and its tactics much better than the soldiers, finally put them to flight and saved the troops from annihilation.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO—REVIEW OF MAJOR POWELL'S EXPLORATIONS—STORIES AND LEGENDS OF THE MYSTIC STREAM—PERILS PASSED—BATTLING WITH THE WATERS—GOING DOWN THE FALLS—SUBLIME COURAGE AND HEROISM.

GREEN RIVER, a rapid mountain stream, which takes its rise beyond Fremont's Peak in the Wind River Mountains, in latitude  $43^{\circ} 15'$  and longitude  $109^{\circ} 45'$  approximately, was the next object of interest on my overland journey, and in a chapter succeeding I shall relate matters of a personal character, which transpired about a year after I first crossed its swift-rolling waters.

As this was the point of Major Powell's expedition for the exploration of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and as the incidents of that exploration are of the most intense interest to the public, I shall devote this chapter to a review of that wonderful and successful undertaking.

The source of this river is derived from myriads of little lakes, nestled amid the crags of the Rocky Mountains, whose deep, icy emerald waters are continually refreshed by the drippings of eternal snows, falling ever in the solitudes of their Alpine homes. This stream, passing through mountain gorges and tumbling and boiling over cascades and cataracts, forms with Grand River the vast Colorado, which winds its circuitous way through Utah and Arizona, and lost at times for hundreds of miles within gloomy depths of vast cañons, whose towering walls, 3,000 feet above the level of the stream, stand like embattlements of old, whence the ancient gods hurled the thunder of their wrath, finally escapes from its prison gloom and rolling over the burning arid plains of the Lower Colorado, empties its turbid waters into the Gulf of California.

Grand River has its source also in the Rocky Mountains, several miles west of Long's Peak, in latitude  $40^{\circ} 17'$  and longitude  $105^{\circ} 45'$  approximately. Like that of Green River, its source is derived from a group of small lakes, in the heart of the mountains, whose waters

are replenished from perpetual snow-realms which discharge their icy streams into a common reservoir called Grand Lake, whose beautiful glassy surface reflects the towering cliffs and granite crags of its eastern shore, and the lofty pines and emerald firs on its western border.

The upper portion of the Great Basin of the Colorado rises from 4,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. This lofty region is set with snow-clad mountain ranges looming above the sea level from 8,000 to 14,000 feet. All the long winter months ceaseless snow storms pile their white waves around these mountain rims, rolling up to the highest crags, filling all the gorges, bridging the cañons that split those stormy heights, burying far out of sight the forests of fir and pine, and building their creamy avalanches, held in check by the God of winter, to await the motion of a distant sunbeam on its flight to earth to unloose the bars that bind them to their granite crags.

When summer comes with its hot breath to melt these mountain walls of snow, a million cascades, says Major Powell, roll down the mountain sides. "Ten million cascade brooks unite to form ten thousand torrent creeks; ten thousand torrent creeks unite to form a hundred roaring rivers; a hundred roaring rivers unite to form the Colorado, which rolls, a mad, turbid stream, into the Gulf of California."

Silence and ignorance had clothed this water course from the mountains to the sea, from the time when the expiring volcanic agencies had cut its pathway in mighty gorges and piled up huge cinder cones and vast cliffs, and poured its floods of lava from giant fissures over the table-lands in sheets of black basalt, until within a very recent period, its mysterious depths were for the first time invaded by an intelligent force, capable of unfolding its sublime secrets—the exploring expedition, organized in 1869 by Prof. J. W. Powell, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, D. C.

From the report of Major Powell, found in "Explorations of the Colorado River of the West and its Tributaries—1869, 1870, 1871 and 1872," we gather the following interesting narration of that eventful and perilous journey into the caverns of the earth on the tideless ocean of the Colorado.

Many indeed were the legends and wonderful stories told of this mystic stream by the wild hunters' and trappers' firesides. Many were the tales related of parties entering the gorge in boats and borne

with swift velocity into mighty whirlpools and overwhelmed by an abyss of boiling waters; of vast underground passages of hundreds of miles into whose mysterious depths boats had passed never to return; of mighty falls whose awful roaring was heard on distant mountain tops; of parties wandering on the brink of the cañon and perishing from thirst in full view of the river, unable to descend its rocky depths, while the gurgle and swirl of the waters fell upon their dying ears, maddening their brain.

The romantic savage, too, had woven the mysteries of the cañons into the mythology of his religion. Long ago, many hundreds of moons before the white man had invaded their silent abodes, a great and wise chief mourned the death of his squaw and would not be comforted. One day in the midst of his grief, the spirit of an Indian god suddenly appeared to him and told him his wife was in a happier land and offered to lead him there that he might himself behold her if, upon his return, he would cease his useless grief. The great chief promised, whereupon the spirit of the Indian god made a trail through the mountain that intervened between that beautiful Western land, where soft summer breezes warmed the cheeks of his departed wife and the desert home of the mourning Nu-ma chief. This trail was the cañon gorge of the Colorado. Through its pathway he led the willing chief, who beheld his happy wife and returned in peace. Then the deity claimed from the chief a promise that he would make known to none the joys of that beautiful land, lest by comparison they should grow weary of their present lot and through discontent lose all happiness upon the earth. Then the spirit rolled a raging, turbulent river into the gorge, that should engulf any who should attempt to penetrate its mysterious paths. Such is the Indian legend, and Professor Powell was warned by the Indian tribes along its borders not to enter the cañon, as by such act of disobedience to the gods and contempt for their authority, he would surely bring upon himself and party certain death as a punishment for such a crime and the appeasing of the gods who guarded from intrusion its mysterious realms.

Early in the spring of 1869 Major Powell organized a small party to explore the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Boats were constructed in Chicago and transported by rail to the point where Green River is crossed by the Union Pacific Railroad. The plan adopted was to descend Green River into the Colorado and the Colorado through Grand Cañon.

On the 24th of May, 1869, with four boats and ten men in all, including himself, Major Powell started from Green River City on his perilous journey. Two days later he entered and passed safely through Flaming Gorge, the first of the series of cañons made by the passage of the river through the Uintah range of mountains. He found a brilliant red gorge, whose cliffs or walls were 1,200 feet high. All of these smaller cañons are filled with wave-beaten rocks and swift currents of foaming rapids, through which the boats had to be carefully guided. On a high rock by the shore line near the falls the party found the following inscription: "Ashley, 1855." An old mountaineer told of a party, of which Ashley was one, attempting to ride these rapids. The boat was swamped and the men lost in the turbid stream. A view from a mountain disclosed to Major Powell the upper water courses of streams flowing into Red Cañon tumbling down 5,000 feet in five miles, running through grassy vales at times, but emerging through deep dark gorges into the cañon below. He was charmed with the prospect nature spread before him. The little valleys were beautiful parks. Between the parks were stately pine forests. Elk and deer flitted about. It was a hunter's paradise, for it was the home of the great grizzly bear and the fierce mountain lions. The forest aisles were filled with music of birds; flowers decked the green sod; noisy brooks meandered through fields and ledges of moss-covered rocks, and gleaming in the distance were the snow fields on the mountain tops away off among the clouds.

The cañon walls were buttressed on a grand scale, with deep alcoves intervening, and columned crags crowning the cliffs looked far down upon the rolling river below. At noon the sun shone on vermilion walls, shaded in green and gray by the lichen on the rocks. There was no shore line or wave beach, the water filled the channel from wall to wall, and the cañon opened like the portals to a world of beauty.

Shadows settled in the cañon as the sun declined beyond its walls 2,500 feet high. The vermilion gleams and roseate hues blending with the green and gray changed slowly to sombre brown, and black shadows crept over the little party on the waters below; it was now the dark portals of a world of gloom, a gateway to other mysteries or glories which time should unfold in their eventful and perilous journey.

On the 8th of June Major Powell entered the Cañon of Lodore, and found a succession of rapids over which the boats had to be transported. After a day of great excitement and peril, having been dashed

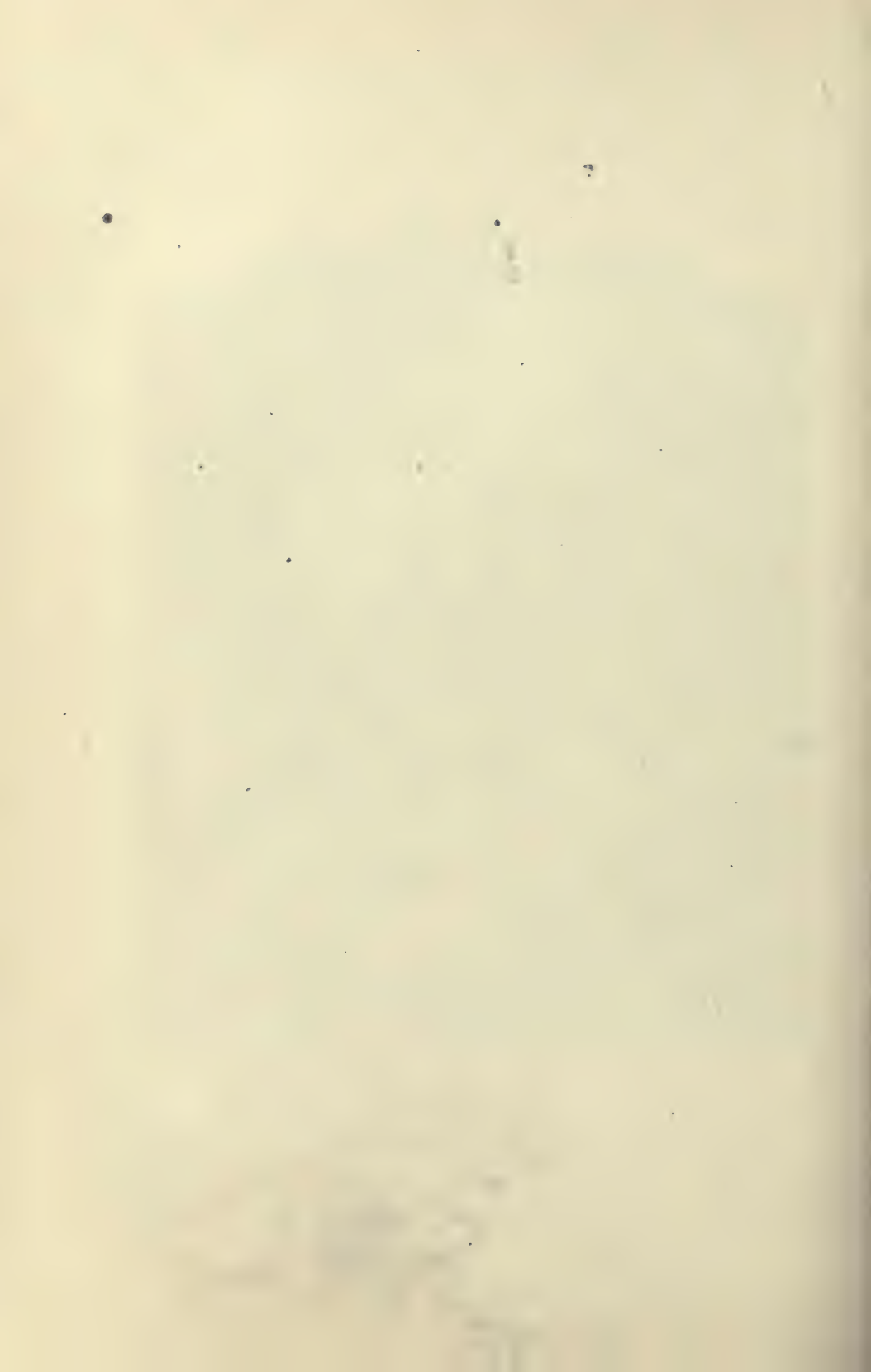
into the water several times by the "broadside waves," the little party spread their blankets on the beach for a night's rest. Lying down they looked up through the lofty walls of the cañons and saw but a crescent blue sky, with two or three constellations peering down upon them. The commander saw a bright star that seemed to rest its jeweled crown upon the very verge of the overhanging cliff on the East. Slowly it floated on etherial wing from its rest upon the rock until its crown of glory dropped its sparkling rays like the scintillations of a diamond within the gloomy depths of the deep cañon, and he wondered that the unset jewel did not drop beneath. In fact, it did appear to descend as by a gentle curve, as if the bright sky in which the stars were set, rested on either mighty wall, and swayed downward with its own weight, dropping the diamond stars within the cañon. He discovered that the overhanging jewel was the bright star "Vega," and he named the giant wall the "Cliff of the Harp."

On the day following in passing the rapids at Disaster Falls through the gateway of Lodore, they met with their first serious accident, in the wreck and loss of one of their boats, and on the shore to their surprise, they found the remnants of a former wreck, fragments of a boat, a few old tin plates and an old iron pot, on the sand beach covered with driftwood. They had found the spot where the Ashley party was wrecked and lost, and they had barely escaped the same fate.

They were, however, nearly through the Cañon of Lodore, and were leaving behind them, to dwell alone in their memory, its scenic grandeur, its walls and cliffs, its peaks and crags, its amphitheaters and alcoves. They climbed a thousand feet above the river and took a parting view. A little stream flowed down on the right and another on the left, and they gazed away up the divided walls, through an ascending vista, to cliffs and crags and towers, a mile back, and 2,000 feet overhead. Gleaming cascades were before them, and pines and firs stood on the rocks, and aspens overhung the waters. The music of falling waters far up the cañons enchanted their senses. They named them "Rippling Brook." The rocks below were red and brown, set in deep shadows, above them they were vermilion covered with sunshine. The light above appeared more brilliant by the bright tints of the rocks; the shadows below more gloomy from the somber hues of the



GATE OF LODORE.



brown walls. The vast heights of the cañon walls became more apparent from those shades of lights and shadows, and from where they stood upon the mountain wall it seemed a long way up to the world of open sky and sunshine, and a long way down to their home upon the waters amid the gloom and somber hues of the cañon's base.

Where the Yampa enters Green River at the foot of a rock—a single rock 700 feet high and one mile in length—there was on the east side a wonderful little park in which the echo of your voice is strangely heard. The great explorer describes the beauty of this wild romantic spot. Great hollow domes are carved upon the rock where the swift Green sweeps by; willows border the river; clumps of box-elder ornament the landscape; a few cottonwoods stand sentinel at the lower end. Opposite the rock your words are repeated with startling clearness, but in a soft mellow tone that transfuses them into magical music. You can scarce believe those musical tones of varied notes, sometimes of twelve repetitions passing back and forth across the river between this rock and the eastern wall, are but the echo of your own voice.

Above and beyond Echo Rock towers the summit of Mount Dawes standing in the clear atmosphere of this lofty point, Major Powell looked away to the north and beheld in the dim distance the Sweetwater and Wind River Mountains; to the northwest, the Wasatch Mountains and peaks of the Uintah Range; to the east the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, hundreds of miles distant; below stretched the valleys in perspective, deep cañon gorges and gleaming waters.

Crossing to a ridge near the brink of the Cañon of Lodore, he discovered a monument that had been built by human hands a long time ago. Perhaps it was a century old. Plants were growing in the joints between the rocks and the rocks were lichenized over by the hand of Time.

What lone wanderer amid these Alpine heights had fixed this memento of his life in the solitudes? Did he leave the haunts of men, not content with living in his own age, that in solitude he might live in all the ages? Did he lack the sympathy which proclaims that a brother's suffering demands a brother's pity, and seek solace from the great heart of nature, that chart of God mapping out his attributes in

the shadow of His wisdom? The wanderer's bones have moldered, but his monument remains unbroken among the clouds, guarded by the watching stars.

This line of peaks of the Uintah mountains was named "Sierra Escalante," in honor of a Spanish priest who traversed this region from the south nearly a century ago. The reverend father may have built this monument that time had not moldered!

Through Rainbow Park, its high colors gleaming in the midday sun with the lustre of satin, through Whirlpool Cañon with its gloomy chasms, swift rolling waters and mad roar of waves—through Split Mountain Cañon with its broad and brilliant gateway, and the lofty line of crags sentinelizing Mount Hawkins, the explorers rapidly passed until they entered the waters of the White, where it forms a junction with the Green. Beyond the Green was the famed valley of the White, with its long winding ways and strangely carved statues that have given it the name of the "Goblin City."

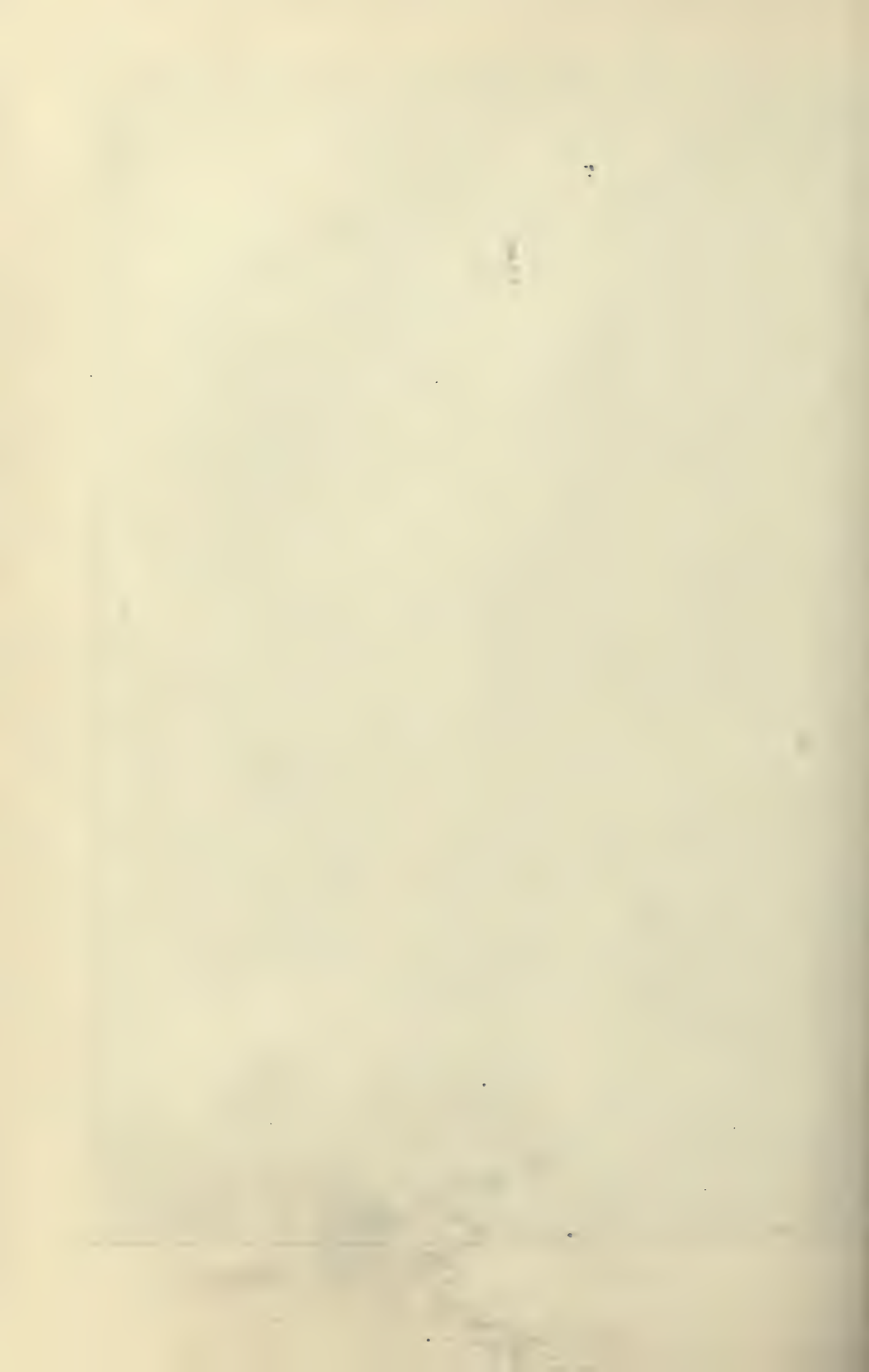
Floating onward, however, they found symmetrical amphitheaters as they swept around the curved walls. Thence through a region of the wildest desolation, where the cañon was tortuous, the river rapid and the region cut into a wilderness of gray and brown cliffs. Piles of broken rock lay against these walls; crags and tower-shaped peaks rose everywhere; away above them were long lines of broken cliffs, and far beyond were forests of pine, glimpses of which suddenly appeared through vistas of rock.

No vegetation cheers the view. Although it was midsummer, not a spire of grass or a pale flower could be found, hiding its modest head within the shadow of a rock. Here and there a dwarf bush clung to the cliffs, and a stunted cedar sprang from a crevice, a little chumpy war-club cedar, that had never been refreshed by a cooling raindrop. This was the Cañon of Desolation!

Gliding over a rapid, a boat was upset and the commander of the expedition pitched into the swift current. Breakers rolled over him, but he plied the stroke of an expert swimmer and kept his head above water, running with the breakers. Finally the great waves were passed, and he with two companions reached a great pile of driftwood. A huge fire on the bank soon dried their clothing, and the balance of the day was spent in repairing damages. Much of great value was lost by this mishap. All the way through the Cañon of Desolation, they were



CAÑON OF THE COLORADO, WHERE MAJ. POWELL AND PARTY WERE UPSET.



impeded by ugly rapids which forced them to make portages and let down the boats by line, often, with great peril.

Emerging from the Cañon of Desolation, they passed through a more open country for a mile, but met with a new difficulty. The river filled the entire channel, the walls were vertical, with no sand or wave beach, and a bad rapid beset with dangerous rocks lay before them. It was a perilous moment. They landed on a rock in the stream. The little boat was let down to another rock below, the men of the larger boat holding to the line. The second boat was let down in the same way, and the line of the third rope was brought with them. The third boat pushed out from the upper rock, and, as they held her line below, they pulled in and caught her as she swept by the foot of the rock on which they stood. Again, the first was let down stream the length of her line, and the second boat was passed down by the first to the length of her line, making fast to the second boat and swinging down three lengths of the line with the other two boats intervening. Held in this way the men pulled her into a cove in the left wall where she was made fast. A man on the rock above was left holding the line of the little boat. He sprang from the rock, clinging to the line with one hand and swimming with the other, and was caught and pulled in as he shot by. As the two boats thus loosened drifted down, the men in the cove pulled them all in as they came opposite. Passing around to a point of rock below the cove, close to the wall, they made a short portage over the worst places in the rapid, and again swiftly started.

Now the way was tortuous, and the river sweeping in curves revealed caves and deep alcoves. Twin Alcove Bend was passed. High walls of sandstone lined the stream and they wound about in glens. Springs gushed from the rocks, and a winding gorge with overhanging shelves shut out the light. They were now in the land of Aladdin. Huge rocks were piled on the right and an arched ceiling rose overhead. Rounded cones and buttressed columns carved in quaint shapes dotted the landscape. Beyond the rounded rocks and water-pockets they gazed off upon a fine stretch of river. Beyond the river were the naked rocks and beautiful buttes rising to the Azure Cliffs. Beyond and above them were the Brown Cliffs. And still beyond and above were the eternal mountain peaks, and clouds piled over all.

Such was the exquisite charm and beauty of Tower Park and Labyrinth Cañon. And over all, typical of the majesty and glory of

the God of Nature, who died for man, there rose more than two thousand feet above these sublime works the shadow of the cross in the form of "The Butte of the Cross."

The Green and Grand Rivers have united, and now the explorers were on the swift rolling Colorado. Speculations seized the reins of their imagination. What if they approached a cataract in these cañons which they can not pass, where the walls rise from the water's edge so they can not land, and where the current is so swift they can not return? This was the subject of much thought.



BUTTES OF THE CROSS IN THE TOONÍ-PIN WU NEAR TU WEEP.

Passing through Stillwater Cañon, the commander and a companion climbed the left wall below the junction of the two streams and beheld a world of grandeur. Below was the cañon through which the Colorado ran. Through a narrow, winding gorge in the northwest flowed the Green. From the northeast came the Grand, through a cañon that seemed bottomless from where they stood. Away to the west were lines of cliffs and ledges of rock, not such ledges as the quarryman gathers to build the abodes of man, but ledges from which the gods might quarry, mountains that, rolled out upon the level plain, would make a lofty range. Before them stood the strangely carved and pinnacled rocks of the *Tooní pin wu nea' Tu weep*. Away to the east were the eruptive mountains of the Sierra La Sal, covered with pines and snowfields upon their vast crags. Wherever they gazed they

beheld a wilderness of rock, deep gorges where the rivers were lost below cliffs and towers and pinnacles, ten thousand strange and quaintly carved images of granite, and far above them, rising to the vault of heaven, mountains green and gray and silver blending with the clouds.

Again they were upon the waters of the Colorado. Waves and breakers, rapids and cataracts were passed, in one of which the "Emma Dean" was swamped and its inmates plunged into the swift river. Again through rocks and breakers, chutes and whirlpools, and great waves white with foam they passed, where the water was shot up fifteen feet and piled back as in gentle curves as in a fountain, while the river rolled ceaselessly on. And all of this at the lowest ebb of the tide, for high above, sometimes a hundred feet above its present stages, they viewed the water-line and saw logs and driftwood wedged into crevices far overhead, where the mighty floods had carried them, where ten thousand roaring rivers had run from the mountain gorges to the bottomless cañons of the Colorado, when Winter's icy bars had been unloosed by the breath of Spring.

And now they reached the foot of Cataract Cañon, and the towers and pinnacles of Mille Crag Bend are all before them. The next day they entered a cañon with low red walls. Here they discovered that a race had preceded them, for the hand of man was visible in the ruins of an old building on the left wall. Upon the brink of a rock above the narrow plain beside the river two hundred feet high stood this old house. Its walls were of stone laid in mortar and of great regularity. It was once three stories high. The lower story was intact. Flints abounded in vast quantities, and fragments of pottery were scattered about in great profusion, and etchings lined the cliffs down to the river side.

Fifteen miles farther down another group was discovered. The principal building was located upon the summit of a hill, and a part of its walls were still standing to the height of ten feet, the mortar remaining in many places. It was constructed in the form of an L, with five rooms on the ground floor, one in the angle and two in the extension, with a deep excavation. A little beyond this ancient settlement the explorers found a rounded eminence, formed of smooth mounds piled one upon another. Toward the summit they became too steep to climb. Searching for an easier way they found, to their amazement, a perfect

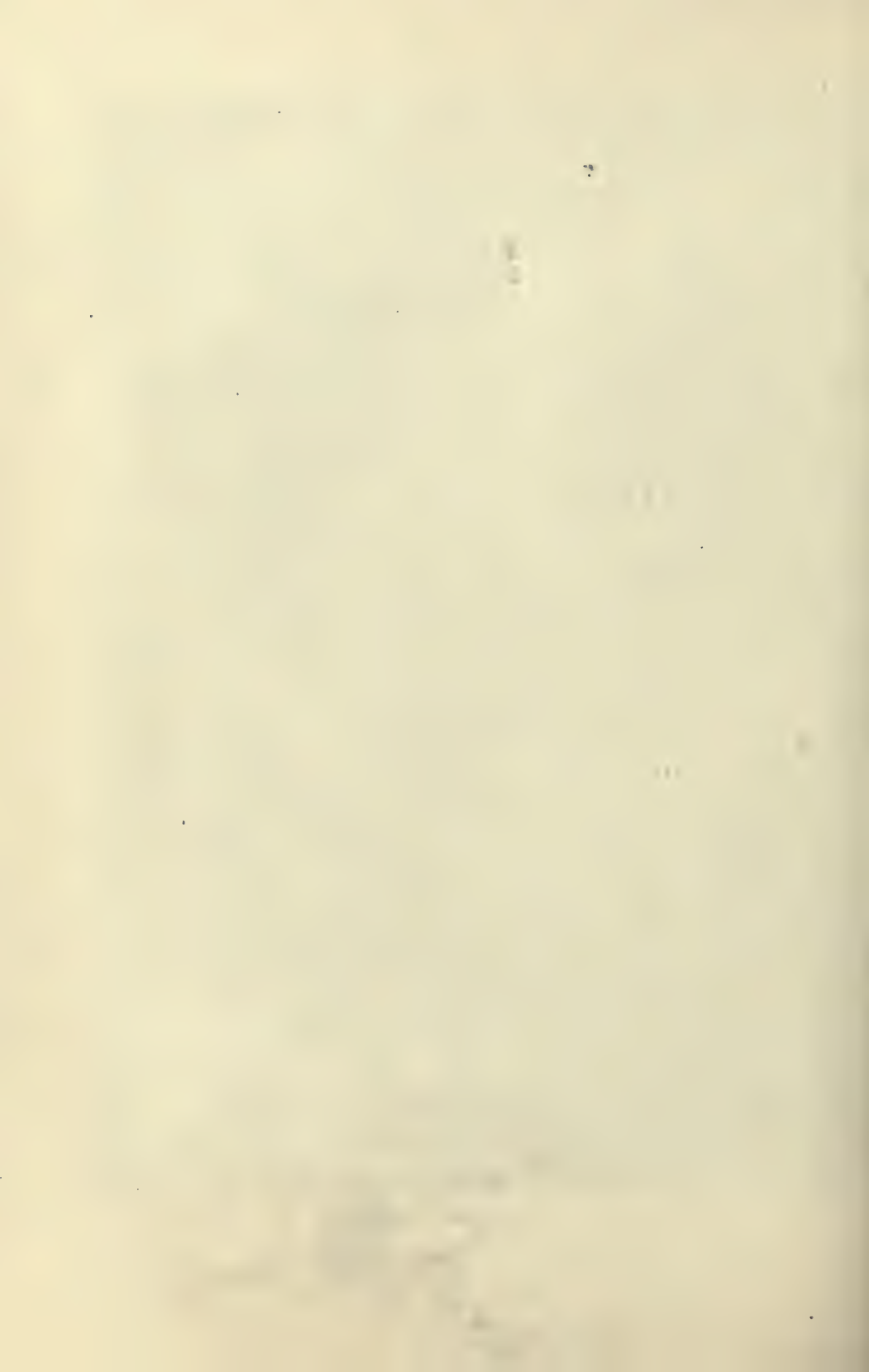
stairway cut in the solid rock by human hands, skilled in the arts of civilization. At a vertical wall of ten feet there stood an old ladder used in the scaling. They had found the Watch Tower of that ancient people, whose homes were in the ruins left behind, and from which they doubtless beheld the approach of the nomadic tribes that swept them from the face of the earth.

In the year 1776 a Spanish priest of the name of Father Escalante made a journey connected with his religious orders from Santa Fé, the oldest town in North America, to the northwest, crossing the Grand and Green Rivers and passing down by the Wasatch Mountains to the Rio Virgen. He desired to reach the Mission of Monterey, but finally decided the route to be impracticable from information derived from the Indians. Wishing to avoid the long circuitous route over which he had just traveled, he endeavored to proceed by one more direct, which led him across the Colorado at a point known as El Vado de los Padres. From the description he had read, Major Powell was enabled to determine the place and present an outline of the historic spot. A little stream came down through a very narrow side cañon from the west, and it was through this that the priest moved upon his perilous journey. A well-beaten Indian trail was yet to be seen. Between the cliff and the river there was a little meadow. The ashes of many camp-fires were seen, and the bleached bones of numerous cattle were scattered profusely about. It was the Indian's place of retreat after depredating upon the Mormons. The boats of the exploring party lay at the crossing where the rafts of the Spanish priest floated a century in the past. The civilization of two centuries had met after more than a hundred years had passed. One came with the mystic forms of a religious order to plant the banner of the cross at a distant Mission and braved starvation and death in its holy work. The other came with the banner of its country beneath whose ægis the mysterious forces of enlightenment in the glare of the succeeding century had torn away the veil of obscurity that shrouded these dark, unknown spots, and opened them to the inspection of mankind. Priest and patriot pathfinder shake hands across a century and over the waves of the same swift-rolling stream.

The explorers passed through Marble Cañon and walked for miles between walls of polished marble 2,500 feet high, on smooth marble pavements fretted with strange devices, and embossed with fantastic



CLIFF DWELLERS.



patterns. It gleamed with iridescent beauty in the shining sun. Passing to the end of a marble terrace a million brilliant gems poured their flood of sparkling light upon the enraptured explorers. All wondered what it meant! Approaching by boat they found fountains bursting from the rock high overhead and their spray in the sunshine formed the gems of beauty dazzling the eye. Below, the rocks were covered with mosses and ferns and bright flowering plants. This is "Vasey's Paradise" named in honor of the botanist.

It rained, and as the drops fell, little rills ran down the marble walls. The storm increased, and great streams rolled the red sand in bright rivers and cascades over the walls and it was now seen how the marble had been polished by the wash of the ages.

The explorers started from Green River City, as we will remember, on May 24th, 1869. On the thirteenth day of August of the same year they entered the walls of the Grand Cañon and buried themselves in the bosom of the earth three-quarters of a mile from the upper world. It was not, however, without misgivings that this brave band of explorers entered the gloomy depths of this vast, unknown and awful pathway to the tomb of roaring waters that sang always their own rude dirge of death.



MARBLE CAÑON.

All the perils they had passed were as nothing to those they now encountered. Their journey at well nigh every step was beset by cascades and cataracts. Ledges of rock jutted into the stream, their tops just below the surface, sometimes rising above, and pinnacles, and towers broke the swift stream into chutes and whirlpools, and falls fifty feet high.

Suddenly a great roar burst upon them. It was the sound of mighty rapids, where there was a descent of eighty feet to a third of a mile, where the rushing waters broke into great waves on the rocks and lashed themselves into a mad white foam. There was no portage. There was no retreat. The rapids must be run. First on the crest of a glassy wave, then hurled suddenly into the trough of the sea, up and down they went; higher and higher rolled the waves until the breakers rolled over the little boat. Still speeding past projected rocks, spinning in whirlpools and drifting with the swift-rolling tide, the boats were finally hurled into an eddy at the foot of the falls, and the rapids were run.

Now the walls of the cañon rose more than a mile high. Within the depths of this gloomy cavern they glided onward, ever listening for the sound of treacherous falls which rise above the roar of the river. Thus, on they went by portage and by run, over falls and through rapids, past rocks and driftwood, where the waters rolled and whirled and boiled until the reflex waves capsized one of the boats and the inmates, clinging to the sides, drifted helplessly till caught and rescued by the others. Clouds rolled down in huge masses, filling the mighty gorge with gloom. Then a gust of wind lifted the clouds for a moment, revealing the blue sky overhead, and through the rift a stream of golden sunlight poured upon them. The impending storm broke a mile overhead, and the rain fell in cascades over the walls and swelled the waters below.

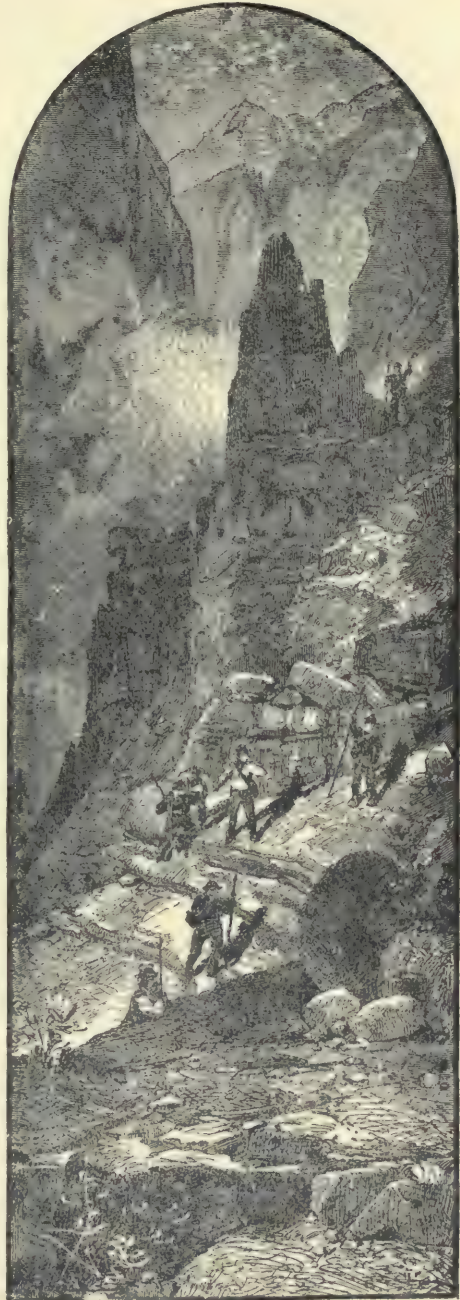
And thus they sped onward in their granite prison, while a new danger confronted them. But nine days' food was left from the losses in shooting the rapids; their little canvas was rotten and useless; the rubber pouches were all lost; half of the party was without hats; not one possessed an entire suit of clothes, nor was there a blanket apiece.

Another rapid was reached and another boat was capsized, and the men, caught in a whirlpool, struggled desperately for their lives.

Rescued at length, they built a fire of driftwood upon the rocks and dried their clothes.

A mile below this camp they were caught in another series of swift-rolling rapids, and for ten miles danced away on one long winding chute until suddenly the mad roar of a great fall was heard. They barely succeeded in landing above it, and making another portage. At this point they passed out of the granite walls and ran into limestone, which, in time, was succeeded by marble with occasional patches of granite. They passed a stream on the right which leaped into the Colorado by a direct fall of more than one hundred feet forming a beautiful cascade. At its base were beautiful ferns with enameled stalks. A few miles beyond monuments of lava stood in the river, and vast quantities of cooled lava and many cinder cones were seen on both sides, terminated by an abrupt cataract.

Beyond the falls, upon the very brink of the cañon, they beheld an extinct volcano, with a well-defined crater from which had poured vast floods of lava



CLIMBING THE GRAND CAÑON.

into the river bed, creating the falls. On the opposite side, 200 feet above the base, a river burst forth from a crevice and rolled into the Colorado. The lava line rose 1,500 feet above the river bed and filled the side cañons.

Again they passed within granite walls and reached the head of mighty rapids, composed of a succession of falls. Boulders in the river formed a dam over which the waters fell twenty feet. For 300 yards beyond there was a rapid, beset with rocks, from the bottom of which on the right a great rock projected half-way across the river. Then there was a second fall below. Then a rapid filled with huge rocks for 200 yards. It looked as if death was before them. They must either go over the falls or climb out of the cañon and abandon the expedition. No one could conjecture what cataracts lay beyond, what huge dams, what whirlpools and mighty falls where there could be no retreat from death up the lofty vertical walls. But at this point they could be scaled. Three of Major Powell's men refused to go on, preferring to climb the walls of the cañon and endeavor to reach a Mormon settlement seventy-five miles distant. Before leaving they entreated the others to go with them. They parted in tears; each thought the other invited death.

With that mighty human energy which characterizes the sublime efforts of man struggling for supremacy when menaced by death perils or where the fate of some vast endeavor hangs poised in the balance, these brave men, who chose rather to meet death than abandon their labors, in the providence of God, sustained by an unfaltering faith in the ultimate success of their mighty undertaking, with calm but determined resolution pulled out into the chute of the second falls (having made a portage of the first) and plunged swiftly over it. Submerged, they rose again in their air-tight boats, which could not sink, and, steering clear of dangerous rocks, passed safely through the perilous rapids to more quiet waters. Guns were fired to signal the retreating party of their safety in shooting the rapids. And now, for many miles, they had a succession of rapids and falls, all of which were run in safety, yet at times full of peril. Finally, on the 29th of August, they left behind them all the curves and bends and domes and towers, pinnacles and crags, angles and sunken rocks, projecting ledges and cliffs; all the whirlpools, chutes and rapids, cataracts, cascades and falls, all the clouds and storm and gloom of the mighty gorge, and passed

forever out from between the granite walls of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

What a mighty work had been performed in the interest of knowledge and science! All the dangers were passed, all the privations were over, all anxiety was ended. The object of the expedition had been attained, the work completed, and their names will live in history as among the bravest and most fearless explorers of any age or clime. All was left behind, only memory remains, and the echo of their voices "the babbling gossip of the air." Henceforth their names will be forever linked with this mysterious pathway, carved by the giant forces of an eruptive age. A voice from the crags and cliffs and the roaring stream repeats the accent, "We shall part no more!" From the council chamber of thought, from the treasure-house of the mind, there will ever come the remembrance of the mad whirl through the boiling abyss, the fearful plunge over the falls, the terrible drive through the swift chute, the struggle with the waves and rocks, the battle with the breakers, the toil and labor of the portage, the alternate heat and cold, the anxiety and dread of the "granite curves," the hours upon the far heights of towering crags and pinnacles, the extrication from the wedge upon the wall 400 feet above the river, the lost way upon the mountain, and the lonely watch through the night, the granite walls and slopes and cliffs and crags a mile high composing the narrow cañon through which they floated, the thunder of the storm pealing overhead, the overhanging clouds filling the gorge, the gloom of their living grave 5,000 feet within the bowels of the earth, the parting with the men who climbed out of the cañon, the words in their letters sent out by them to brave wives and mothers in quiet distant homes, the rack of anxiety as to what new dangers each few hundred yards would disclose, the unending continuity of wall, pinnacle, tower, crag, peak, fall, rapid, whirlpool, chute, cascade, spray and rill rolling down the vertical wall, and then the sudden escape, the joy and ecstasy of relief and success; the hush of the water, the quiet of the camp, the sweet recollections of home and perfect rest. And such is the story of Major Powell of his wondrous journey through the hitherto unknown and mysterious cañons of the Colorado. Battles have been fought that have mapped out new empires, and changed the destinies of nations. The courage and endurance of their heroes was not as sublime as that of the heroes of the cañons of the Colorado.

## CHAPTER XVI

MIDNIGHT ADVENTURES UPON GREEN RIVER—CROSSING THE TURBID STREAM IN A SKIFF—ALMOST LOST—LOADED TO THE GUN-WALES—MIRACULOUSLY SAVED—THE MAYOR OF CHEYENNE AND TWO OTHERS LOST AT THE SAME SPOT A FEW WEEKS AFTERWARDS—THE FAMOUS BEAUTY AT GREEN RIVER STATION, AND HER VOICE OF THUNDER—THE MURDER OF A TRADER BY A GREEN RIVER DESPERADO—ARREST OF THE MURDERER BY THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES OF GREEN RIVER CITY—SEIZURE OF THE PRISONER BY COLONEL KNIGHT, COMMANDING THE U. S. CAMP, ON THE BANKS OF GREEN RIVER AT THE RAILROAD CROSSING—UPRISING OF THE CITIZENS—CONFLICT BETWEEN THE CITIZENS AND THE MILITARY—TWO THOUSAND CITIZENS MEET AND ARM—GREAT MEETING ON THE PUBLIC STREET—THE CITIZENS DEMAND TO BE LED AGAINST THE U. S. TROOPS—COLONEL KNIGHT LOADS HIS CANNON AND HOLDS THE PRISONER—INTERVIEW BETWEEN COLONEL KNIGHT AND A DEPUTATION OF CITIZENS OF GREEN RIVER—THE MATTER COMPROMISED BY REFERRING IT TO GENERAL MORROW, COMMANDING THE FORCES AT FORT BRIDGER—GENERAL MORROW TELEGRAPHS COLONEL KNIGHT TO HOLD THE PRISONER AT ALL HAZARDS—GENERAL AUGUR COUNTERMANDS GENERAL MORROW'S ORDER, AND RESTORES THE PRISONER TO THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES AT GREEN RIVER—THE ESCAPE OF THE PRISONER THROUGH THE TREACHERY OF THE DEPUTY SHERIFF—THE POWER OF MONEY—THE INQUEST UPON THE BODY OF THE VICTIM—THE MASONIC BURIAL OF THE MURDERED MAN IN THE OLD BURIAL GROUND OF FREMONT'S PARTY.

On the banks of Green River, at that point on the line of the old stage road where the ancient ferry was established, certain speculative spirits wishing to increase their worldly wealth by reaping the benefits of the approaching overland railroad, located a town where the said road must necessarily cross this stream, and having subdivided the land thus entered into building lots, proceeded to dispose of them at round sums, and to aid in the erection of dwelling-houses, hotels, stores, saloons, and places of various business resort. It must not be supposed that any of these edifices assumed palatial proportions. They were in the main constructed of sun-dried bricks and otherwise denominated *adobe* houses. Some of them were built of lumber hauled from a great distance by slow freight, and many were nothing more than canvas tents, divided into apartments by curtains of the same material. As this was intended for a "summer terminus" town, the climate delightful and storms of wind and rain very rare at such a season, a canvas cover was just as good as any other.

It was, however, by all such means that the projectors and owners of this town site endeavored to push forward the enterprise and gain such proportions as to secure from the railroad authorities a proper recognition of the location as a summer and fall terminus when the road should reach it. A large number of people flocked to this embryo city, and quite a thriving business sprang up in sight of the castellated walls of mud that surrounded it on all sides in the form of clay buttes.

To preserve order in the absence of courts and a civic force during the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, the commander of the military district established a post on the other side of the stream and detailed a battalion of men from the garrison at Fort Bridger for service at that point, under the command of Colonel Knight, a very capable and genial officer who proceeded to institute his military authority by fixing his camp, stationing his pieces of artillery, digging a subterranean prison for dangerous criminals, drilling his troops and enforcing the necessary discipline.

Upon one occasion in the pursuit of my official duties, I journeyed from Salt Lake City to this new town with a view of performing a very important piece of business. As the result will show, I came very near closing my official career in a strange and sudden manner.

My sole companion during this journey was a paymaster in the United States army, who had come over from the Pacific coast to pay off the troops on the line of the road west of Green River. I had a slight acquaintance with this officer and, thrown as we were thus closely together during a lengthy trip, our relations became gradually friendly and confidential and remained so until the time of his sudden death.

I was introduced by my friend on our arrival at Green River City to Colonel Knight and his brother officers of the post, and became the recipient of many kindnesses and attentions at their hands. At their urgent request my own headquarters was established at their camp, which served in a marked degree, to smooth out the rough wrinkles of border life. Having passed several days on official business, closely occupied in its arrangements and details, during which time the paymaster was engaged in paying off the troops, and both of us now being comparatively free from official restraints, we accepted an invitation from Colonel Knight and several officers to visit the town and

review its cosmopolitan features in both daylight and darkness. Accordingly we crossed the river by the ferry, securely held by huge cables, and landed without accident. The wild town was illuminated by lights and transparencies of all hues, and their glare obscured the moon and stars which "paled their ineffectual fires" beneath such brilliant lustre. Each man vied with his neighbor to outshine his display regardless of cost; and oil was three dollars per gallon in the city of Salt Lake. Saloon, dance-house and gambling shop were in full blast, and with an occasional shot and the sound of the hurdy-gurdy the air was full of rude life. It was in fact a typical railroad town of early date. Everywhere the Colonel and his friends were treated with great kindness and consideration, and as we refrained from participating in any of the amusements, not a single mishap occurred to any of our party. We were there merely to view the varied sports and games suited to the tastes and inclinations of the guileless frontiersman.

We delayed recrossing the stream until the arrival of the overland coach westward bound, unwilling to disturb the tired ferrymen who were resting after a day of severe labor. Midnight came, however, and the coach had not arrived. Another hour passed and still its rumbling wheels were not heard. We proceeded to the ferry and halloed across the stream for the boat, but in vain. We called in stentorian tones to the ferrymen, but were answered not. Finally, as the night was slipping away and we all needed rest, the Colonel proposed that we should attempt to cross over to his camp in a large skiff that was tied to the banks of the stream, a little above the ferry. What evil spirit possessed us to engage in such a hazardous, foolhardy undertaking, I know not, indeed, unless it was the adventurous spirit that possesses all men living upon the border and an apparent indifference to danger, from its constant presence and familiarity that render them thoughtless in their actions. But that which added vastly to the peril of the adventure was the fact that when in the act of embarking in the frail shell we were joined by an officer who had not formed one of the party during the evening, who was much under the influence of the *ardent* and who strenuously insisted upon crossing the stream with us.

With unaccustomed hands the oars were seized and we swept out toward the middle of the stream in the total darkness of the night.



CROSSING GREEN RIVER,



The gunwales of the little boat were almost even with the water's edge when we were all afloat. As I dropped my hand down and felt the water almost ready to pour over and swamp us, the awful danger of the situation flashed upon me. A little jar or abrupt movement on the part of a single occupant would be sufficient to destroy its equipoise and instantly fill the boat, and our bodies would furnish food for the fish ultimately in the Gulf of California. We soon found also that in our inexperienced hands the boat was at the mercy of the waters. It was impossible to stem the mighty current of the swift mountain stream whose velocity was measured alone by the declivity of the river's bed. When we first pushed from the shore we were half a mile above the camp and we headed directly for the opposite banks. The moment we reached the middle of the stream we swung with the tide and, notwithstanding our most strenuous efforts to breast it, were swept along with it. In a short time we passed the camp and saw its lights on the shore.

The Colonel hailed the sentry and directed some of the men to run along the banks with a rope and lights. The most favorable point in our case was that we had drifted by the most powerful use of the oars, with the tide on the farther side of the stream and although rapidly descending, were slowly working our way nearer the shore. Whether we could get within reach of a friendly rope from the hands of the soldiers running with their lanterns on the shore, or whether, by a sudden change of the current, or the snapping of an oar, we should again be forced into the middle of the stream, and finally, if not swamped, descend beyond all human aid and be dashed to pieces in Cataract Cañon, remained to be determined. My mind was fully occupied with the danger of the situation as, I think, was that of all the others, unless it was he who had imbibed too much. He chanced to be seated directly in front of me, and knowing that a rude motion on his part would sink the overladen boat, I seized him from behind with a death grip and braced him firmly with my arms, so that he might not turn either to the right or left. A young wife and infant son awaited my coming, and although so near the line of the great *divide*, and having them constantly in mind, I did not lose my self possession in the imminent peril that had overtaken us, but determined calmly to meet the danger manfully and do all in my power to aid in our escape. I felt, however, that the frail thread upon which all our lives hung was

as brittle as to be snapped by a passing wind. I knew that unless we reached the shore within a mile or more below the camp our chance of rescue was gone, as the bluffs began at that point, and we would sweep on to Cataract Cañon and destruction. I felt that a single lurch of the helpless man now asleep in my arms, would swamp us beyond salvation, and so I held on to him gently but as firmly as the rocks.

Such was our situation when, by a providential action (I shall always believe it to have been the act of Providence; that He had work yet for us to perform) a concurrent movement of tide and oar, we were thrown suddenly within reach of the shore, and the Colonel, seated in the bow of the boat, under the flash of a lantern seized the end of a rope thrown quickly out by one of the soldiers, and gradually we were swung around by aid of the oars to the side of the bank, whence we escaped to the land.

At this remote day it appears to me that our first duty should have been to return thanks to Him who had saved us. But whatever might have been our reflections, there was no outward expression. Perhaps our silence was our most perfect prayer. We landed nearly a mile below the camp, and picking our way along the banks of the treacherous stream, whose waters came so near being our winding-sheets, we soon reached the camp and, gaining our beds, fell into sweet slumber.

Was the danger as great, as I have pictured it, and did we fully realize it? I can not freely reply to the second question. All of us had faced death frequently before and since, and perhaps we did not fully appreciate the extent of the danger until it was passed.

As to the first inquiry I would state that but a few weeks afterward the mayor of Cheyenne, who was on a visit to Green River City, and three companions, lost their lives in the same perfidious stream, having been swamped in a larger boat than ours, and their bodies, caught within the meshes of the swift-rolling tide, were never more revealed to friends. Such, indeed, was the untimely fate that blotted out many other valuable lives. Ours was a providential escape, and the good influences that are said to watch over men in hours of danger must have been thickly about us during those moments of dire peril.

On my first journey across the continent I remember reaching the banks of Green River and being ferried over before daybreak. This, of course, was before the railroad had penetrated the mountains and anterior to the building of Green River City. Worn out by the long

journey across the desert plains and the Rockies, we entered the *adobe* house on the other side of the stream which served as a "homestation," and, wrapping our blankets about us, stretched ourselves upon the floor to enjoy a natural rest until awakened at daylight for breakfast. This, indeed, was a vast relief from the crowded coach. Sancho Panza was not more fervent than we in our adulations and invocations to the great inventor of sleep. Nevertheless, I was aroused quite early by the noise of the family moving about in their preparations for breakfast. As a stream of early morning sunlight poured its golden flood within our windows, it fell upon the features of as handsome a woman as it has been my fortune to gaze upon. I will not attempt to describe her beauty, save that it reveled in both her face and form. Her dark lustrous eyes beamed from their soulful depths, and her raven tresses fell in graceful folds upon her rounded arms and shoulders. She was indeed as splendid a specimen of womanly beauty as my eyes ever feasted on. I gazed with surprise upon this magnificent development of American womanhood, and wondered deeply what influences could have urged this star of the wilderness within its lonely depths. She who would grace by her splendid beauty the *salons* of fashion, who was brighter than that early autumn morn, when all the heaven was streaked with dappled fires,

Whose cheek had the pale pearly pink  
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though  
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopped  
In pearly dew,

and who would be a queen within those halls where beauty reigns supreme, and whose votaries would be worshipers at her shrine, to take up her lowly lot in the solitudes of a treeless and barren waste, surrounded by mountain walls of mud, a spot whose sole animation was the arrival of the coach load of passengers for whom she performed a menial service, was more than I could comprehend. I failed to fathom the mystery, and turned over in my blanket and again invaded the land of dreams, where a beautiful princess of the marvelous type I had just gazed upon, appeared before me with a gentle story of love in the same sweet strains we have so often heard in our day dreams while wandering in the poetic fields of romance.

Alas! for the mutability of all human fancies! We were suddenly aroused from our slumbers by a harsh, rude voice, commanding us in peremptory tone, to arise and dust ourselves out of the way! In

a deep voice, rough with cruel emphasis, we heard the command, which we instantly obeyed: "Now you git out a here, right off, if you want this table sot for breakfast!" I supposed this to be the stern command of a bull-whacker from the Bitter Creek, who had been engaged to "fire us out" from the breakfast room, when, to my utter amazement, I again beheld my Hebe, my Venus, whose splendid beauty had charmed my senses. My "Star of the Wilderness" dropped suddenly below the horizon and I dropped from the lofty plane upon which a Raphael loves to stand and contemplate the glory of the beautiful and the true.

I recall another incident of this historic spot of graphic interest, and differing greatly from anything I have hitherto related. It was in the year 1868, during the month of August, I think, that I had occasion to visit the embryo city of Green River. As was customary, I came by coach from Salt Lake



THE FAMOUS BEAUTY AT GREEN RIVER STATION.

City, my headquarters, through Fort Bridger, at that time under the command of Gen. Henry A. Morrow, now colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment, United States Infantry.

Upon entering the town I noticed quite a commotion among the citizens, and much excitement of speech and action. Upon inquiry I found that a most unprovoked and diabolical murder had been perpetrated the previous day upon an unoffending man by a desperado; that he had been arrested by a deputy sheriff of the county in which the city of Green River was located, and that while in his custody a sergeant's guard of armed soldiers, with fixed bayonets, had proceeded, under orders from Colonel Knight, in command of the military camp

on the other side of the stream, and had taken possession of the body of the murderer against the stern protests of the people, and carried him off to their camp, at the instigation of the murderer's wife, who claimed that the people would lynch him. Murders were frequent in that wild country, and the people steeled to the bloody mode of revenge, often being the result of old feuds among miners or sudden duels between members of the gambling fraternity, and, generally, but little thought was given to the deed.

In this case, however, the crime was committed without cause and against an unarmed, inoffensive citizen engaged in the active pursuit of a business of reputable character. And withal there was found upon his person after death the indubitable proof of his membership of the Blue Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, in good standing, as well as that of a Royal Arch Mason. In the far West at that time there were many Masons, and its mysterious tenets of brotherhood were often the means of preserving the life and fortune of many a lone widow's son, and especially at this point there seemed a larger proportion than in any other town of like character in the far West to which I had been called by business or pleasure.

For all of these reasons the populace was greatly excited and threatened dire revenge unless Colonel Knight returned the prisoner in accordance with their demand. I was requested to act as examining counsel before the jury of inquest which was just then convening, and found from a searching examination, the following to be the facts in the case.

The murderer was one of a band of desperadoes who had traveled along the line of the railroad without business of any sort, yet had succeeded in gathering substance to the amount of \$5,000, which was at that time in the hands of the woman who claimed to be a Mormon and his wife.

The murdered man was proved to have been a merchant, who had traveled in company with a partner along the line of the railroad with a large wagon load of sutler's goods, establishing themselves in business at each of the towns located as a terminus of the road. The evidence showed that he had left his partner a few miles out of the town and ridden ahead to obtain a location for their tent by the purchase of a lot on one of the business thoroughfares; that while seeking for the location he chanced to pass between two tents erected

close by each other, and, tripping over the ropes of one, unloosed the stake, which caused a part of the tent to fall. This was in broad daylight about three o'clock in the afternoon. The occupant of the tent seizing a double-barreled shot gun, sprang from beneath the canvas, and with terrible oaths denounced the murdered man as an intruder whose purpose was unlawful.

In reply he stated to the murderer that he was an honest man with an honest purpose; that he was a merchant with a load of goods, just entering the city, and was seeking a situation for his tent with a view of purchasing it as a permanent location; that endeavoring to cross by a short way to a rear street, he accidentally struck the ropes and committed the damage, which he heartily regretted and was willing at once to repair.

Instead of appeasing his wrath, however, the desperado grew more violent, denounced the merchant as a liar and, leveling his gun at the unarmed man, shot him dead. The murderer was immediately taken into custody, with the result as above stated.

Upon the person of the murdered man was found the evidence of his Masonic membership in the form of a "demit" from a regularly constituted lodge—several letters breathing the warmest expressions of love from his affianced wife, together with the picture of a beautiful woman presumed to be the author of the letters of love and sympathy. He was a tall, handsome man of about thirty years, and as he lay before us, with a part of his clothing removed, revealing the ghastly wounds that ushered his spirit into the world eternal, and read the tender words of affection from his far-off loved one, all unconscious of his terrible fate, our own hearts burned with sympathy for her who would never gaze upon his handsome form again; and more than one tear coursed down cheeks bronzed by mountain storms.

After the inquest had been held and the verdict rendered in accordance with the facts above related, I went into the main street of the town and found a large body of armed men congregated at a point midway between the ferry and the place of the inquest. The crowd continued to augment in numbers until at least five hundred men had gathered with firmness and determination stamped upon each countenance. They were preparing to march over to the camp, demand the return of the prisoner, and in the event of a refusal, to take him by force from the control of the military. They were in the main a class



ARREST OF MURDERER—CONFLICT BETWEEN U. S. TROOPS AND CITIZENS.



of men used to danger. Many of them were grizzled miners from the Sweetwater, expert in the use of deadly weapons, and not slow to use them when occasion required.

Among them were stalwart Indian fighters—sharpshooters whose trusty rifles had leveled many a savage foe, and in whose breasts the sensation of fear had never found lodgement. Added to these were the class who had followed the road from its incipency on the banks of the Missouri, and who were as familiar with scenes of blood and deadly encounters as they were with the people and the towns they inhabited.

In the meantime information of the uprising of the people and the proposed rescue of the prisoner had been conveyed to Colonel Knight. He was a man of resolution, a firm and determined officer, who would defend his action with his life. He believed this action to be within the line of his duty and not an arbitrary assumption of power. He therefore prepared immediately for the conflict, ordered out every man in his command, shotted his field pieces, and quietly awaited the approach of the rescuing party.

Knowledge of the action of Colonel Knight in nowise dampened the ardor of the determined men who proposed the rescue of the prisoner. What most occupied their attention was the selection of proper leaders and the construction of the disjointed force into something like battalions so that, upon arrival at the military headquarters, they might present the appearance of a compact organization of men, rather than an incongruous and irresolute mob. Modesty forbids mention of the formal offer made to me by the most influential of their number, but it gave me the opportunity I desired, and I did not hesitate to embrace it. They were well aware of the fact that my sympathies were all with them, as I had denounced the act of Colonel Knight as that of an arbitrary usurpation of power that would meet with the condemnation of his superior officers. I, however, believed that the proper way to settle this dispute between the military and the people was not by force of arms. In such a contest most valuable lives would be lost, and the issue be doubtful. That, while our force was more than five times greater than that of the military, they were thoroughly drilled, a compact body, with the advantage of two pieces of artillery. I knew that Colonel Knight was determined to maintain his authority, and would sacrifice his own life

and that of every man of his small command in the attempt. I likewise knew that every man who marched to the rescue went with the determination to succeed or die. Among these wild sons of mountain and plain, heroes of a hundred engagements with red and white assassins, there was no feeling of fear. They would clamber over the guns and knife the gunners. Still it would be a useless sacrifice of life, and I determined to prevent it if possible. In this I was aided by many other cool-headed men who urged me to address the gathering and attempt to dissuade them from their extreme purpose. Accordingly I mounted an old wagon that was standing on the street hard by, and spoke to them in the most earnest tones I could command.

I laid before them the views expressed above, denounced the act of usurpation on the part of the military authorities as unwarrantable, warmly appealed for order in the new town, and pointed out the results of a conflict, such as was likely to ensue if they crossed the river, in the destruction of the property of the town itself, and finally proposed that a committee should be sent to Colonel Knight, composed of the leading citizens, who should demand the return of the prisoner, and in the event of refusal his superior officers should be notified of the situation, and an order be obtained from them for the immediate surrender of the prisoner to the civil authorities.

Prominent gentlemen sustained my views and seconded my suggestions. There were, however, many Hotspurs among the men, who advocated an instant march upon the militia, and deemed it a cowardly surrender on our part to fail to take immediate action. But wiser counsels prevailed, the committee was appointed, the gathering temporarily dispersed, and the delegates appointed started immediately for Colonel Knight's headquarters. He had kept himself well informed of all action taken by the people and, aware of the peaceful mission, met us with a most cordial greeting, remarking, first of all, "Gentlemen, have you dined?" We replied in the negative, stating that the excitement was so great among the people that we did not wait for dinner, but concluded to visit him at once, hoping to allay the turmoil by some message of promise.

He declined to talk over the matter until we had first dined with him, and as he was just in the act of sitting down when we made our appearance, we deemed it both impolite and impolitic for us to refuse, especially as we were well acquainted.

After the dinner was concluded he opened some bottles, and himself began the discussion by remarking that he did not wish the people to look upon him as an enemy; that his intercourse with them had been so pleasant, hitherto, that it was with great regret he was forced to assume the present attitude; that what he was now doing he believed to be in strict conformity with the instructions conveyed to him by his commanding officer at Fort Bridger, at the time the military camp was established at Green River City, and that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be rid of the whole matter.

Thereupon we suggested that a telegram be sent immediately to General Morrow at Fort Bridger, recounting the facts and asking for instructions as to his reply to the committee of citizens. At his suggestion we prepared the dispatch and remained at his headquarters while a messenger conveyed it to the operator with instructions to forward immediately. It was but a short time before the messenger returned with the significant dispatch from General Morrow, addressed to Colonel Knight—"Hold the prisoner at all hazards?"

This ended our interview with Colonel Knight. We returned to the town to make our report. The people evinced no surprise, but exhibited a more kindly feeling toward Colonel Knight when they ascertained his position.

The authority of General Morrow was supreme as commander of that military district. There was, however, a still greater power existing in the commander of the Department of the Platte, whose headquarters was at Omaha. Accordingly we laid before General Augur, the commander, the facts in the case by telegram, and our efforts were rewarded by a telegraphic order from that General to his subordinates to immediately surrender the prisoner to the civil authorities.

On the receipt of the said order Colonel Knight detailed a guard of soldiers, in charge of a commissioned officer, to convey the prisoner to Green River City and return him to the custody of the civil authorities from whom he had been summarily taken three days before. Thus was the conflict of authority between the people and the military finally adjusted without bloodshed, and all affirmed it to have been the wisest course.

The prisoner now being in the custody of the deputy marshal, preparations were begun for his immediate trial, with as much care

and precision as would have been taken by the officers of a court of record. It must be borne in mind that at this period there were no courts of any character in that section now constituting the Territory of Wyoming. The organic act establishing the boundaries and jurisdiction of Wyoming had not become a law, and all of that section was attached to Dakota for judicial purposes. Yankton was the nearest point for trial, distant some 2,000 miles, and every prisoner whom they had attempted to convey to that point for trial had escaped or had been rescued by his friends from the officers of the law during the long journey. The people, therefore, proposed to try this man for murder at the place where the murder was committed, and not trust to the exigencies of a journey of 2,000 miles. First of all, they proposed to give him a fair trial, and to promote this, certain rules were adopted. First, the magistrate, who had held the coroner's inquest should sit as the presiding judge, as he was clothed to a certain extent with judicial authority; second, the prisoner should be provided with counsel of his own choice; third, the jury should be composed of twenty-four business men of the town, instead of the usual number of a petit jury, and that it should require an affirmative expression of guilt from three-fourths of the number before the prisoner could be convicted of murder in the first degree. Fourth, all witnesses should be sworn in accordance with the forms of law and no hearsay testimony should be admitted. Fifth, counsel for the people should be appointed to prosecute the case against the prisoner.

These rules having been agreed upon with the view of furthering the cause of justice and of protecting the rights of the prisoner, the jury was chosen and counsel appointed for the prisoner and for the people.

I had the honor to be chosen to prosecute, although I offered to defend. The prisoner chose his own counsel. All the preliminaries having been adjusted, the case was ready to proceed and the day following set for trial. Darkness settled upon the land and the town slept. Not all, however, were wrapped in slumber; there were two whose eyes had not closed. In all ages of the world's history gold has been the most potent agent to move mankind! I have already related that the wife of the prisoner had in her possession \$5,000. Of this I had the most positive proof. With this sum she bribed the deputy sheriff to aid the prisoner's escape. In the night this pseudo officer

of the law obtained two horses, and he and the prisoner rode away together and escaped into the mountains.

Morning dawned, and prisoner and officer were gone. Mounted men rode in every direction, scoured the country far and wide, but returned without the murderer. It was alleged afterward that he had been secreted by the Mormons. He was never, however, brought to justice, and thus ended the prosecution. The abandoned horses were found some days afterward and returned to their owners.

Some three miles distant from Green River City, at the foot of a mountain, was a little graveyard, long since abandoned, in which were buried some of Fremont's explorers, who had perished from privations



FLIGHT OF PRISONER AND DEPUTY FROM GREEN RIVER.

and sufferings during his memorable struggles through the wilderness. It was in a most secluded spot, not far from where the waters of the Green rolled on their precipitous course. It was in this quiet place, linked with the memories of a mighty achievement, that we laid away to his final rest the mortal remains of the murdered man.

It was a beautiful sunny day in the glorious atmosphere peculiar to that region, the heavens flecked with blue, a part of nature's system of divinity, and in the holy calm of silence like the Sabbath, broken only by the song of the river, that we followed the long

winding way leading to the quiet little graveyard, where Fremonts' dead were sleeping. We were on our way to lay our brother to rest with the heroes of the storm-beaten heights, the gods of the solitudes. Above his grave we chanted the mournful Masonic dirge, and threw the cypress on his coffin lid. He sleeps far from his own home valley and the loved ones, who await in vain for his coming; but the mountains and stars watch over him, and the rolling river forever chants a dirge to his memory.

## CHAPTER XVII.

FROM GREEN RIVER TO SALT LAKE—FORT BRIDGER AND ITS COMMAND—STORIES OF THE INDIANS—OLD "JUDGE" CARTER—THE INDIAN SCOUT, "JIM BRIDGER," WHO NEVER SAW ANY BAD WHISKY; "SOME OF IT MIGHT BE BETTER THAN ANOTHER, BUT ALL OF IT WAS GOOD"—COBBLE-STONE HILL—THROUGH ECHO AND WEBER CAÑONS—THE WONDERS OF THE CAÑONS—THE "DEVIL'S GATE" AND PULPIT ROCK—"RATTLE-SNAKE HILLS"—THE GREAT DEAD SEA OF THE WEST—ZION'S CITY—THE MIGHTY WAHSATCH—DESCRIPTION OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS—THE TITHING HOUSE AND TEMPLE—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S ABODE—THE LION HOUSE—THE HOUSE WITH MANY GABLES—ENDOWMENT HOUSE—DESCRIPTION OF SCENERY IN THE VALLEY—BRIGHAM YOUNG—HIS WIVES—THE FAVORITE AMELIA—THE ROMANCE OF HER EARLY COURTSHIP—THE HOMES AND AVOCATIONS OF BRIGHAM'S WIVES—HABITS AND BUSINESS LIFE OF THE MORMONS—SALT LAKE THEATRE—JOHN McCULLOUGH.

FROM Green River to Fort Bridger the road was not particularly inviting or interesting, although at points the scenery was beautiful and picturesque. On the banks of Hams Forks I recall the millions upon millions of bloodthirsty mosquitoes of such ravenous instincts as to devour you alive!

At Fort Bridger began the descent of the western slope of the mountains. Here was located an encampment of United States troops sometimes numbering a whole regiment. Here various Indian tribes assembled at stated periods to receive from the agent of the Government their annual supplies. Here old Washakie's band of Snakes often executed their war dances and once the sun dance for the amusement and gratification of the soldiers and citizens of that place. Here lived old Judge Carter, the sutler of this fort—a man of large wealth, considerable education and many quaint manners. The traveler was always welcome at his hospitable board and never failed to praise his good stabling and liquors; for the "Judge" was famous in all that broad expanse for his discriminating taste in the selection of his wine and cigars. Here likewise lived another noted character of the solitudes, old Jim Bridger, after whom the pass was named. He was a famous trapper and hunter, who had dwelt for many years in that region before the advent of the white man. He had a squaw for a

wife and a large family of half-breeds. He was a brave and fearless soldier of these Alpine heights and bore the scars of many honorable conflicts. He was noted far and wide for his many quaint sayings and possessed great powers of story-telling, and loved to dwell upon the reminiscences of his strange life when the cockles of his heart were warmed by a few strong and deep potations. Old Bridger said he "never in all his life and varied fortunes saw any bad whisky. It was all good! True, some was better than another, but it was all good! There never was any bad whisky!"

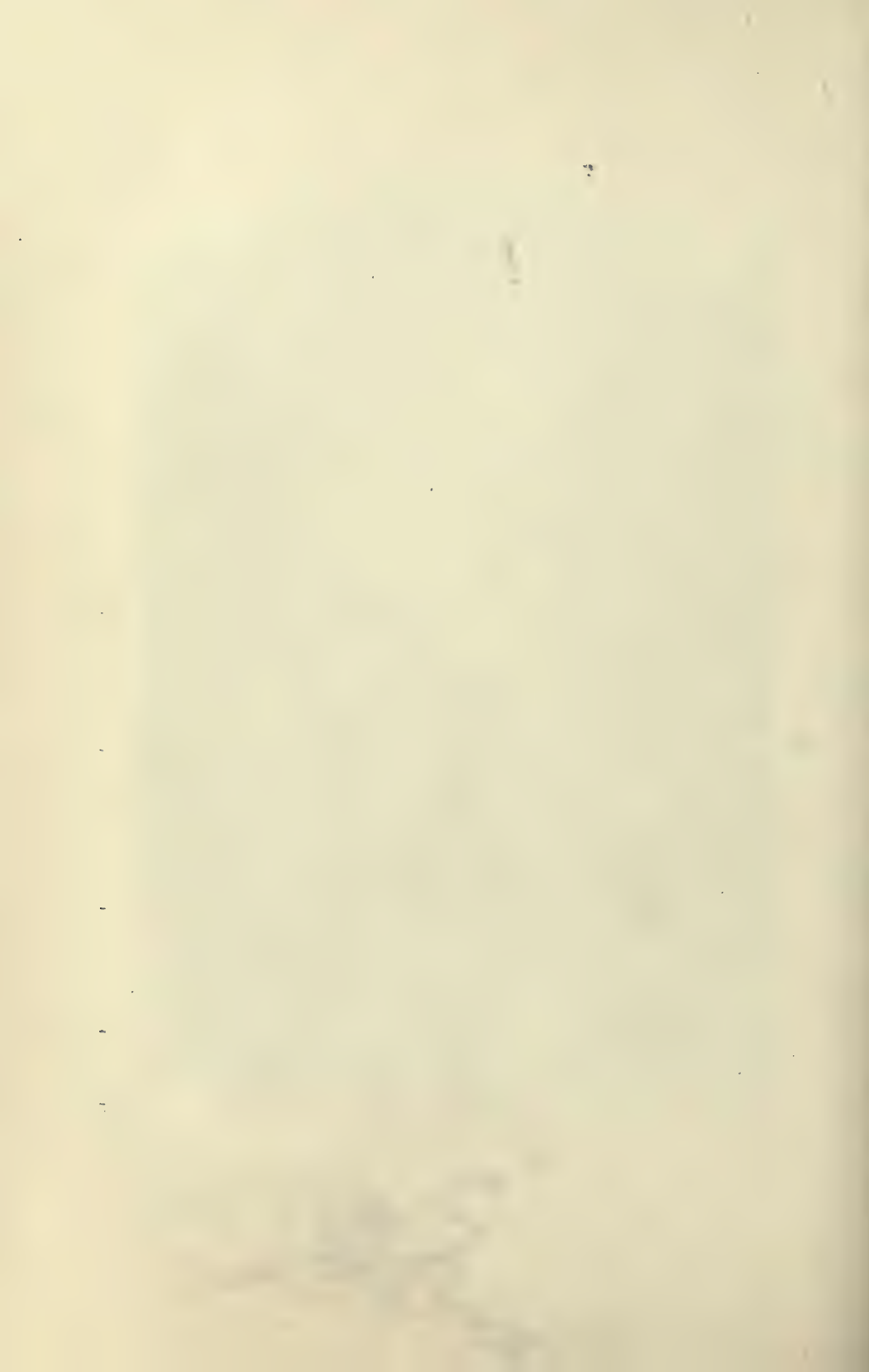
General Morrow commanded the troops at the fort during my sojourn in the Rocky Mountains. I found him, upon close intercourse, to be a gentleman and a scholar. Our intimacy ripened into a friendship which has survived the lapse of years. He is now colonel of the Twenty-first Infantry, United States army.

The road from Bridger, through crest and gorge, is rough, stony and difficult. I think no one who has ever descended Cobblestone Hill will ever forget the ride. A round mountain, covered every foot of the way by smooth cobblestones, such as in primitive times were used to pave some of our larger cities, notably the streets of the Federal Capital. So thickly were they strewn that it was impossible to clear the way of these obnoxious formations, and at each step the coach or mountain hack lurched violently to the right or left as the wheels crunched amid the stones. How they ever got there in such quantities I know not. I think they must have rained down from some planet overhead which, having a superabundance, just opened its port holes in the skies and dropped them into space. Fortunately, or otherwise, they fell upon Cobblestone Hill and lie there to day, a memento of the rough experience of the old overland traveler.

But still, foot by foot, we drop down from these lofty Sierras to more fertile spots made habitable for man. At Bear River Station, destined later on to become during the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad the scene of a busy mart and the cemetery of many a bold pioneer, as well as bloodthirsty outlaw, was a small Mormon settlement, presided over by a bishop of that church. Here we stopped for rest and refreshment before hurrying on through Echo Cañon, one of the grandest and most beautiful spots amid the wilderness of scenery of that wild mountain range. For thirty miles we pass through a deep rocky gorge, nearly three-fourths of a mile wide at its head. On its



ECHO CAÑON.



right are lofty precipitous cliffs that rise up 500 feet at various points, bare and brown and wave-washed by the storms that beat upon them in Alpine gales, with foothills lying at an angle of 45° from northeast to southeast.

On the left, protected from the driving storms of wind and rain, lies a succession of sloping hills filled with green verdure, swelling upward to a considerable height, while far below them in the center of the gorge sparkles a bright transparent stream. Here, for ages it has with unceasing effort ground its way through rock and boulder until it has carved a channel bed twenty-four feet deep. All the earth is clothed in grasses, the rocks with mosses and the border of the river with green sward, overshadowed by the foliage of the quaking-asp and cottonwood.

Midway through, the cañon narrows almost to a defile. But the scenery becomes grander and the artistic view more complete. The stream grows wilder and deeper and its banks more vertical. It leaps over rocks and boulders that intercept its pathway like a giant breaking the withes of straw with which the Lilliputians have bound him. The lofty cliffs assume fantastic forms. Pyramids and pinnacles, spires and towers, battlemented fortresses and mimic cathedrals, Devil's Slides and Jacob's Ladders, and every conceivable form of wind-worn, rain-beaten rock and earth greet the eye in a continuous panorama.

At one point the crags and cliffs have become so worn by time and the vicissitudes of wintry season as to assume the form and shape of an old-time church pulpit, and so the pioneers of the valley named it Pulpit Rock. Farther on and near the mouth of Echo Cañon, which we closely observe as we sweep into the Arcadian valley of the Weber, sleeping in quiet beauty beneath the towering cliffs, is that strange formation of the rocks so weird and ghost-like, so spectral in its wizard looks, that the early settlers, faithful to its prototype, gave it the soubriquet of "The Witch's Rocks." Here, in this quiet spot, after our long and perilous ride, almost within sight of the spires of Salt Lake City, fain would we rest in sweet and deep repose, while the towering rocks and sentinel cliffs kept watch and ward over our peaceful slumbers.

But the tireless mail, the evangel of the wilderness, the missionary of civilization, the herald of a progressive era and the true type of enlightened social order, will not brook delay. Onward we press

through Weber Valley, close by the side of its curiously winding stream that flows into the Great Salt Basin near Fremont's Island. The valley through which we now journey is exceedingly narrow compared with others we have traversed. Its slopes, however, are clothed with living green and decked with wild flowers.

We know we are rapidly nearing a large center of civilization, as we find its overflow scattered all through this valley. At each available point we behold fields of waving grain, wheat and barley, planted and encouraged by the hand of Mormon industry.

The grand feature of this valley, and the only point of wild scenery that partakes of sublimity is the *Devil's Gate*, a breach in the barrier of the Rocky Mountains, which might well serve as the portals to some charmed spot, whose wild enchantments enrapture the senses. It is, however, but the gateway to the peaceful Valley of the Saints. It is the final touch of the mighty hand of nature, whose uplifted arm had in the bygone ages smote the mountain wall and forged the way for the tiny stream to the lake. It is the parting gift of grandeur, of wild picturesque splendor, that greets the eye of the traveler along the sublime heights he has traversed, as if by a mighty effort all else should be eclipsed in this final labor to leave upon the mind of man an imperishable impress of the awful majesty of nature. Perpendicular cliffs on either side shoot suddenly upward 500 feet in the air. Nowhere between them is the space more than a hundred feet wide and frequently not more than forty feet.

The entire length of the gap is 700 feet. Its lofty walls are composed of dark gray granite, crossed by trap dykes, and the rock in which the river has carved its wondrous channel runs through the extreme southern shoulder of a ridge peculiarly named "Rattlesnake Hills."

Through this abyss sweeps and plunges the rapid stream, rolling in eddying billows around rocky points; roaring over massive boulders that have tumbled from the vast heights above, or cast there by some mighty upheaval of the mountains; leaping in wild, mad fury from rock to rock, dashing its white foam against the walls, awakening the echoes with its unceasing song of intermingled merry laughter of rippling waves, and the roar of a dirge as solemn and profound as that over a martyr's grave, as it plunges onward over rock and boulder, a mass of seething, boiling waters to the quiet stream that henceforth

flows peacefully on to the saline depths of the Great Dead Sea of the West.

The first allusion to this remarkable body of salt water, surrounded by streams and springs of fresh water is to be found in Baron La Hontan's account of his American Travels in 1689. As hitherto mentioned in this volume, John C. Fremont first explored and described it, after traversing both its northern and southern boundaries in 1842. Subsequently it was surveyed by Captain Stansbury, of the United States army, and still later by Captain R. F. Burton, an African



DEVIL'S GATE--WEBER CAÑON.

explorer. It lies in a great valley of the Rocky Mountains, and measures nearly one hundred miles in length by a little less than fifty miles in breadth. Near its center lie a group of islands, upon some of which are found springs of pure fresh water, although the waters of the lake are of such saline character that from seven quarts of the same boiled down there is extracted one quart of pure salt. It is untenanted by any living thing. Yet into this great saline lake pour continually from the south through the channel of the Jordan the fresh waters of Utah Lake, and from the north the fresh, pure waters of Bear River, a swift mountain stream. While there is at present no visible outlet and its superfluity declared to be evaporated, many there are who believe in the existence of a subterranean passage-way that flows forth at some

undiscovered point; and this they hold to be no more remarkable as a theory than the visible results of certain agencies upon mountain rivers that are suddenly lost to view within what they describe to be vast subterranean outlets to the ocean. The Lost River of California and the Humboldt, of Nevada, are instanced as such streams, that, following a water course of hundreds of miles, finally and suddenly sink from the sight of man within the cavernous depths of the earth.

A certain class of scientists has urged that Great Salt Lake is a branch of the sea, and one among them, Prof. Clarence King, declares, as already stated, that he has discovered its outlet to the ocean through the gateway of Snake River. There is, however, another class who differ materially upon this point. Their theory does not admit of this great mysterious inland sea as a part of the distant Pacific, but a small remnant of a great system of fresh water lakes, similar to the existing St. Lawrence chain. American geologists declare that at a remote period a vast sheet of water, which they named Lake Bonneville, filled a far greater valley than that of the present Salt Lake Valley. They declare that, as it lay among the outliers of the Rocky Mountains, it spread over a surface of 300 miles in one direction and 180 miles in another direction. Beside this vast primitive sea lay a great second sheet, which they named Lake La Hontan, an early Huron beside its Superior, almost as large and equally as fresh. In the mighty intervals of time, as indefinite as the geological periods, certain changes in the rainfall, unregistered by any living hand, caused the waters of these great lakes to shrink and evaporate. Lake La Hontan disappeared entirely, and Lake Bonneville shrank until it reached the present diminutive size of the existing Great Salt Lake. This fact is evidenced by the various terraces running in long parallel lines on the sides of the Wahsatch range of mountains. These terraces mark the various levels at which the waters remained for awhile in their gradual downward course. The waters are still falling, and the white shores of the lake, covered with an incrustation of salt, mark where once its briny waves rolled out of sight. I have clambered up the sides of the Wahsatch Mountains to the water lines, so plainly visible to the naked eye, and picked out of the rocks the formations of shells and pebbles deposited in remote periods upon those ancient sea lines.

But the question is asked: If this theory of fresh-water lakes be correct, why, then, is the remnant so briny that from seven quarts of

water from Great Salt Lake, boiled down, you extract one quart of pure salt? That may be one of the mysteries not to be unfolded to our entire satisfaction. Yet the geologist advances a theory which is generally accepted as its solution. They hold that in the product of fresh-water ponds and lakes there is a small quantity of salt held in solution, brought to them by their connecting streams or rivers, and that as the waters of hypothetical Lake Bonneville slowly evaporated, all their mineral constituents remained until the solution grew more and more concentrated, until at the present time its saline properties are so very great.

Another property of the water is its density. It is next to impossible to sink to its bottom. You float on the water in spite of yourself, and so dense are the waters through their saline properties that stalactites of salt are formed on the steps of the bathing resorts, produced from the drippings from the bodies of bathers as they leave the waters. And yet the mineral constituents of these waters differ materially in their proportions from those found in salt lakes of marine origin, and many centuries must intervene before that point shall be reached, when the salt shall be thrown down in such quantities by evaporation of the water as to make the great lake "a pillar of salt."

I am clearly of the opinion, and I think the evidence is complete, that in geologic ages a vast inland sea occupied the basin lying between the eastern range of the Sierra Madre and the western ridges of the Humboldt Range. This vast sea doubtless covered an area of 150,000 square miles and possessed an outlet to the ocean through Snake River. This former outlet Mr. Clarence King, the explorer, declares he discovered in 1869, and traced its outline to the Pacific ocean through the stream now known as Snake River. By the gradual elevation of the land the waters became depressed until they reached the lowest basin now in existence and then different stages of depression, numbering in all, it is stated, thirteen stages or benches, as clearly to be seen with the naked eye, and are 700 feet above the present level of the lake.

One of the remarkable points of interest in this land of wonders is the black rock, a huge flinty rock, solitary and alone, which in some remote period had rolled from a vast height into the lake, or been hurled to its lowly bed by a vast upheaval of the earth. A most beautiful view is the great lake and black rock by moonlight. The reflection

of the silvery moon upon the mammoth rock and its glitter on the waters around it form a striking feature of the blending of soft colors, reminding one of the blended "snow and moonlight" in a winter valley.

We are now at the base of the snowy summit of the vast Wahsatch Range and inside of the Salt Lake Basin. How beautiful was the scene that stretched before us at this glorious season of the year, as we drove onward toward the city of rest. The green and gold of the harvest field, broad fields thick with yellow sunflowers, fragrant blossoms in the gardens of the settlers, pink and golden fruit on bending boughs of trees, purple moss on the ridges of the hilltops, a green landscape dotted with gardens, streams and shining lakelets glowing in the splendors of the meridian sun, on our right the luminous expanse of the great Salt Lake encircled by a long line of dim blue mountains, which the Indians called the Oquirrh; on our left, towering above us, reaching to the skies, the lofty Wahsatch with its snow-clad summit, and far away in illimitable shadows of mists and gray, intermingled with glowing sunlight, stretched the wonderful city of the wilderness, built far out from the paths of civilization, on a barren and inhospitable shore, but made to blossom as the rose by the hand of Mormon skill and industry.

The River Jordan flows on the extreme right into the great lake, and Warm Spring Lake proceeds from a subterranean stream of almost boiling sulphur water that flows from beneath the mountains. The incrustations or stalactites of sulphur hanging from the outer edge of the roof of the cave make the spot so ghastly in appearance as if to denote the near proximity of *Sheol*, or to declare that this was its portal or the open jaws of a frightful dragon guarding the approach to the home of the genius of the mountains. And the Great Salt Lake and the Warm Sulphur Spring Lake lie side by side beneath the deep purple shadows of the mountains following the line of broken summits that are reflected on their glassy surface.

Ascending Wahsatch Mountain we behold the deep ravine of "Red Butte," from which was quarried the ferruginous sandstone used in the erection of the Mormon Temple. A little beyond it lies, in its lone solitude, Cemetery Hill, and still farther to the north City Creek Cañon, which supplies fresh water to the thirsty city. And this is the way the Cañon got its name. The Prophet, Brigham Young, declared

that the location of the site of the forthcoming city was indicated to him in a vision by an angel who, standing on a conical hill, pointed to him the locality where the new temple must be built. Upon the entry of the Mormon pioneers into the Salt Lake Basin he beheld the identical mountain he had seen in the vision, a stream of fresh water running in its cool depths at its base. The Prophet immediately commanded his followers to halt and pitch their permanent tents, as they had finally arrived at the site of the city of the New Jerusalem. He immediately named the mountain "Ensign Peak," and the stream at its base City Creek; that other and larger stream of fresh water beyond its water gate of Mountain Point he named after the old historical stream of the Jews, the Jordan. Here the people were commanded to "wash" as of old.

Immediately on the north upon the high bench overlooking the city itself, and commanding a splendid view of the river plain; of Camp Douglas, with its white tents shimmering in the sunlight, the home of the soldiers of Uncle Sam; of the terraces leading to the Wahsatch, that noble range of pinnacled snow-clad mountains; of the Western Range forming the western rim of the Great Basin and the magnificent stretch of the whole valley until it converges to the pass entering into Utah Valley, stands the imposing residence of Brigham Young, called the White House. Here the Prophet dwelt with many of his wives and children.

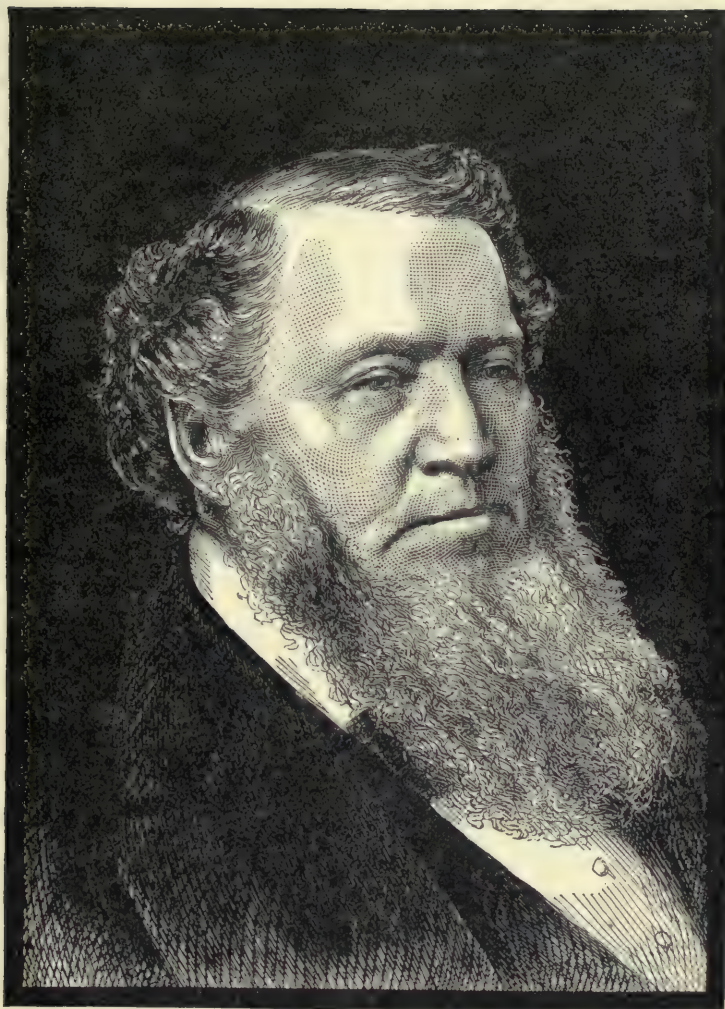
The gateway leading through this enclosure, a high wall of sun-dried brick, covered with a composition of stucco, is of unique design. It is surmounted by a plastic group, composed of an immense vulture-eagle perched with outstretched wings, upon a yellow bee-hive, the Mormon device of industry. The White House is not only a "house of seven gables," but many more, this being its distinguishing feature. Near by is a little clock-turreted building which was the private school-house of the Prophet's numerous children.

Not far away is the Lion House, which derives its name from a large stone lion placed over the pillars of its portico. West of this lies the private office, in which visitors are received; and still farther westward, connected therewith by a corridor, the public office where the functions of civil and religious business are exercised. A little beyond in the same direction is located the mansion called the Bee Hive, from the design of a bee hive carved upon its facade. In this

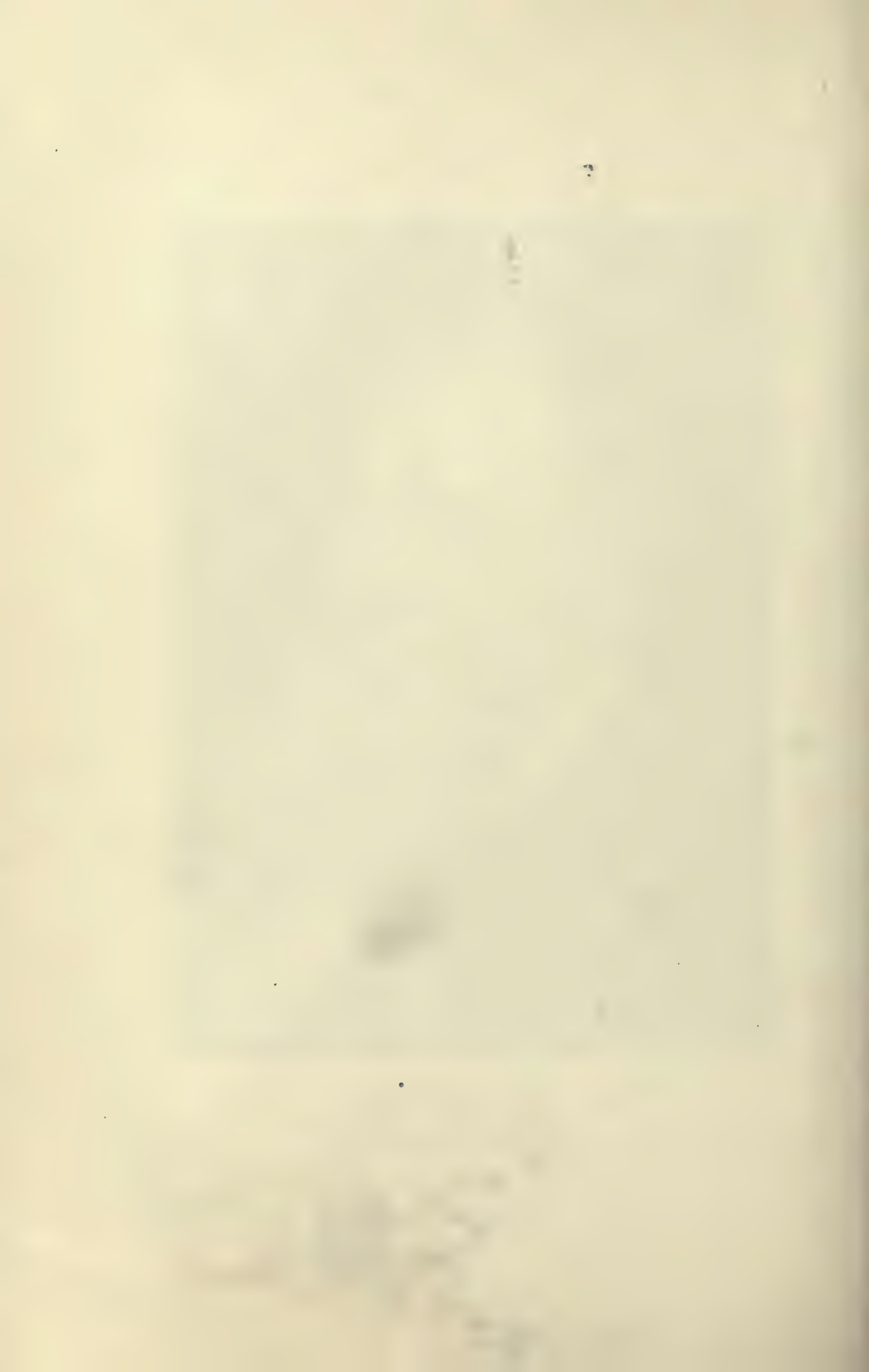
large yellowish building, with its sides fronting east and west, and its lower tier of oblong windows securely barred; lived and labored many of the Prophet's wives.

On the extreme west of the executive block lies the *Tithing house* and *Deseret store*. This is, a large three-storied building with numerous cellars, store-rooms, receiving-rooms, pay-rooms and offices. Here are collected and stored all the vast tithes of the products of Mormon industry in each and every department of their skill and labor—the resultant of that system of tithing which compels each individual member of the church to devote to its support one-tenth of all the products of his or her labor. These possessions of the church always found a ready sale, and its revenues were thus easily converted into cash. Brigham Young, as its Prophet, ruled the church with an iron hand, and not even the poorest and most poverty-stricken member ever failed to contribute his share to the general fund. I believe that in many cases these tithings were a voluntary offering, but there was a large class who could ill afford to part with the smallest portions of the products of their labor. Still they were compelled to pay, and often in my wanderings over the Territory I have heard them complain of the harshness of the rule that compelled them to divide their substance with the leaders of the church. As *trustee in trust* for the church of Latter Day Saints, Brigham Young was the sole beneficiary of this vast fund. In other words he held absolute control of these tithings, and while doubtless a considerable portion of the fund was used for ecclesiastical objects, such as the erection of the Temple, the repairs of the Tabernacle, and the assistance of the needy emigrants, yet the greater portion was securely retained by the chief of this religious sect. It was stated upon the authority of the late George Peabody, the American London Banker, during his last visit to this country, that President Brigham Young was the second largest depositor in the Bank of England. He was a shrewd business man, and was careful to deposit his means where they could not be reached by any process of litigation in this country, if the time should ever come when such a course should be attempted.

Adjoining the Tithing house was a two-storied building forty-five feet square, which contained the printing and publishing office of the *Deseret News*, organized in 1850 as the official organ of Brigham Young and the church. At that time it was edited by George Q.



BRIGHAM YOUNG.



Cannon, a man of considerable erudition, afterward a delegate in Congress from Utah who was unseated on account of his violation of the law relating to plurality of wives.

Directly across Main Street and still farther west was located Temple Block, a square piece of ground covering ten acres and surrounded on all sides by an *adobe* wall ten feet high, covered with stucco, with a foundation of sandstone. In the southwestern corner of this block is located the Tabernacle. This building has been described by a writer as "nothing less than the altar of a new people, possessing a new law, a new morality, a new priesthood, a new industry, and a new God." It was erected by the Mormons for temporary purposes, to be replaced hereafter by the great Temple. It is constructed of sun-dried brick, of elliptical form, and its interior space is sufficiently great to drill a regiment of men. Its roof is dome-like and covered with shingles. Over the northern and southern entrances is a carved representation of the sun with its circles of golden rays. The west side or end of the building is reserved for the higher dignitaries of the church. The platform is about six feet high and on it are seats for the First Presidency, the Twelve Apostles, and the President of the Stake of Zion. The female portion of the congregation sit on the right of the speaker, the male on the left. Service is held each Sunday and occasionally during the week, and twice a year a general conference is held which is attended by thousands of the saints from all parts of the Territory. Before the construction of the railroad it consumed months for some to go and return from this semi-religious devotion.

About the center of the square fronting Main Street, away from all other buildings, stands the unfinished walls of the Mormon Temple, intended when completed to be the vast cathedral of that religious sect. It is in conception a magnificent building, built to endure with the ages. Its foundations are sixteen feet deep, composed of hard gray granite. The plan of this future temple contemplated the erection of a building 186½ feet in length and 99 feet in width, with three towers at each end, the central 200 feet high and the side towers 190 feet; each tower to terminate in octagon turrets and pinnacles.

In the extreme northwestern angle of the block is built the *Endowment House*. This is likewise constructed of *adobe* with a closed

roof. There are but four windows, one of which is blocked up. The central or higher portions stand between two wings, smaller edifices of the same form. Here the convert to the Mormon religion is received into the bosom of the church with peculiar and mysterious forms and ceremonies which are presumed to be known only to the initiated, and never revealed, but which will form the subject of another chapter of this work. The new assembly rooms, situated in this block has been erected in later years.

Salt Lake City lies midway between Utah and Salt Lake, stretching along the right bank of the Jordan, which forms its western border, with a parallel width of two miles. It is fifteen miles distant from the Wahsatch, although from the clear atmosphere it seems scarcely five, and about ten miles from the mouth of the river. Its nearest point to Great Salt Lake is nine miles. It rests upon one of the lowest terraces of the mountain range and slopes from north to south along the lines of its waterways, and from east to west, which is its natural drainage to the river. In plan it is rectangular, its streets intersecting each other at right angles—all beginning at Temple Block, the sacred point of its civilization. It much resembles the plan of Washington City, or the city of Louisville, divested entirely of the avenues that cut in acute and oblique angles the streets and squares of the Federal capital. Its streets and thoroughfares are in the main over one hundred feet wide and are lined with locust and other varieties of shade trees. These are refreshed by two streams of water that flow from the northern hillsides, and by a perfect system of irrigation are made to water the entire expanse. Each square contains ten acres and is subdivided into lots of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  acres each. Of course, in later years, with modern appliances laid at their doors by the railroad, there has been a great advance in the architectural beauty and symmetry of these houses. But the period I am called upon to describe was twenty years ago and their houses were for the most part of ruder construction. They were nearly all built upon the same model, like that of a barn with wings, usually facing, but frequently built sideways to the street. The material in all was that of *adobe*, as timber was very scarce and could only be gathered at great labor and expense, and was therefore confined to the finishing or inside work. There was a better class of houses, owned and occupied by the more prosperous of the people, usually of two stories with flat roofs and shady verandahs, and painted in lively

colors. They were, however, not numerous, at that time, the most of the buildings being of one story, only to be distinguished from barns by windows and a multitude of doors.

One of the better classed houses was located on Main Street, nearly opposite Eldridge Building, which contained the United States post-office. This house came nearer the classification of a pretty villa. Its *adobe* walls were covered with yellow stucco and its verandahs were



TEMPLE AND TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

models of beauty and comfort. It was likewise in the center of a large lot containing a fine orchard in the rear and a most beautiful garden of flowers in the front, carefully cultivated and kept with infinite neatness and blooming with nasturtium, geranium, rose and pink. Its walls and palings were adorned with trailing vines and a sweet-scented honey-suckle, twining about the pillars and railings of the porches, shed an aroma for a considerable distance around.

To this bright spot the Prophet was often seen to wend his way. In fact here he spent a goodly portion of his time. In this lover's retreat dwelt a beautiful woman, with whose golden locks the soft summer winds had toyed for twenty-nine years. Here, surrounded by all that was beautiful and joyful, with rare and costly furniture imported at great labor and expense, with all that wealth and fortune's fairest smiles could bestow, dwelt Amelia, the last and favorite wife of Brigham Young. Her young life was not untinged by romance. Entering the valley with her parents who had become converts to the Mormon faith, her youth and beauty soon won for her many admirers. One among them, a tall athletic man with a bright sunny face which the cares of life had not yet touched with its stony, stormy hand—the embodiment of good nature, good morals, a steadfast faith in his own powers and an untiring industry, her senior but a few short years—soon won his way to her heart's affection and received from her a pledge of womanly, wifely devotion. But the same girlish charms that had won the youth likewise warmed the heart of the Prophet, and on the very eve of her intended marriage with the man of her first love he sought from her parents her hand in wedlock. Such an honor could not be rudely declined, accompanied, as it was, with the intimation of the promotion of the father in church relations and wordly wealth. The poor girl pleaded in vain. The iron rule of the church bore its bitter fruit. The parent's will was absolute; only escape from the Territory would avail, and with every mountain pathway guarded, that was in vain. Her engagement with the brawn of youth was broken, and withered age, with its high station and honors claimed her fealty at the altar. She became the unwilling bride of Brigham Young. And thus it was he paid her this courtly devotion, and laid at her feet his wealth with his love. Still all was not peace within this abode of beauty. I heard a whispered something concerning the last cast-off wife from whose apartment had been taken by Brigham's direction a mirror, and table of costly wood, with which to adorn the fair bride's nuptial chamber. These costly articles of furniture were shivered with an ax, wielded by the strong arm of the irate woman whose charms had failed to keep the old man constant to the vows he plighted her when the tender graces of her youth had charmed him in the years gone by, as had lately those of Amelia Folsom.

There were many amusing stories told of the wooings of the old man after the forced marriage, in his attempt to win the love of the

woman whose companionship he had won by force, aided by his lofty position.

When I was there the great thoroughfare of the city was Main Street, running along the Temple front southward to the southern limits of the city. At first it contained the houses of the principal Mormon dignitaries, but it gradually changed to a busy street, upon which all the stores of the Gentiles were located, and their banking houses, and the fine building erected by Wells, Fargo & Co. for the transaction of their large express and banking business. Mormon merchants, likewise, congregated there, and the street soon lost its vernal appearance. It was recognized as the center of the trade and commerce of Salt Lake City, and the fragrant gardens that erstwhile bloomed so beautiful gave way to shop-fronts, store-goods and a stirring atmosphere. To-day it is, with its fine business blocks, its hotels and magnificent banking houses, the peer of any business street in our larger American cities. But I am talking of the past with its vanished years, not of the present.

Crossing Main Street, or running parallel with it, are many others of importance, on which are located buildings of note. On First South Street was located the theater and city hall. John T. Caine was the proprietor of the theater at the time of my sojourn in Salt Lake. He is now the delegate in Congress from that Territory, and writes "Honorable" before his name, and I know no one in that body more justly deserving of the prefix.

As this city was a resting place midway on the continent for the traveler and tourist, so, likewise, all the artists of note dwelt temporarily in their midst. I have witnessed, upon the boards of this theater, as fair productions of the histrionic art as I have beheld in the more cultivated portions of the country. I saw poor John McCullough, then entering upon his brilliant career, in the *Gladiator*, *Metamora* and the *Melancholy Dane*. Wallack and Davenport in *Othello* and *Iago* with Mrs. Davenport as "Desdemona," and in others of their favorite rôles. Miss Innis in her wonderful creation of *Elizabeth*, and the noted Couldock in *Chimney Corner* and as Luke Fielding in the *Willow Copse*, and, afterward, I spent a whole night listening to his recitations, with a jolly party partaking of a jack rabbit, cooked by his own hand according to the English style, which he declared to be as fine as the famous English hare.

I heard the magnificent Parepa and her whole company each night for a week, in their grand volume of song and opera, and nearly all of the famous actors and actresses, whose names were ringing with fame throughout the land twenty years ago. The stock company of this theater was as good generally as those of the Eastern cities or on the Pacific coast. I have spent many very pleasant hours within the portals of this Mountain Playhouse, which I now recall with fond remembrances by the side of one who was my companion across the sterile deserts of the continent, and who has been the companion of my life, making its hours golden with the light of her love and the joys of her sunny nature.

And then, on Second South Street, but farther to the west, stood the court house, in which the United States Supreme Court of the Territory held its sittings. Here old, silver-haired John Titus presided as chief justice, with Roman firmness and with an acumen born of a clear, well-trained legal mind, and with all the grace and dignity of his mature age. Neither flattery nor fawning swerved him a hair's breadth from the even line of his duty. And similar in character was his associate justice, Thomas J. Drake. When flattery failed, some Mormon leaders sought to alarm them, and thus prevent the rigid enforcement of the law against polygamy, by transmitting them shrouds and coffins, and the portraits of themselves dangling from telegraph poles. Such was the state of affairs that, as late as April, 1866, Associate Justice H. B. McCurdy called by telegraph to Gen. P. E. Conner, commanding United States troops in Utah, but then on a visit to New York City, to go to the Secretary of War and inform him that he (Judge McCurdy) had been publicly denounced and threatened by the Mormons for uniting in marriage one Brassfield, a Gentile (afterward murdered by the Mormons), to a Mormon woman, and that his life and property would be unsafe if the United States troops were withdrawn from the Territory, as was contemplated by the Secretary of War at that time, but not carried into effect for the above cause.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

UTAH JUDGES—INTERVIEW BETWEEN BRIGHAM YOUNG AND JUDGE TITUS—THE MORMON OFFICIALS AND JUDGE DRAKE—UNITED STATES JUDGES OF UTAH AND OTHER OFFICIALS—THE MORRISITES—MURDER OF THEIR PROPHET BY BRIGHAM'S DIRECTION—OTHER MURDERS—GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONG THE PEOPLE—SYSTEM OF TRADE AMONG THE MORMONS—ZION'S CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE INSTITUTION—BRIGHAM'S AUTOCRACY.

AFTER Judge Titus arrived in the Territory and assumed his duties upon the bench, he began to investigate in a quiet manner the facts connected with the brutal murder and robbery of 128 peaceful emigrants from Arkansas, who were journeying through Utah on their way to Los Angeles, California, known to the country as the "Mountain Meadow Massacre," a complete history of which, together with the trial and execution of Bishop John D. Lee, one of the principal actors in the crime, and his confession nearly thirty years after the commission of the horrible act, is related in a subsequent chapter of this work.

Conversing with the Judge one day upon this subject, he stated to me that he entered upon the investigation with a view of establishing the innocence of the Mormon people and their leaders. That he could not believe a civilized people to be guilty of such a heinous offense as the murder of 128 defenseless men, women and children who had surrendered to them their arms and property, and unto whom they had promised the security of their lives and safe guidance to the nearest settlement.

He wished, by investigation, to establish their innocence of any participation in such an act of cruel bloodshed, and in return for the warm reception which had been given him on his arrival, and many acts of kindness since extended, and to publish, under his own signature, as the highest law officer of the Territory, a substantial denial of the allegation, and thus wipe out the stain which blotted their escutcheon.

But, much to his sorrow, the further he proceeded with the investigation the greater the testimony he gathered relating to the horrible

act; the more fully he became convinced that his pre-conceived opinions were wrong, and that the Mormon leaders were guilty of complicity in the revolting crime. From testimony obtained from a secret source he became convinced that the Prophet himself was an accessory, if not the projector of the crime. Having arrived at this conclusion, he did not hesitate to state his convictions to those who talked with him on this subject. Under the machinery of the courts, only Territorial at that period, it was impossible to try and convict these parties. Nevertheless the stern old Judge declared that had he the power he would bring them before his court and convict them of the offense, if possible. Of course it was not long before this declaration on the part of the Judge reached the Prophet's ears, and becoming quite indignant at the charge, all intercourse ceased at once between the head of the church and the chief justice.

Judge Titus was an early riser, and it was his custom to take long morning walks among the foothills of the mountains and other points of interest in the neighborhood. One of the most beautiful walks of the surrounding country was through City Creek Cañon. The lofty hillside rose at either hand to a great height, covered with green verdure upon which cattle fed, clinging like goats to the lofty incline. Below was the purling stream of pure cold water fed from the Alpine watersheds of melted snow and ice. About a mile from the entrance on the bench was a picturesque mill, moved by the gathered waters, in which was ground a part of the grist used by the people. Little gardens here and there dotted the narrow landscape, and at intervals a field of waving grain caught the eye. Overhead was the clear blue ether, the purple haze, the rolling waves of cloud and sunlight reflected on the sparkling waters below and in moving shadows upon the mountain sides. No more beautiful spot was to be found anywhere, but to reach it and follow the footpath leading to the mill you were compelled to open one of the gates of Brigham Young's inclosures and to pass through a garden attached to one of his structures. There was another road leading to the mill, up the foothill leading to Ensign Peak, past the old powder mill on the brow of the first hill, and thence by a path way dug out of the side of the soil at an oblique angle to the base. But going this way you lost the beauty of the lower scenery, the fragrance of the flowers and the scent of the new-mown hay that enlivened you at every point.

Judge Titus concluded early one morning to invoke the mysteries of this valley and himself become acquainted with its beauties and charms. Accordingly he opened the gate for the first time, passed through the garden, wandered leisurely along the side of the stream, stopping now and then to examine some point of interest, some formation of rock or soil (the Judge was a great student of nature), gazing upon the hillside cattle, and inhaling the fragrance of the wild flowers that decked the sides of the stream.

Thus he proceeded to the mill and returned as leisurely as he went. From a window of his mansion Brigham Young had beheld the tall form of the Judge strolling thus through his grounds, and on his return intercepted him near the gate with the remark, "I believe this is Judge Titus." "Yes, sir," promptly responded the Judge, "and I believe I have the honor of addressing Governor Young" (he always called him Governor, having been the first governor of the Territory appointed by the United States.) "Yes, sir; you have" responded Brigham, "and I have a question to ask you. I have heard that you charge me with being criminally connected with the slaughter of the Missouri emigrants at Mountain Meadow. I wish to know, sir, whether or not you have made such a charge against my character as a man and my morality as a Christian leader of this people?" He paused for a reply. He did not believe that Judge Titus would dare to repeat the assertions in his presence, and he could thenceforth brand the statement as a falsehood, on no less an authority than the Judge himself, so he looked fiercely in the face of the old man while he waited for a reply to this question. He did not wait long. Drawing himself to his full height, his tall form as straight as an Indian's, his long gray locks wet with morning dew, he returned the look that Brigham gave him, and thus made reply: "Yes, Governor Young, I did make that statement, and that which is still more to the point, I have the evidence to prove it, and if the system prevailing in the Territory in the summoning of jurors to try such causes, admitted of a fair and impartial trial, I would bring you before my court and convict you and other high leaders of your church of that cruel and bloody offense against humanity and the law of your country."

Brigham Young was perfectly dumbfounded at this bold avowal of the charge by the Judge, and scarcely knew what to reply. At last, summoning his ideas, he pronounced the charge and the statement

of the Judge false, and ordered him never to again invade his premises, at the peril of an ejection by force. The Judge continued his morning walks but not in that direction.

His associate, Judge Drake, of Michigan, although the very opposite in form and stature, was his counterpart in legal attainments and force of character. He was a bitter opponent of the system of polygamy, and an unrelenting foe to the avowed principles of those high in authority in the Mormon Church who sought, by the open violation of the laws of the United States, to encourage the act among their lowlier followers. His course on the bench was as firm as the mountain walls. In the discharge of his judicial duties he was fearless and unflinching. Whenever the opportunity presented, he never failed to enforce the law in as vigorous a manner as the law itself permitted. I do not think he ever had a sense of fear or gave a thought to personal danger. Flattery could not swerve him, and presents of shrouds and coffins and the pictures of men dangling from poles and lamp posts, could not deter him from a strict and impartial discharge of his sworn duties and obligations of his high office. Of course, it was not long before he encountered the hatred of the Mormon officials. And this was more apparent from the fact that upon his entrance into the Territory, he was siezed upon by these same officials who sought by all pleasant means to ingratiate themselves into his good will and affection. He was a very small man, but like King Pepin of old, he possessed a lion's heart.

One day a deputation of Mormon officials waited upon him by direction of President Brigham Young, presenting a request that, inasmuch as he had invoked the ill will of the Mormon people by his rigorous judicial course, it would be for the common good that he should resign his seat on the bench and betake himself beyond the limits of the Territory. This deputation of Mormon elders was led by John Taylor, at that time next in authority to Brigham Young, who after the death of the latter became the president of the Mormon church, assuming the robes of office that fell from Brigham Young.

The little Judge listened gravely to what the leader had to say, and when he had concluded, turned upon him his flashing eyes, and in sharp tones of indignation remarked: "How *dare* you, John Taylor, an unnaturalized citizen of this country, invade the privacy of my house and address such remarks to me, a United States judge of this

Territory? Go you back to your master, Brigham Young, and tell him for me that if he ever dares again to send such a message to me while I preside as an associate justice of the Supreme Court of this Territory, I will arrest and imprison his messengers, and him likewise, for contempt of court, if I be compelled to invoke the aid of the neighboring military forces of the United States to enforce the order. And now, John Taylor, you and your companions get out of my house instantly!" They departed, and that was the last message of similar character delivered to Judge Drake while he presided as associate justice of the Territorial Supreme Court.

But it should be said in justice to both of these judges, that their stern official course was never dictated by any ill-feeling toward the Mormon people. I have often heard them express themselves as friendly to the people even as a sect. Their antagonism was the result of the open and repeated violations of the law against polygamy. I have heard them say that if it would result in the overthrow of the act of polygamy for all future time, they would favor the act of Congress legalizing the offspring then existing. They held that such an act would be justifiable to prevent wrong to the innocent offspring, and the Territory would thereby contain a population of legal citizens and not one of bastards. They praised the skill and industry of the Mormon people, and believed that, rid of the curse of polygamy, a high destiny awaited this remarkable growth of the mountains, which had made the barren earth to bloom in beauty. They were not enemies, but true friends of the people, as time and its evolutions in society would fully demonstrate.

Off the bench no more genial gentlemen could be found in the Territory. Judge Titus was fond of company and possessed great conversational powers. Judge Drake was exceedingly fond of a four-handed game of euchre, and many are the stories told of his excessive fondness for this pastime. He never indulged in it for gain, however, although a most expert player. He never seemed to tire of the game. He would begin early in the evening and continue until long past midnight, if the other players would consent. Once we sought to play a little "game" on him. We made up a party one evening, for the Judge's benefit, which embraced two ladies, both accomplished players. We agreed, before beginning, to play on and on, and continue the game unceasingly until the Judge himself should give the order to

retire. We wished to determine his capacity for endurance and see how far into the night, or rather the morning, he would go before obtaining complete satisfaction. And so we played on, hour after hour. Midnight came, the early hours of the next day passed—one, two, three o'clock, and still the Judge played on with as much earnestness and skill as in the beginning of the evening. Finally, when nearly four, and almost ready for the first faint flashes of the morning sunlight, the Judge noticed that there was no response from his lady partner, and, looking up from the cards in his hand, he for the first time noticed that both ladies were asleep. Taking out his watch and finding that it was nearly 4 o'clock, he laid down his hand with the exclamation "Well, as I have put these ladies to bed, I guess I too, will now retire!" We now took a parting drop of "Valley Tan" and bade him good morning, but we never told him of "our little game" and how he had come forth the victor, although more than sixty years old, considerably more than double the years of either of them who sat with him in the "little game of bluff."

Charles Durkee, of Wisconsin, was governor of the Territory, and Edwin Higgins, of Michigan, its Secretary. The latter has since held a number of offices in the State of Florida, including that of collector of the port of Jacksonville. During our sojourn in the valley we were thrown much together, and a warm friendship grew up between us.

Governor Durkee was an old man, and the office had been tendered him by President Johnson as the rounding off of a long and somewhat eventful political career. He was appointed soon after the death of Governor Doty of the same State. He had served his adopted State in both Houses of the National Legislature, having been a senator, I think, for two terms. He had traveled much and was very entertaining in his reminiscences. He had been presented to the Emperor and the Empress of the French, and it is said, that, being quite a handsome man, the Empress paid him marked attention. I asked him once if this was true, and he slowly ejaculated "Yes." I suspect his mind was wandering over green fields and pastures of the "long ago." He loved to dwell upon his associations with Clay, Calhoun and Webster, and, while an original abolitionist and their first candidate for the presidency, spoke admiringly of the skill of Calhoun as a logician, and praised his exalted talents and character. He died shortly after the expiration of his term as governor.

Charles H. Hempstead was United States district attorney, and a fine gentleman and officer, who in after years acquired fame and riches, but did not long survive to enjoy them.

The United States marshal was J. R. Hosmer, who became entangled in some controversy with the Government on account of the funds entrusted to his care. I always heard him spoken of, however, as a good officer, so far as the business of the courts was concerned.

Gen. A. L. Chetlain was the assessor of Internal revenue (formerly a major-general of volunteers). Brigham Young was said to hold him in high esteem, and frequently invited him to accompany him on his travels through the Territory. But this may have been on account of the office he held. I always found him a genial gentleman and pleasant companion. To be sure it used to vex him mightily to lose the odd game of euchre, but then he only got mad with the cards and his luck and was ever ready to try it over again. He is now a resident of Chicago, Illinois, and has been president of a National bank. He is now living in easy circumstances, and has retired from active business. President Grant appointed him United States Consul to Brussels during his first administration. J. Russell Jones, of Chicago, was the United States minister at the same time, and made his "Republican Court" famous for its grand entertainments.

R. T. Burton, a Mormon, was the collector of Internal revenue. He was the officer in command who murdered the "False Prophet" Morris, and some of his followers called "Morrisites," who had taken refuge at a point near the Weber River, where the Pacific Railroad now issues from the cañon, and before it *detours* toward the line of the lake.

This act of bloodshed produced an excitement similar to that of the "Mountain Meadow Massacre," when the commission of that terrible crime became known, although the number of victims was small compared to that sanguinary deed. Still it was committed under the forms of law and the perpetrators were never punished.

Joseph Morris was a simple uneducated Welshman, who for a considerable period had been the recipient of "revelations" reflecting upon the course of Brigham Young. These revelations were multifold, and soon disciples began to appear. A creed was adopted and consecration of property began. Morris was steward over all. He was received on the Weber with open arms by the Bishop of Kingston Fort,

who declared that "the new prophet had been raised up by the Lord to deliver Isreal from boandage." Here he held his court, and was joined by numerous believers from all parts of the Territory. After awhile some of these believers apostatized, and in seeking a redivision of property by seizing some grain belonging to the Morrisites on its way to the mill, were arrested by the Morrisites' guard and cast into prison. A writ of *habeas corpus* was immediately issued for their release by Chief Justice Kinney and twice afterward, but no attention was paid thereto by this band. Whereupon a posse of Mormon militia,



MURDER OF MORRIS. DESTRUCTION OF THE MORRISITES.

commanded by R. T. Burton, deputy United States marshal, proceeded against them, and with cannon and musketry fired upon them from an eminence, while in prayer meeting, killing many of their number. This effusion of blood could have been avoided by Burton had he possessed true courage. He could have served the summons and released his prisoners by an unarmed posse. This, however, was not the means contemplated. The death of the false prophet and his counselors was necessary to the Mormon church and had been decreed.

After three days' siege of the fort the Morrisites surrendered together with all their arms and property. Burton, much excited, rode up to Morris, and having commanded him to surrender in the name of the Lord, shot him dead, with the remark, "What do you think of your Prophet, now?" He then turned suddenly and shot John Banks, one of the leaders, standing five paces distant. He then shot dead two women for calling him "a bloodthirsty wretch"—one a Mrs. Bowman, the other a Danish woman. This testimony was gathered from an affidavit made by one of them named Alexander Daw, on the 18th of April, 1863, before Charles B. Waite, associate justice of the Supreme Court of Utah Territory.

And this "bloodthirsty wretch," who, under the forms of law, murdered in cold blood these defenseless people, was honored and promoted by his own people, and by the United States Government who appointed him United States collector of Internal revenue. They were not even murdered under the forms of law, but in violation of them, inasmuch as the "False Prophet" and his counselor, Banks, and the two women, one with a babe in her arms, were all murdered *after their surrender*. This atrocious deed was committed either at the bidding of the Mormon leaders, or in the hope of the "monster" that he would thus please Brigham Young by ridding him of a hated rival.

It will be recalled as a fact that Justice Kinney, who issued the writ, was afterward baptized into the Mormon faith in the river Jordan, and sent by Brigham Young as their delegate in Congress—so much for the rewards of even-handed justice.

A. W. Street, a pleasant gentleman and faithful, honest officer, who ever sought to discharge the duties of his responsible office in an impartial manner, was postmaster. He is now engaged in banking at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

F. H. Head was Indian superintendent. He came from Racine, Wisconsin, and was a cousin of the famous lawyer of that name and place. He was a genial sort of a man, had a very pleasant family and was, I think, the only one of all the Federal officers who kept house. I remember picking strawberries, with a pleasure party who had called upon his family, as late as ten o'clock in the evening, from his famous strawberry patch. We picked them in the dark, on our knees, Oh, think of it, ye gods! on our knees! They were as large as walnuts, generally, and in some cases one of them would fill a

small-sized tea-cup. We had no need of a light to pick such mammoths from a vine. And besides that we did not want a light, there were a good many pretty girls with us, and we were young and engaging, and nobody could detect a kiss in the dark in exchange for the biggest strawberry we could find. Mr. Head is now a resident of one of Chicago's beautiful suburbs and has gathered other "crops of plenty" than those of his mountain strawberries, but none more remembered by his friends and neighbors with such kindly thoughts and reminiscences.

At the close of President Johnson's administration there was a general change of Territorial officers, and these pleasant associations were broken up. Judge Titus was afterward appointed chief justice of Arizona, and died while holding that office. Judge Drake died a few years since at his home in Pontiac, Michigan. Judge C. W. Hawley, of Chicago, was appointed in the stead of Judge McCurdy, at the expiration of his term of office, and proved a faithful and efficient member of the court, and has left behind him a good record. He is again a resident of Chicago, passing the evening of his days in peace and happiness.

Of the bar of that early period I recall Thomas Marshall, of the Kentucky family of that name, and his partner, R. M. Carter, who died a few years afterward at Salt Lake City. Mr. Marshall is still a resident and practicing lawyer of that city, and has acquired much wealth in his profession. Also R. H. Baskin, afterward a candidate and contestant for a seat in Congress, and Judge Strickland, who, upon the resignation of Judge Drake, was promoted to the bench. They were all prominent Gentile lawyers, and were entrusted with most of the business before the courts. Of the Mormon lawyers there were Judges Snow and Hoge, both of whom had been elevated to the bench at different periods, and Hosea Stout. I am not informed as to their subsequent career.

There were two banking houses situated on Main Street, one owned and operated by Warren Hussey & Co., the other by Joseph F. Nounman & Co., who afterward sold out to two brothers by the name of Kiskadden. Wells, Fargo & Co. also did a banking business, and both of their departments, express and banking, were operated by their superintendent, Theodore F. Tracy, who came to Salt Lake from California, having been in their employ for many years in that State. Of course they were all Gentile institutions.

The Mormons did not do much in the way of banking. In the early times, and even to the advent of the railroad the Mormon people did not possess much money as a medium of exchange. Money was exceedingly scarce from a multitude of causes, chief among which was the lack of a market for their surplus products. It is true that at one time they issued a certain amount of paper money, but the amount was comparatively small and totally inadequate to the wants of the community. This state of the money market induced a curious system of exchange. The great overland freight trains brought from the East and the Pacific coast all needed goods. Everything was very dear, however, arising from the long and perilous transportation. Months were consumed in crossing the plains with heavily loaded ox trains, and many were lost on the way by storm and flood and Indian violence. The cost therefore, of each article was proportionately great and sometimes scarce. A pound of sugar when the roads were blockaded by winter would cost 50 cents; a sack of flour of 100 pounds, \$50; a cord of wood or a ton of coal, \$25; a gallon of coal oil \$3; a glass chimney for a lamp 50 cents; and a pair of skates, \$12. As there was but little money among the Mormons, the medium of exchange was their products of industry. If a Mormon farmer wished to purchase an article of clothing for himself or a member of his family, he would offer in exchange some other article of his own production. That might not, however, be desired, but he might need a cord of wood or a ton of coal. The farmer did not possess the coal or wood, but he would trade a pig or calves for lumber or sun-dried brick, and the building materials he would trade to a contractor building a house for a merchant, and obtain therefrom an order on the merchant for a certain amount of goods, and, this order duly accepted, he would then exchange for the desired article of clothing. Such was the necessary procedure in the system of exchange among the people of the valley in the earlier times. There was, however, a regular rate of exchange established and strictly adhered to. A bushel of turnips or potatoes would buy a ticket to the Mormon Theatre, and so would ten water-melons or a dozen cantelopes when in season. A bushel of peaches would purchase several pounds of sugar. A hundred cabbages would pay for the quarterly tuition of two children. Four squashes for the daily services of a seamstress. One bushel of carrots for a newspaper subscription; beans and barley for shirts and drawers; buckwheat, for

boots and goods of all description for the doctor. Such was their system of exchange. To obtain money to pay their Eastern exchanges merchants exchanged their products for cattle, flour, butter, cheese, eggs, dried fruit, which at great pains they sold for cash in adjoining mining Territories.

Before the advent of the railroad it cost a Gentile a large sum of money, annually, to live in Salt Lake City. I paid for board and lodgings for myself and wife over \$1,900 per year. Our room, about twelve feet square (we had but one), contained a bedstead of very ordinary construction, a woolen carpet of common texture, a small pinewood center table, a wash-stand, pitcher and basin of whiteware, a small-sized looking-glass and four chairs. There was neither closet, clothes press, bureau, rocking-chair or a single ornament to adorn the room, not even a rack or a shelf for books. For an old cherry-wood veneered bureau which would have charmed the modern taste for the *antique*, I paid in greenbacks \$110. For a little low-backed rocking-chair *without arms, for my wife*, rudely constructed of whitewood, with the rockers so short that every moment or two you would tip over, I paid \$9; and for two shelves four feet long and eight inches wide, strung by cords to the wall, for some of my wife's choice books, I paid \$11. Other articles in proportion. This I was compelled to do to make the room comfortable. My landlady could not afford to thus furnish the room at the price we paid her monthly. Had she been able to furnish the room with ordinary taste, our board and lodging would have cost us over \$2,400 a year.

There were but three prominent hotels at that period in Salt Lake City. The Revere House, located on Second South Street, operated by a Gentile and known as the "Gentile House" of the valley. The Salt Lake House, although a dingy two-storied building, with but few conveniences, possessed a large patronage. It was situated on Main Street, next to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s large stone-front building, and was owned by Brigham Young and operated by one of his numerous sons-in-law, Ferrimore Little. It contained the only public bar in the city, save one, and was a great resort for the miners who came in from their dull abodes in the mountains to spend the winter and their money at this "city of refuge." The third and more fashionable place was the Townsend House, situated on West Temple Street, and was named after its owner and operator. It was in many respects a first-class

hotel. He owed much of his prosperity to his second wife, an English lady, who possessed great business tact and ability. I well remember her lamentations when her lord and master took unto himself a third wife. Brigham finally coveted this "paying" property, and became possessed of it in some way or other by sending Brother Townsend on a "foreign mission."

There were perhaps a dozen stores on Main Street in 1866-67, owned by Gentiles, all the others belonged to Mormon merchants, and, strange as it may appear to the outside Christian world, the majority of these Gentile merchants were Jews.



GENTILES FROM JERUSALEM.

Here Brigham and the Mormon faith had forced the solution of the problem for which the whole Christian world had battled without success from the birth of Christ. In the valley of the Great Salt Lake every "Jew" became a "Gentile." They of all mankind, would make no discrimination, and the "Jew" became absorbed in the "Gentiles." The prosperous Gentile merchants, however, were an eyesore to the Mormon leaders, and they openly declared war upon them from the platform of the Tabernacle. But the preaching of the leaders against the Gentile merchants did not succeed in preventing the Mormon people from trading with them. The great laws of trade and commerce prevailed in the valley just the same as in all other parts of the earth. The purchaser would go where he could obtain the most for his means. When called before Brigham to answer for this violation of the rule, many resorted to

artifice. Those from the country would enter the plea of ignorance. They would declare they could not discern a "Mormon" from a "Gentile" store inasmuch as frequently nearly all their employes would be men in full faith and accord with the Mormon religion.

To overcome this state of affairs, Brigham Young conceived a "working plan." On the 8th of October, 1868, he called a meeting of all Mormon merchants, and directed that a certain figure or emblem should be placed upon the sign board of every Mormon store. This motto, which he had already improvised, he declared should be the following characters, "Holiness to the Lord," placed over an all-seeing eye. With this to point the way unerringly, there would be no further excuse for a violation of the command of non-intercourse between Mormon and Gentile. Suddenly these emblems appeared in bright colors over every Mormon store in the city. The evil did not, however, abate with the new sign-boards. The Mormons *would* trade with the Gentiles, because they obtained better goods at cheaper prices. They simply followed the law of human nature. Brigham was sorely perplexed. He would not, however, yield to the inevitable. He contrived another and more effective plan, which, while appearing to operate favorably, conspired to the ruin of a large number of the smaller merchants of the Mormon faith.

One day a Mormon merchant asked permission to establish on a small scale a system of coöperative stores for the Mormon settlements in the Territory. Brigham replied: "Let that pass for the present!" But he had grasped the idea, and now proposed to establish the same system on a mighty scale.

Brigham proposed to establish a grand coöperative commercial system. All the Mormon merchants were directed to deliver over their goods and form one general wholesale coöperative store that would supply branch stores in every ward of the city and all the settlements throughout the Territory. This organization was effected early in 1869. Brigham Young was president; William H. Hooper, then a delegate in Congress, vice-president, and the apostles, George A. Smith, George Q. Cannon, Horace Eldredge, William Jennings and Henry W. Lawrence a board of five directors. There was also a secretary and a superintendent. Thus was Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution established to blot out the Gentile merchants and their rapidly growing influence and to pave the way to greater wealth and

influence of the Prophet. A few of the more wealthy merchants survived this commercial war, but all of the smaller merchants, Mormon and Gentile, succumbed to the inevitable and lost everything.

This system operated exceedingly well for a while, and Brigham Young found it a profitable source of wealth without labor or capital. It added many dollars to his already plethoric purse. But the development of the mines, which began with the advent of the railroad, attracted, together with the building of the road, many thousands of Gentiles, who purchased large supplies for the prosecution of this new branch of industry. Again the tide turned. Walker Brothers and many Gentile merchants and operators became immensely wealthy. The shackles in a degree were stricken from the limbs of the Saints by certain schisms that arose in the church.

The visit and preaching in Salt Lake City of the sons of Joseph Smith, their early prophet, against polygamy and in favor of a reorganized church, the establishment of a liberal Mormon paper or magazine, the disfellowship and excommunication of seven prominent Mormons, all of official position, because of a declaration "that the Almighty never intended the priesthood to do their thinking," and other influences of like character, operated upon the Mormon mind and aided in the breaking away of many from their allegiance to the Mormon hierarchy and the establishment of a liberal party. They held that it was the duty of the Mormon people to aid in the development of the mineral wealth of the Territory. By that means they would themselves become wealthy, and no longer be under the thralldom of the church leaders, who, with Brigham Young as their chief, kept them in ignorance through poverty, and in poverty so as to more thoroughly become their masters through their ignorance and superstition. The vast mineral wealth of Utah began to be developed for the first time by Mormon brawn and capital since their entry into the valley. A year after this liberal movement began, matters had so changed that, during the conference, the Gentile stores were so crowded with purchasers that it was with difficulty they could all be served.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**CAMP DOUGLAS—CONFLICT BETWEEN UNITED STATES TROOPS AND MORMON OFFICIALS—ASSASSINATIONS BY MORMONS—THE DANITES—ORIGIN OF THEIR ORDER—ITS MISSION AND ITS MURDERS IN THE NAME OF THE CHURCH AND RELIGION—"BILL" HICKMAN, THE CHIEF OF THE DANITES—HISTORY OF HIS LIFE—"BILL" HICKMAN'S CONFESSION TO THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY—EIGHTEEN PERSONS ASSASSINATED BY HIS HANDS—HE KILLS HIS OWN BROTHER-IN-LAW IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS SISTER, IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.**

ONE of the principal objects of interest surrounding Salt Lake City was Camp Douglas, situated on an eminence some distance from the eastern base of the Wahsatch Mountains, and commanding at long range the entire city. It was sufficient in proportions to contain a force of 2,000 men, but there was seldom more than one regiment, and frequently not more than six companies.

At the time of my sojourn in the valley this camp or fort was in command of Col. William H. Lewis, a brave and genial officer of the United States army, whom I learned not alone to respect very highly for his many soldierly qualities, but to love for his noble deeds and warm and generous nature. He was a most accomplished officer, a strict disciplinarian when duty called into exercise those qualities of a superior officer, but a kind commander, who ever sought the comfort and health of his troops and inspired within them love and respect.

As the Mormon people seldom opened their houses for the entertainment of the Gentile portion of the community, but looked upon them as enemies and hostile invaders of their Territory, who came into their midst for purposes of gain or mischief, and as the Gentile population generally possessed neither homes nor other places of entertainment or amusement, but, less from choice than necessity, were compelled to board at the hotels at high rates, they were unable to entertain each other. In this state of affairs Camp Douglas offered the sole relief afforded the Gentiles. There were many fine ladies among that element of the population, highly educated and very intelligent from study, travel and observation. The wives of the officers were of the same class, and consequently there was a "community of feeling"

among them that brought them naturally into close relations. Many indeed were the pleasant entertainments and reunions indulged in by us all. It was always a merry ride to the camp, and a hearty greeting ever met us as we tumbled out of the coach or dropped upon the ground from the driver's box. And then the dances, the merry-go-rounds, the suppers, the wine, the "Valley Tan" or the States' product, the smokes and long talks and reminiscences of battlefield, march and bivouac; beautiful women, brave men, and the glorious scenery of the Rocky Mountains, lit to our view by heaven's lamp swinging in its silvery orbit high over the tallest peak that towered above the lofty domes and minarets of the Wahsatch range. Ah, happy days of early manhood and womanhood! Ye are like a flower that hath withered on the plains that once bloomed in its fragrant beauty. Ye are the reminders of the most beautiful part of our lives, the sap of our nature, the garland of happy thoughts springing like a thing of life from the hidden recesses of our being. Ye are the golden fruit we plucked with our own hands from the tree of life, preserved lo, these many years by our fondest and dearest memories. Ye are the visions of day dreams lost amid the slumbers of the years, but rising at our bidding on the other side, like a rainbow from a chasm. Ye come back to us in the sound of the stream that memory brings close to our side. Ye are before us in every star that twinkles over the wasted camp-fires. We hear you in every mountain breeze that fans our wrinkled brows. Ye come at the bidding of a faded flower that some sweet hand had pressed and given us and which we laid away with tenderness, and the little line written upon the torn-off margin of a newspaper by one we loved and hid away from human eyes to feast upon alone. In every gentle impulse and sweet and tender thought, partaking of a higher and holier purpose; in the fuller retrospection of our lives ye all come back to us over the billows of time with the soft whirl of angel wings. Of all that camp of life and beauty of twenty years ago how few are left and how scattered are those remaining!

The sign-post pointing beyond the limits of life tells where many have gone. They have died upon Indian battle-fields. They have fallen by the wayside. Many of the beautiful lie upon the western hills, where early sunlight gilds their graves with a golden glory. Others are mature mothers with fair daughters, who make merry with song and dance the camps of to-day, just as their mothers did those of

the "long ago." Of all the Gentile element that mingled with them at the frolics and the dance scarce one remains in the valley to tell the story of their earlier days. The brave commander of the post—the accomplished soldier, the genial friend and comrade, the noble Lewis—felt his life pass away drop by drop from an Indian bullet, in an engagement on September 27th, 1878, with Dull Knife's band of Northern Cheyennes, who had left their agency at Fort Reno, Indian Territory, and were raiding the settlements of Kansas on their way north. Colonel Lewis was in command of a detachment of the Nineteenth Infantry, mounted, and Fourth Cavalry, and had overtaken the Indians near Punished Woman's Fork, southeast of Wallace, and was leading in the attack when this mortal wound was received. Although the savages were a much superior force, well armed and drilled and of the fairest fighting qualities, they were repulsed and driven before them by the splendid bravery of his men. But the gallant commander fell at the first fire, shot in the leg, the ball grazing the artery and permitting the life blood to escape. Unfortunately there was no surgeon accompanying the scouting command, and, binding up his wounds as best they could, they laid their commander on a stretcher and started for Fort Wallace, the nearest spot from which they could obtain surgical aid, but distant many miles. And then began the solemn race for life. The wound itself was not necessarily fatal, but the loss of blood the evil. Drop by drop the life fluid fell from the lacerated limb and stained the ground over which his companions hastened. Could he hold out until they reached the friendly shelter of the fort where sympathy and science would blend their power to restore him once more to life and battle, or would he perish from exhaustion on the way thither? Hope had well nigh sprung exultant in their breast, for all but fifty miles of the long journey was complete, traveling with all the speed the wound would permit. Alas! at this moment the wound that had been partially held in check through their simple appliances now burst forth afresh and drained the already depleted veins and arteries of their life-sustaining fluid. Almost within sight of the fort and rescuing friends he perished, and the spirit of the noble Lewis joined the innumerable band who had traveled on before from march, bivouac and battle-field. He was buried with military honors, and the United States authorities named a post upon the Indian frontier after the lamented officer. Peace to your ashes, brave, genial, loving Lewis!

But Camp Douglas has been the scene of events far more stirring than those of a social nature. Grim-visaged war has well nigh rolled its echoes at its wrinkled base; shotted guns have been pointed at a city that lay in quiet beauty far down in the valley; drilled men have stood in serried ranks waiting the word of command to "move on!" Fleeting moments have hurried by with rapid gait that would end the hour of halting on the narrow frontier that lay between peace and war; and all awaiting a single word from the great high priest of the Mormon Church, whether he would obey the laws, or, failing therein, bring on a conflict between the United States authorities and the Mormon people. Not once but often has this occurred, and only the firmness of the officer in command of the camp, and the knowledge on the part of Brigham Young and his coadjutors that a conflict with the military authorities of the United States Government must be the destruction by shot and shell of their city and the annihilation of their prosperity as a sect has prevented a collision that would have resulted in bloodshed and ruin. This fort was originally laid out and built by Gen. P. Conner, in command of the California troops during the war between the States.

A collision occurred between this officer and the head of the church that almost resulted in the bombardment of the town. Still later the camp was commanded by Gen. Henry A. Morrow, of whom I have hitherto spoken, and the arrest and imprisonment of members of his command and the refusal of the Mormon authorities to release them upon the imperative order of their commanding officer produced another conflict of authority that would have resulted in a demonstration upon the city but for their timely surrender. This, however, was not accomplished until he had shotted his guns and placed his whole command in military array, which being witnessed by a delegation of Mormons, whom their chief had sent to parley with the commander, and who returned with this information and the last word from Morrow that, unless his men were brought within his lines by a certain hour, he would open fire upon the town, they were finally surrendered and returned to their camp.

Camp Douglas has ever been a "city of refuge" for those Gentiles who had invoked the wrath of the Mormon leaders, by the denunciation of the polygamous part of their creed and thereby subjected themselves to physical violence. I recall an instance that came under my own

observation. The Gentile organ of Salt Lake City was at that time called *The Salt Lake Reporter*, and was owned and edited by a Californian named Saul, who, by a series of caustic articles and editorials severely censuring the unlawful practice of the Mormon community, had filled the hearts of their Mormon leaders with wrath and hatred. Just about that time the fall conference of the church began its daily sessions in the Tabernacle, presided over by Brigham Young and the twelve apostles. The people had assembled from all parts of the Territory, and firm believers in the faith were there to do the bidding of their masters.

It was not long before Brigham Young began his usual tirade against the Gentile element of their population. Always severe, on this occasion he became furious in his denunciation of the editor of the Gentile paper and his well-known friends, calling each by their names, and stating to his followers, in strong terms, that the "fate of such men should be a rope and a telegraph pole."

This, of course, was construed by all the Gentiles present, among them the editor of the obnoxious paper, as an intimation on the part of the leaders of the church that their hasty demise would not be regarded by them as entirely objectionable.

Remembering the fate of Dr. J. K. Robinson, a most splendid man, humane physician and Christian gentleman, who came into the Territory in 1864, as assistant surgeon of the United States army, and who resigned to practice medicine in Salt Lake City, and who was assassinated when but thirty years old, having incurred the displeasure of the Mormon leaders by laying claim, under the law and in accordance with its forms, to a certain piece of ground on which was located the now famous "Hot Springs," and who was called from his bed in the dead of night on a supposed errand of professional mercy, and murdered within half a block of his house by those believed to be paid and sworn agents of the church, specially deputized to perform such deeds of bloodshed—a band of Mormons known as "*Danites*" or "*Avengers*," a bloody, peculiar, mysterious organization, which presently will be more fully described.

Recalling all of the facts herein related and the untimely end of others who had incurred the displeasure of the Mormon Church leaders by this same band of assassins, whose peculiar death-mark was a pistol wound at or near the heart, and two wounds by dirk-knives, one on

either side of the pistol wound; recalling likewise the murder of Brassfield early one evening, when the streets were alive with people, who was shot in the back by a concealed assassin while walking on Main Street in the company of the United States marshal, J. K. Hosmer; and the killing of "Negro Tom" on the ground of a "woman scrape," but really because he had offered to testify in certain polygamous cases before the United States courts; recalling the assassination of Hatch and Spence and the three apostates, Potter, Wilson and Walker, each butchered in cold blood by the vengeful, merciless monsters already described as members of the horrible order of the "Danites" or Sons of Dan; recalling all these murders, conscientiously believed to have been instigated by the leaders of the church, occurring as they did in the midst of an otherwise peaceful community, where order and quietude were the inflexible rule, when street brawls and rioting were unknown, and the outward forms of morality so closely observed that bar-rooms were prohibited and houses of prostitution a myth—all of them reminders of what might be in store for those who had now received the open condemnation of their church—it was no wonder that the friends of free speech, the advocates of liberal progression, and the opposers of Mormon polygamy, should fear the same dark unseen hand of the Danite who had sworn to fulfill the bloody prophecies of the head of the church and implicitly obey his commands, and who in turn as leader relied in the main for the propagation of his will upon the fear inspired everywhere in his spiritual realm, by the crimson acts of this mysterious Order of Danites. And what was this "Order?"

This was an organization in fellowship with the Mormon Church, reliable in their absolute adhesion to the faith, and in their willingness to obey "counsel"—otherwise the will and command of the Mormon leaders. Their chief calling was to assassinate all persons inimical to the church, who had been so declared by the highest authority, and to plunder or destroy the property of the offenders. They are said to have been organized in the infancy of the church, especially during the troublous times in the State of Missouri, and were divided into companies of tens and fifties commanded by officers duly appointed with signs and grip by which they identified each other at all times, and were bound by the most sacred obligations, to preserve in secrecy their diabolical acts.

Elder John Hyde, in his historical work upon "Mormonism, its Leaders and Designs," pages. 104, 105, thus describes its origin:

"When the citizens of Carroll and Davis counties, Missouri, began to threaten the Mormons with expulsion in 1838, a 'death society' was organized under the direction of Sidney Rigdon and with the sanction of Smith. Its first captain was an apostle, David Patten, *alias* Captain 'Fearnaught'. Its object was the punishment of the obnoxious. Some time elapsed before finding a suitable name. They desired one that would combine spiritual authority with a suitable sound. Micah iv: 13, furnished the first name, 'Arise and thresh, O daughter of Zion, for I will make thy horn iron and thy hoofs brass, and thou shalt beat in pieces many people, and I will consecrate their gain to the Lord of the whole earth.' This furnished them with a pretext, it accurately described their intentions, and they called themselves the 'Daughters of

Zion.' Some ridicule was made at these bearded and bloody 'Daughters,' and the name did not sit easily. 'Destroying Angels' came next; the 'Big fan of the thresher that should thoroughly purge the floor,' was tried and dropped. Genesis XLIX: 17. furnished the named finally assumed. The verse is quite significant: 'Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path that biteth the horse's heel so that his rider shall fall backward.' The 'Sons of Dan' was the style they



A DANITE.

adopted, and many have been the times that they have been adders in the path, and many a man has fallen backward and has been seen no more. Such was the origin of the Danites, whose terrorism has pervaded all ranks of the Mormon Church and priesthood, and whose vengeance has not alone been wreaked upon the Gentile, but by order of the leaders, upon offending elders in the church.



JOHN D. LEE.

Brigham Young himself has often publicly declared the existence of such an organization, and notably so when from the platform of the Tabernacle he said: "If men come here and do not behave themselves they will not only find the Danites biting their horse's heels, but *the scoundrels will find something biting their heels*. In my plain remarks I call things by their own names."—*Deseret News*, Vol. VII, p. 143.

Many Mormons became famous for their dark deeds as members of this organization, among them John D. Lee, executed by the United States' authorities for the horrible butchery of the Arkansas emigrants at Mountain Meadows in 1857; Porter Rockwell, a noted leader and scout, and Bill Hickman, who became a witness for the Government on the trial of Brigham Young, Bill Hickman *et al.*, for murder committed 200 miles east of Salt Lake City during the approach of Johnston's army in that year. Hickman for many years was the leader of

the Danites, or Avenging Angels, and George C. Bates, as United States district attorney for Utah, states that while preparing for trial upon that indictment, it became his duty to examine the witness, Hickman, privately,



BILL HICKMAN.

with a view of ascertaining the nature and extent of his testimony and its credibility. As an illustration of the character and ferocity of the men composing this band of "Destroying Angels of the Lord," I quote a part of the statement made by the district attorney relating to this witness :

"This chief of the Danites was the most extraordinary human being that I have ever yet seen in all my professional and official life, reaching back half a century. Of course, as he had turned State's evidence, and was to

be permitted to escape all punishment for his crime, and as he was dependent to a great degree on my recommendation for mercy, he was harmless and obsequious to the last degree, and I felt absolutely safe in all my long intercourse with him, which lasted some two or three years, all the time that I was United States district attorney, and down to March, 1873. On closing the door I took my seat on the bed, pencil in hand, and Bill took the only chair. As I began I took a careful look at my witness, companion and coöperator in the prosecution of President Young, and never can I forget that portrait. About six feet high, he was an immense mass of muscle and flesh, with huge arms and legs, very dark complexion, heavy eyebrows; his short bristling hair, dark gray, coming down over his low brow and cut like that of a Comanche Indian, directly square across his forehead, an immense bull neck, with a skin like that of a rhinoceros, hands like iron,

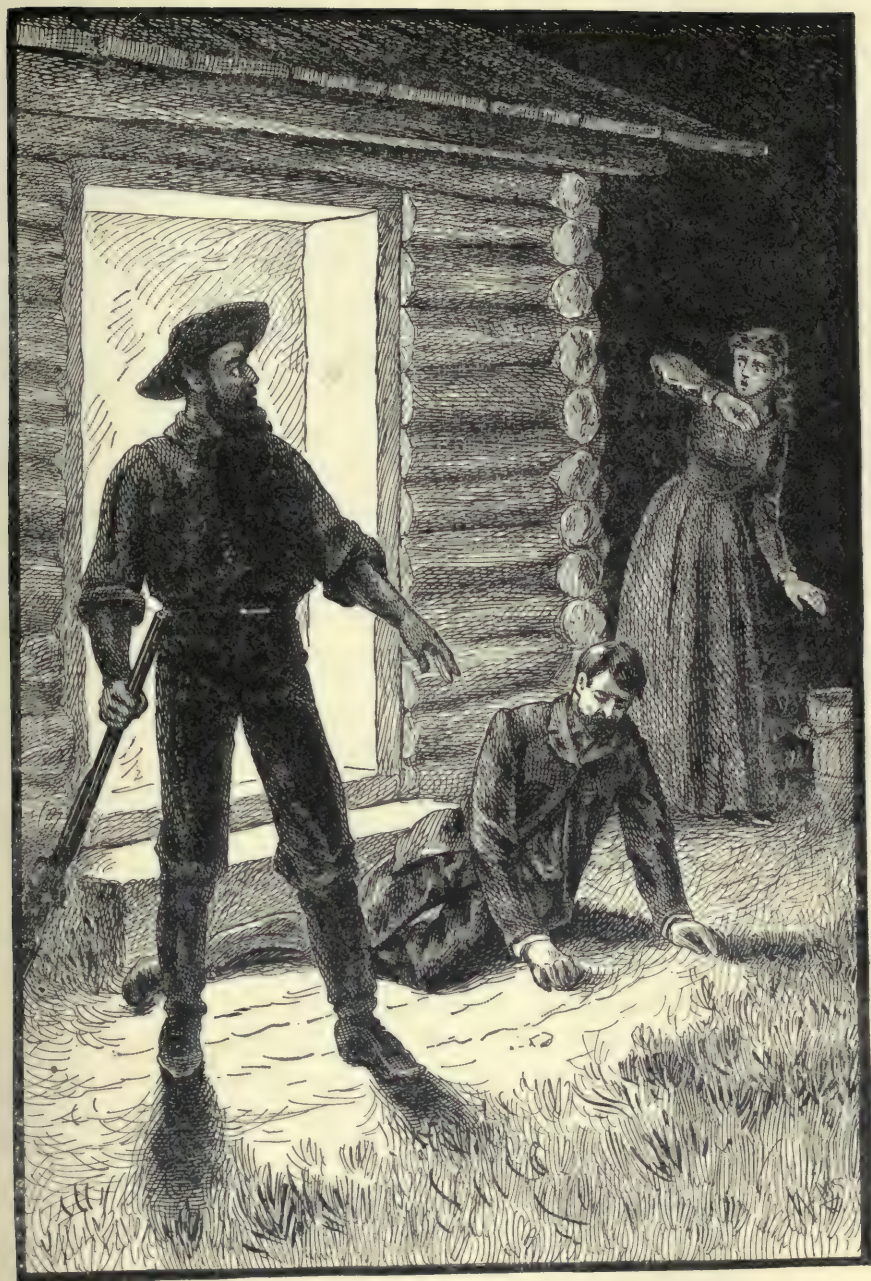
immense feet clad in huge miner's boots, red undershirt, and, what was more striking than all, his right eye fixed into the socket and covered all over with blood, while his left one absolutely sparkled with a hellish glitter and malice, reminding me greatly of Bill Sykes in his last hours, after his murder of Nancy, and I shuddered all over as he stared at me with that horrid eye like old Chouetts in the 'Wandering Jew.' I stared at him and he at me until he was first to speak, when he said: 'Squire, you must give me some whisky before we go to work, I can not talk without it.' And directly at my request the marshal brought a quart bottle of the very best whisky which the Mormon druggists there keep. Taking the bottle, for we had no glass, he insisted that I should drink first, evidently fearing that there might be drugs in his draught, and so I tasted it and handed it to him, when he drained more than half the quart. Smacking his lips, he said, 'Squire, that is good; now I am ready; go ahead.' So to test him and his memory, I told him to begin where he began with the Mormons and tell me the entire history of his life and his connection with Brigham Young, and bring it down to the matters charged in the indictment—Sprague, I think, was the murdered man's name—and give me the details of that murder and the minutest incidents connected with it. Smacking his lips and taking another swig at the whisky, and fixing the blood-shot eye on my forehead, and the other eye of the basilisk on mine, he began, and with my pencil I noted what he said, but a little of which I can now recall, but enough to make me shudder even yet at its fearful details.

First and foremost, he was born on the frontier of Missouri, where he began his life fighting Indians and negroes, many of whom he cut and shot, and spent all his early days at horse races, cock-fighting and shooting matches, and so he became an expert card player, a magnificent horse-rider and breaker, a man who could cut a twig at eighty rods with his rifle, and could wing a pigeon with his revolver, could throw all men in a wrestle, and could drink more whisky squat lower, jump higher, run faster and whip any man in all that border-ruffian region of Western Missouri. Indeed, young Bill Hickman was the pride and boast and glory and terror of all the region around where he lived. When about twenty-one he attended a Methodist camp meeting to make fun of it, and, overtaken by the Holy Spirit, entered the ring, was converted to the Lord, and became a Methodist

exhorter, where his loud voice, his loud psalm-singing and terrific prayer soon made him a wonder among saints and sinners. Soon after his conversion he straggled off to Council Bluffs, in the winter of 1841, where Brigham Young was then gathering together the Latter-Day Saints for their grand march across the Great American Desert, and then and there Hickman soon became a leader in the prayers and praises and hymns of this strange body of people, and at once commanded the confidence, and soon the hearty attachment and friendship, of their great leader, their president, seer and revelator, Brigham Young, as his religious zeal, his immense strength, and all his characteristics pointed him out as the very man for any wicked deeds or enterprises that his chief might need or desire. According to his own statement, he soon encountered there at Council Bluffs a rival of his own, and a thorn in the side of Brigham Young—a young exhorter, a sixteenth-blooded Indian, whose eloquent religious exhortations and personal beauty attracted the Mormon women, and at Brigham Young's suggestion one night Hickman shot him on the banks of the Missouri, about a mile from camp, buried his body in the dark and turbid waters, from his canoe, but took his scalp, carefully wrapped up in a cotton cloth, and carried it all the way to Salt Lake, where Brigham Young used to caress it with his fat hands, and where it was kept for many a long year, as the Indians keep scalps, as a memento of Hickman's devotion to his lord and master, Brigham Young.

“Soon after the settlement of the Mormons at Salt Lake one of his daughters married a Gentile—a foreigner I think—and after, as husband and wife, they had lived together and had children, one moonlight night Hickman and his gang of Danites were riding past his own daughter's residence out near the lake, when, screaming and yelling like demons, they rode to the front door, and Hickman called for a bucket of water, which the daughter brought out, and, after quenching his thirst, as his son-in-law appeared at the front door, he deliberately shot him dead with his double-barreled gun at the very feet of his own daughter, screaming out: ‘So die all damned Gentiles, enemies of the Latter-Day Saints of Jesus Christ.’

“His ferocity, his murderous instincts, and his fearful brutality made him chief of the Danites for many a long year, and as such he was the great executioner of all those who dared to rebel against the Mormon hierarchy, and he gave me all the damnable particulars of the



HICKMAN SHOOTING HIS SON-IN-LAW.



repeated taking off of those sentenced to death by his superior officers in the church, and in it all he vowed that he had acted solely under Divine authority, as transmitted to him from God himself, by and through the president, prophet, seer and revelator, of the church of Latter-Day Saints of Jesus Christ. During these interviews he admitted his individual killing at various times of eighteen different persons in the long years anterior thereto, and in each and every instance he claimed that he was inspired by and acting under the advice and by direction of Brigham Young, and from obedience to his religious views. But, coming down to the case at bar, he stated that the murdered man described in the indictment against Young and himself was a spy on the Mormons, who had carried the news to Johnston's army; that he had taken him as a prisoner of war, and that Joseph Young had brought him word that the president wished him 'used up;' that accordingly they went into camp, and when all were asleep, he (Hickman) took an ax, and with its head beat in his brains, and then moved the camp fire and buried his body in the ground and rebuilt the fire over it, so that its ashes covered his burial; that he took off the dead man's pantaloons, cut them off so as to fit himself, took his \$780 in gold, carried it to Salt Lake, where Brigham Young converted the whole of it to his own use, well knowing that it had been obtained by murder; and then and there the quarrel began which ended finally in the everlasting feud between Brigham Young and his Destroying Angel Bill Hickman. But as the indictment was found by an illegal court and jury, and I, as United States district attorney, was adjudged to have no legal right to prosecute, the whole matter ended with these confessions and now sleeps in the graves of Brigham Young and Bill Hickman and their victims."

Such was the man who had been designated by the leaders of the church as the chief of their "Destroying Angels." The horrible massacre of the Missouri emigrants at Mountain Meadow from which John D. Lee paid the penalty with his life, was equaled in ferocity by the long-continued and deliberate murders of this merciless wretch—committed in the name of the Mormon religion and its leaders. He died in Wyoming Territory, after two years of besotted misery, steeped in whisky and opium—in that valley where he had fled to escape the punishment he so well merited for his brutal crimes committed during his twenty years of slaughter.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE GENTILES—THE LIFE OF THE EDITOR OF THE GENTILE PAPER IN SALT LAKE CITY THREATENED BY MORMON LEADERS—THE BOLD ATTITUDE OF THE PAPER—THE MORMON CONVENTION—BRIGHAM'S SPEECH ENRAGES THE MULTITUDE—THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF THE GENTILE PRESS—ARMED CITIZENS BARRICADE THE ENTRANCE TO THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM AND AWAIT THE ATTACK—WORD SECRETLY CONVEYED TO BRIGHAM YOUNG BY COLONEL LEWIS, COMMANDING THE POST AT CAMP DOUGLAS THAT HE WOULD HOLD HIM PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY ATTACK UPON THE LIVES AND PROPERTY OF THE GENTILES—BRIGHAM ALARMED AND CALLS OFF IN HASTE HIS "DOGS OF WAR"—THE GOOD BISHOP WOOLEY, THE FRIEND OF THE GENTILES—HIS SUNDAY EVENING DISCOURSES—HIS QUAIN'T SPEECHES.

THE editor of the Gentile paper, although a brave and thoroughly earnest man in the work he had undertaken to perform, did not care to thus ruthlessly become the sacrifice of this *Moloch*, and so wended his way to Camp Douglas, and related the whole affair to the commanding officer who, while offering his camp as a place of protection in case of need, suggested to the editor to return to his labor and proceed with his regular duties as if nothing extraordinary had occurred to mar his peace of mind, promising to give all needed protection in case an act of open violence should occur. The editor did not so much fear an attack upon his life as the open threats of destroying his presses and the machinery and material of his office, which, in those days of slow travel before the construction of the Pacific Railroad, would have involved great pecuniary loss as well as infinite delay in replacing them from the distant States.

Acting upon the suggestion of Colonel Lewis, he returned to the city and called a number of his friends together for personal consultation. Each, while disclaiming any desire to fan the flame of discontent, which was strongly evidenced by the excited manner of large bands of Mormons patrolling Main Street on which the office of the paper was located, felt that the critical moment had come when it should be determined, possibly by their own actions, whether free speech and an untrammelled press should survive the passions of the hour. If they should suffer themselves to be overawed by the

determined action of the Mormon leaders, without an effort on their own part to maintain their legal rights, there was no hope for any further usefulness in the Territory of Utah. It was, therefore, determined to proceed with the publication of the paper, and to the author of this work, who formed one of the party of consultation, was delegated the labor of writing the editorial in reply to the threats of violence on the part of the Mormon leaders. This act I have always thought to have been prompted by the fact that I had never been considered as belonging to the extreme radical wing of the Gentile element. As an officer of the United States Government, I had always endeavored to preserve kindly relations with that people, while performing the duties to which I had been assigned, in an impartial manner. Occasionally, when discontinuing a useless postoffice I had been the object of unfriendly remarks concerning an "assumption of powers," etc.; but generally, so far as I know, I was *tolerated* as much as any Gentile would be in a community with whose sentiments it was well known I was at variance. Still, I had never been an agitator, I had never stood upon the street corners denouncing the Mormon people and their peculiar doctrines and methods. I had never declared that this people, their homes, and all the results of their skill and industry should be blotted from the earth. On the contrary, I had constantly commended the great work they had performed in fashioning a city of civilization from the barren rocks and rude soil that lay beneath the rugged mountains. I had found much to praise in a truly earnest manner, and whenever called upon to condemn their unlawful acts in the open practice of polygamy, I did it in an equally earnest manner directly to those thus engaged. I had at least inspired within them a personal respect, and a declaration which I had often heard that I was "not a hypocrite!" It is true, I had as strongly as language could be written, urged the President to reappoint Judge Titus as a concession to the Gentile element. On the other hand, however, my Gentile friends found infinite fault because I always recommended *Mormons* for the postoffices of the smaller towns, and because I boarded first at a Mormon hotel, and afterward in a Mormon lady's household, and did not patronize the "only Gentile House!"

I suppose it was because I thus occupied this passive position that I was chosen to write the editorial which appeared on the day following, and which I reprint from a copy of *The Reporter* preserved all these years.

## "THE SALT LAKE DAILY REPORTER.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 9, 1868.

THE ISSUE JOINED. ?

"There is a commotion in Zion. The faithful of the Lord have gathered once more in the city of the Saints to moralize upon the uncertainties of Utah life, to adore his holiness, the ancient and favored Brigham, and to hurl defiance and hatred in the teeth of the few remaining Gentiles who have for many years withstood the storm of Mormon wrath and persecution and anchored here beneath the shadow of Great Brigham's throne, amid the glare of the flaming torches of his Angels of Peace(?) to pursue the even tenor of their way and enjoy 'the bitter little that of life remains.' All hail the peaceful reign of a harmonious and loving master! When the king speaks let all Mormondom be silent! Hearken unto the sayings of this 'Prince of Peace,' oh, ye Gentiles, through his chosen orator, for in them there is much food for meditation, and much to be garnered up for the day of wrath which is to dawn.

"Ye have grown fat upon the proceeds of your labor, and it is unseemly in the eyes of the faithful unto whom much fatness doth not adhere—save unto the few who by reason of much labor in tithes gathering, have become like unto their well-fed Gentile brethren.

"Ye have built houses of granite in their midst, and storehouses of much space and strength, and have filled them with many goods, rich in pattern and fine of texture and enduring the wearers thereof. A sainted brother who entered in among ye being dazzled by the splendor of your array, and his appetite sharpened by the overpowering sense of the 'goodness of the goods' for the inner man, fain would not depart until he had laid by with you, instead of his Mormon brother, the dollars and cents earned by his own industry, but which should have gone to enrich his brother's coffers—regardless of the *quid pro quo*.

"Ye have built a church in their midst, established a religion ordained in the faith of your fathers, created schools for the instruction of the young of all creeds and gathered into your fold some of the innocent offspring of your Mormon brethren.

"And, oh, horror of horrors! The most atrocious crime of all crimes against reason, justice and the immortal principles of truth, against the advancing interests of this age of progress and enlightenment, and all the sublime doctrines of progression in learning and refinement cultivation and information, ye have established a newspaper in their midst, which comports not in character with their chosen organs, but which is the advocate of equality and liberty on American soil wherever the flag may float to venerate the cherished ideas of peace and union to those who, amid the blaze of battle and the red cloud of war, fought beneath its glorious folds and bear the honorable scars of bloody battle, which is also the advocate of free competition in the markets of

the States and Territories — in the trades and professions of mankind, in the accelerating influences that operate in the great workshops of civilization, and the reorganizing principles of individual and coöperative action, that, as they are exercised for the weal or woe of mankind, make the scales of freedom go up and down.

“Now hearken ye unto the sayings of the Prophet of the Lord, in these latter days, and his faithful coadjutors. This Gentile prosperity and progression in the midst of the land, in full view of the faithful and beneath the shadow of the throne, must cease at once. It can no longer be tolerated in Israel. The fiat has gone forth, and these works of labor and of love must come to an untimely end—be like mile-stones on a deserted road, or like the ruins of Palmyra or ancient Greece. Even nature must cease her development, or move in crooked wayward lines. No longer does a common origin and common manhood bind the human race. No longer can the eternal principles of light and life and truth and reason sway the minds of men and govern their daily actions. They are all to be obliterated as ‘footprints on the sands of time.’ Faithful coadjutors and favorable combinations of circumstances, and strength of martial squad, sometimes are great auxiliaries to successful results, but in this case the Prophet of these latter days will do the work unaided and scatter the Gentile hosts unto the corners of the earth as by mighty winds from Æolian caves. Standing within the Tabernacle of sounding proportions, or on Ensign Peak, of immortal fame, or beneath the crested heights of rugged Wahsatch, where the gates of the east ope in the winding road, where many a pilgrim foot has trod and many a longing eye been cast, standing in the might and power of his own gigantic strength, like the shrouded Junius, he will dare all to combat—king, lords and commoners—but, unlike that terrible shadow, he will fight in the open lists, defying God, man and the devil, the United States Government, the whole Yankee race, whole fleets of iron and whole armies of blood-dyed veterans.

“But, first of all, a more pacific policy must prevail. Ends may be attained without all this display of individual prowess and martial skill and fervor. Logic, inexorable logic, may, after all, be the charm which will drive away the pain that a Gentile presence produces. Let the reasoning be made known. The Gentile element is weak in the midst of the faithful, although their labor and industry has made them prosperous and wealthy. In the light of the nineteenth century and the advancing railroad it will not do to murder them at one fell blow as were some of their kith and kin in earlier days, although it would delight the facetious souls of many of the faithful to behold a few dangling from telegraph poles and their homes pillaged and their business places ‘gutted,’ yet the more merciful plan of starvation can be adopted to accomplish the desired result. Now the Gentile element

being weak in our midst, and the Saints being strong in numbers and faithful in disposition, they will be crushed and starved out of our midst, and out of existence by non-intercourse on the part of the faithful, and mighty proscriptions on the part of the magnates. Therefore, this proclamation shall issue—'that henceforth and forever in Zion it shall be unlawful for a Saint to enter the domicile or storehouse of a loathsome Gentile, or purchase from him any article that he may offer for sale, no matter at what low price it may be sold, or to sell or trade to any of the aforesaid race any article that a Saint may have for disposal, no matter at what high figure it may be sold, or to give, grant or present even in the name of charity anything that a Saint may possess, not excepting an article of food, to a Gentile, tho' he be sorely pressed by hunger; for they are 'vipers in the midst of the faithful.' And the penalty of any violation or infraction of the commands thus issued, in the name of the Lord, shall be met by the severest punishment, even to the excommunication of the offender and confiscation unto the church in the name of the Lord 'the goods and chattels and earthly possessions of each and every offender.' This, then is the issued joined. This, then, is the doctrine that, henceforth, is to govern all Zion in its dealings with the 'vipers in their midst.' Oh, brave and generous race! Oh, noble and exalted manhood! Oh, glorious and triumphant religion, that teaches such doctrines of peace and good will to men! Worthy followers of the 'Prince of Peace!'

"But just here we have a word to say for the benefit of our Mormon brethren. If they have sounded their bugle-blast of war and proscription against the non-Mormon element of this Territory in dead earnest, if it be not an empty threat to cover some unpleasant matters that have arisen in the mind of the ruler of the faithful, then we accept the issue, and will endeavor to meet it as becomes men who have known what it is to suffer in the fires of persecution for the sake of great principles, and have come forth from its flames with the powers of manhood strengthened and reinvigorated. We have not courted this proscription, but have wished to live in peace with all men. But in this issue we do not fear the result. Idle threats may be made about hanging us to telegraph poles, and 'gutting' our offices and pillaging our houses, but we care no more for them than an echo of the winds. We are not to be driven from here by such threats. This is our post, and here we shall remain and labor until light shall dawn on this misguided people. The United States Government will no longer stand supinely by and see its citizens murdered in cold blood without bringing the fiends to justice. That dark day of horrors, when honest men feared their lives, has, in the mutability of men and things, passed away. Assassination will no longer be tolerated by a free people, and if this be attempted, the result will be that the temple of Mormon violence will fall around them. We say, injury and violence must cease, or the United States Government

will enforce its laws and protect its citizens here as elsewhere, in their lawful pursuits and enjoyment of life, liberty and prosperity. We shall continue as good citizens quietly to pursue the tenor of our way, regardless of their animadversions. Our churches and schools shall remain and flourish like the green bay tree, open unto all. Our stores and places of business will continue to thrive by the inexorable laws of trade, over which His Holiness has no control. They shall be open unto all, and no man shall go away empty-handed. As for our newspapers, it is not necessary for us to say much. In the future, as in the past, they shall be the beacon lights on those walls of 'Zion,' to point out the way to peace and security. Secure in the strength of conscious right and imbued with lofty purposes of doing good unto all men, ever denouncing the wrong and championing the right, fearing no man or class of men, and regardless of threats of being hung to lamp posts or telegraph poles, we will ever be found at our post, advocating our views as best we can, and exercising the rights of American citizens guaranteed to us by our Government, which has declared that it will protect each and every citizen who plants himself beneath the folds of its flag and demands that protection, accorded by all governments against internecine as well as foreign foes."

The conference remained in session several days, but the Mormon leaders, while still haranguing their followers concerning the atrocious designs of the infidel Gentile, no longer called upon them to revenge the newspaper assaults upon their integrity as a church, and the peculiar form of their religion.

A strong party of the editor's friends quietly guarded his office and property, and, thoroughly armed, could, from the peculiar structure of the passage way, leading to his rooms on the second floor of the building over the First National Bank, have preserved it from an attack of a much stronger force. Although this fact was known as well as other measures of preservation which had been taken, still I have always believed that the sudden change of front of the Mormon leaders was not so much due to this action, or anything contained in the editorials of the paper, as to the decided action of the commander of Camp Douglas, who privately conveyed to Brigham Young the fact that he would hold him personally responsible for the lives and property of the Gentile element, which he so strongly condemned in his excited speeches.

When the Mormons left Nauvoo and crossed the Missouri River, it was their intention to travel as far west as would take them beyond

the jurisdiction of the United States Government. It is believed by many, and has, in fact, been asserted by Mormon authority, that their first objective point was California. But upon reaching the valley of Salt Lake, the location and surroundings, as well as the landscape, so impressed the Prophet, that he concluded to drive his "stake" in the beautiful basin of the Great Salt Lake, where the eternal mountains would keep watch and ward over "the chosen people of God." And so the "vision" came to the Prophet, and by the "Lord's command" were here laid the foundations of Zion City.

When the Mormons arrived in the valley in July, 1847, the Territory belonged to Mexico, but by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in March, 1848, it became, together with New Mexico, Arizona and the whole of Upper California, a portion of the domain of the United States. This was a sore blow to the designs of the Prophet.

With the Mexican Government, in his remote fastnesses, he could dictate his own terms and secure for himself and followers all the concessions necessary for their temporal as well as their peculiar spiritual welfare. Here they could revel in polygamy and indulge in all the doctrines declared to be a part of their faith, however repulsive to the Christian sentiment, without fear of death and molestation. But suddenly the war with Mexico closed, and, as if to controvert their schemes in this remote section, the territory on which they had already begun the erection of their Temple, became the property of the Federal Government. Still, not to be daunted in his original enterprise, the Prophet laid claim to everything. Under a system of law enacted by themselves in the absence of Federal legislation and the persons and powers to enforce it, all this basin and nearly every arable acre of soil in the Territory was seized and apportioned to their own uses. Sparse and distant settlements were erected for the sole purpose of maintaining their hold upon the lands they had taken possession of, and the authority of the church through its great high priest was extended in all directions. Not an acre of the land should ever be in such condition as to be converted to the use or benefit of the Gentile element. All that would tend in the way of business to attract them to their midst should be discarded. Under the operations of this rule, mining for the precious metals was prohibited under the penalty of the "anger of God." Brigham declared publicly that none of the vast mineral wealth of the Territory should be disclosed until "the Lord"

through him as His vicar should so determine. While great wealth lay at their doors and a mighty industry might have been thus established, they were not permitted to turn a spadeful of earth save in the way of cultivating the soil. These mines of gold and silver were to be kept as a secret from the outer world to prevent an accretion of Gentile population. They were sealed within themselves in their mountain walls, and the Gentile was almost an absolute stranger within their gates until the advent of Johnston's army. Along with that came the mail and the express, and the telegraph followed, and sutlers' goods and Gentile stores made their entry in the wake of the army. Not until General Conner came with his California regiment of miners and mountain prospectors was the knowledge of Utah's vast mineral wealth made known to the world. Then followed a greater influx of the Gentile element. Still, Brigham Young, as the high priest of the church, continued his absolute sway over his people, controlling and directing every movement of their life, in all their social, religious and business relations. No man or woman dared to assert an opinion differing with that of the head of the church. The government was a pure theocracy, controlled by the will of one man, in theory and for the most part in practice still remains. All elections in Utah were supervised by the heads of the church. Each candidate was selected and the faithful instructed to vote for him and the casting of the ballot afterward involved no operations of the mind or judgment. It was merely a mechanical act dictated by the chief the priesthood.

When I was present in the valley, Brigham Young was the high priest who governed all elections. On one occasion, during an election for city officers, the name of a nephew of the President appeared on the ticket as a candidate for the board of aldermen. The liberal Mormons, aided by a *strong Gentile* vote, supported Bishop Wooley, of the Eleventh Ward in opposition, and triumphantly elected him. Scratching of the ticket prepared by Brigham Young was hitherto unknown. It was the first break for liberty. Brigham on that day was absent from Salt Lake, on a visit to Provo. Immediately on his return he was made acquainted with this action on the part of the faithful which had been permitted by Mayor Wells and the apostle, George Q. Cannon, who had charge of the election. He at once summoned them and all others connected with this terrible breach of church discipline before him. He was

as well nigh insane with rage. The "school of the prophets" was before him with these culprits in charge. He raved, in paroxysms of wrath against those who, as leaders, had betrayed their trust. In his mad fury he stormed and cursed and called down upon them the wrath of the Almighty, and declared unto them that the "anger of the Lord" was kindled against them for "scratching the ticket!" The "erring brethren" at once weakened. The Apostle was reduced to tears. The Mayor acknowledged that the shaft of the "Lord's anger" had pierced him through the lightning of Brigham's eye, and the innocent cause of all this commotion, Bishop Wooley, who had likewise felt the weight of Brigham's anger, if not that of the "Lord's," restored peace and harmony by immediately resigning the office to which he had been overwhelmingly elected.

Bishop Wooley, bishop of the Eleventh Ward, was a man of strongly marked character. He was held by the Mormons in high esteem for the vigorous manner in which he ruled over his religious domain. On the other hand there was an electric chord of sympathy running between the Bishop and the Gentile element who, for some unexplained reason, regarded the Bishop as the only friend inside of the church they possessed. There was always a kind of frank cordiality existing between them. He always met them on the street with a kindly greeting, invited them to his "Sunday evening services" in the ward chapel, telling them to come early and get a front seat and get a warm greeting. And the good Bishop never failed to give us Gentiles a warm greeting when we turned out in force. The more the merrier for him, and the tongue-lashing we would receive, and the rip-tearing abuse of the Gentile element we would listen to in a single discourse of an hour's duration, was a due caution to all thin-skinned unbelievers. But the manner of its delivery, the homely illustrations, the funny stories and the ludicrous comparisons which convulsed our natures with such laughter as shook the beams and rafters overhead, and made the welkin ring with our storms of applause from both mouth and heel, as we cheered his sentiments to the echo! Oh, how he talked to the susceptible young girls of his flock, and bade them beware of the subtle and all-powerful and designing influence of the gay young Gentiles who had floated into their midst to captivate their women! I wish I could here relate his "whitewash" and "ice cream" stories; but I can not, for fear some spinster, not penetrating our design, nor being able

to penetrate his, may place a false estimate upon the "good morals" we propose to teach in this work. But the good Bishop was always powerful on comparison and illustration, and, like President Lincoln, was never wanting for a story "with meat in it" for an explanation. The young men of the Gentile element, who were constant attendants upon this "Sunday evening service" were wont to say: "It is better than a circus!" and as the theater was closed always on the Lord's day, they obtained their Sunday's amusement from the discourses of the good Bishop and the covert smiles of the young sisters of the church who were disposed to look kindly upon the attentions of their handsome, well-dressed admirers. And the Gentiles were always ready to pay well for their entertainment, and the shrewd Bishop soon learned this fact and improved upon it. The "church exchange" of the productions of the soil was a very good thing in its way, and a contribution of cereals and "garden stuff" for the support of the Bishop's ministrations were not to be despised. Still, a little ready cash to meet sudden and pressing emergencies, was all important, and whenever needed the Bishop knew how to get it. The beets, onions and turnips came from the Mormons, but the shining silver and gold and the crisp notes were the generous offerings of the Gentile portion of his congregation, and when, after a more than usual "powerful" discourse and happy "illustration," the "hat" was passed around, it would make the eloquent Bishop's eyes sparkle with delight to notice the popularity of his remarks in the large returns from the Gentile "brethren."

And thus it went on, the "warm Sunday evening discourses" and the kindly week day greetings, until we all came to love and venerate the good Bishop, and when it was announced secretly to us that the Bishop would be the "liberal candidate" against that of Brigham's "People's ticket," we all gathered at the polls and triumphantly elected Bishop John Wooley an alderman of the city of Salt Lake.

I know not whether he is yet upon the earth's plane, preaching the gospel of the Saints, or whether he has been "gathered to his fathers", but wherever he may be, I know it is the prayer of his Gentile friends of the earlier days of the valley, that the sun of love and righteousness may follow him. Farewell, good Bishop Wooley, twenty years of absence have not dimmed our memory nor weakened our veneration. We trust that you may still be "like a tree planted by a

river of waters, whose branches do not wither nor leaves fade away!" This may not be exact Scripture, yet it is our prayer.

The outside world may wonder why we took our punishment with such glee. Ours was nothing compared to what the others received. Our case was much like that of the anxious mother who exclaimed "my poor boy," while she unwound the bandages wrapped around his skinned and bleeding knuckles, "how did you ever come to do it? What an awful-looking hand! If conflagration or eerlisipitum should set in, what *would* become of you?" The poor boy didn't seem to take a very ready grip on the problem, but his face lit up with a smile of savage satisfaction as he observed: "If you think that awful, mother, you ought to see Bill Stebbin's nose."

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE MORMON RELIGION—TENETS OF THE MORMON FAITH—THE POWER OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, THEIR SEER—HIS "COMMUNION WITH GOD"—THE BLOOD ATONEMENT—THE MURDER OF A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND—THE ORDER OF ENOCH—BRIGHAM'S GREAT WEALTH—GEORGE PEABODY'S STATEMENT OF HIS DEPOSITS IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

So much has been said and written by numerous able writers upon the *tenets* of the Mormon religion that it is wholly unnecessary for me to make more than a passing allusion. In fact, the character of the work before me forbids it. It is, therefore, not my purpose to dwell upon the peculiarities of their strange faith. During my residence of several years in the capital city of the Territory, and my repeated and extensive travels through all parts of Utah, I became, by observation, inquiry and research, intimately acquainted with the religious life of the people, and with many of the forms of their faith. I propose, in the present chapter, to give to the public such part of those forms and ceremonies as are usually supposed to be so closely guarded by oaths and censorship as never to be revealed to the curious and eager gaze of the public eye. And had it not have been for the revelations made by one of their number, a lady of undoubted reputation and long a faithful member of their flock, who, having passed through the *ordeal*, of the Endowment House, and afterward, for good and sufficient cause, separated herself from that faith, and, instigated by the belief of doing good to mankind by exposing the strange rites and ceremonies of such part of their religious forms as pertain to the "Endowment House," that part of their religious ceremonies might never have been known.

The question is often asked, "What is the 'Book of Mormon?'" The Book of Mormon claims to be the sacred history of ancient America, written by a line of ancient prophets, who dwelt upon our vast continent. The golden plates, held by the Mormons to contain this history, were said to have been first discovered by Joseph Smith, a young man of upright character, who claimed that he was directed by angels to the spot where lay for so many ages hidden from human eye the wonderful revelations. Each of these plates of gold was about

eight inches square and of the thickness of tin in common use. Both sides of the plates were filled with engraved Egyptian characters, bound together in a volume, possessing the appearance of leaves in a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through all of them, forming a volume nearly, if not quite, six inches thick, a part of which was sealed. All the characters upon the unsealed part were diminutive, and beautifully engraved. With these plates were likewise found the *Urim* and *Thummin*, by means of which, and under the direction of the Lord, and by His assistance, it is claimed, Joseph Smith was enabled to translate this ancient record into the English language, and, under the inspiration of God, to found the Mormon faith.

The public is familiar with the subsequent history of the founder and followers of his faith. Their wanderings, hardships, reverses of fortune, destruction of property, imprisonment and murder of their Prophet, the accession and deposition of Sidney Rigdon as the head of the church, the elevation of Brigham Young as their high priest and president, their long and perilous journey across the desert wastes of America, and their final settlement in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. No man of the present century has attracted more notice from writers of all creeds both at home and abroad than Brigham Young, and none in so limited a sphere has performed a more important part upon the world's stage of action. He was born of humble parentage in Windham county, Vermont, June 1st, 1801. His education in the schools was limited, according to his own statement, to eleven and a half days. He learned in early life the trade of a painter and glazier. He joined the Mormon Church on the 14th of April, 1832, and removed to Kirtland, Ohio. He journeyed with them to Far West, Missouri. Driven thence he followed their fortunes to Nauvoo, Illinois, and thence to the Rocky Mountains. By simple force of character he reached the highest pinnacle of honor in the Mormon Church. It was through him that Rigdon fell, and passing by the eloquence of Parley Pratt and the learning of Orson Pratt, the spiritual meditations and Communion of Cowdery, the imagery of Hyde, and the hopes of George A. Smith, upon *him* fell, as a lightning bolt from heaven, "the gift of tongues," and he bore testimony that "the Lord" had raised up in himself a prophet who should be the leader of the saints of the latter day.

He was not only a man of great force of character, but one possessed of great executive ability. To his clear judgment, firmness of decision, inflexible will, unceasing industry, power of government and control of men, directness of purpose and a self-sustaining individuality that overrode all opposition, the Mormon Church owes all the prosperity that attended its lodgment in the sterile valleys of the mountains. Had it not been for him and his strength of command, the multitude of his followers would have fled before the disasters and threatened starvation that assailed them in the early days of their entry into the valley.

While he directed their spiritual faith and by "visions" and "dreams" pointed out the will of "the Lord," he superintended all the great labor of laying out and building the city of Zion. All plans were submitted first to his inspection before a "stake" was driven. Under his supervision and especial direction the Tabernacle and all public buildings were erected, and the eternal foundations of the Temple laid. And when, in after years, privations ceased, and the city had grown great and prosperous, and Mormon emigrants poured through the mountain defiles from all parts of the earth, personally he superintended their movements, and established the various settlements throughout the Territory. When the lines of telegraph were laid, it was by Brigham's contract with the company, sublet to others. When the roads were built for the mail and express companies, it was by Brigham's order; and when the great transcontinental railroad reached the mountain walls of his territorial domain, its iron horse was led through his gate by the gloved hand of the Prophet. In all things pertaining to the church, the Mormon people, their settlements, their labors and rewards, their internal commerce or their relations abroad — in fact in every thing, spiritual or temporal, that found a lodgment in the valley, this great high priest was chief over all. As the "mouthpiece of God," he was endowed with qualifications that leveled all argument and spurned contemptuously all advice or logic that leaned toward views other than his own. He was the modern Peter within his mountain walls who held by "God's permission" the keys of their soul's salvation; and not more perfectly by the side of Rome's historic stream, amid the crumbling ruins of her ancient walls and temples did the heir of the ancient Peter reign over the spiritual life of the Romish Church than did Brigham Young by the side of his silvery lake over

the lives and fortunes of his trusting followers. It was as if the spirit of prophecy, whispering over the ages, had translated its abode from the banks of the Mediterranean to the great "Dead Sea of America."

A late writer, Stenhouse, an apostate of the Mormon faith, speaking of the absolute power of Brigham over the lives and property of his people, thus remarks: "No one to-day, even in Utah, can form any idea of the thorough control that Brigham exercised over the people. Nothing was ever undertaken without his permission—he knew of everything. No person could enter into business without consulting him, nor would any one ever think of leaving the city to reside in any other part of the country without having his approval. Merchants who went East or West to purchase goods had to present themselves at his office and report their intention of going to the States at such a time, if he had no contrary orders to give them. He claimed that no Saint should do anything without his knowledge and approval. That oft reiterated expression, that it was his right to dictate and control everything, 'even to the ribbons that a woman should wear, or to the settingup of a stocking,' was the truthful illustration of his feelings. A ball could not take place until the dancing and the names of the invited were presented, to be erased or increased at his will. No one could marry without his consent, or make love to a maiden, if married, with a view of making her his second, third or tenth wife, without first consulting him. He held absolute sway over their temporal affairs, and ordered them from place to place at his own will. He once told the ablest Mormon lawyer in Zion, who had once been a Federal judge (Judge Snow), that if he came again on the platform where he stood, he would kick him off and he appointed him to a mission in Van Dieman's Land, and told him never to return, he never wanted to see him there again. And the lawyer went, performed his mission, returned and became very useful to Brigham."

And thus he was "master of all Israel." No sovereign of the Old World ever held such complete sway over his subjects. His will was the supreme law of his domain, and none dared to disobey. No wonder that a traveler from beyond the sea halting midway on the continent to view the foundations of this modern Zion and the daily life of this "chosen people of God" should declare them as one "having a new law, a new priesthood and a new God." Brigham Young was the embodiment of all, by will and action, form and ceremony. His movements were all "religious" and "mysterious."

By "visions," dreams and "prophecies" he ruled the Mormon Church. His iron rule was the offspring of his "communion with the unseen world." His followers firmly believed his declarations that he "walked with angels and talked with God." All the innovations upon and departures from the original faith as taught by its founder, came through the voice of prophecy and the command of the "Supreme Ruler." Joe Smith's religion gave no sanction to the doctrine of polygamy. Brigham Young grafted it upon the bud of the church as of divine origin and by special command. It appealed to the lower passions of men, and its popularity proved a bond of union among the modern Saints. It left its sting upon the hearthstone, but it made its impress upon the social fabric. Joe Smith's religion attempted no inroads upon the social law of unity and entity between man and wife; Brigham's doctrine of "ensealment" destroyed that unity and entity. A wife of a living elder "by divine command" could at the same time become the wife of a living apostle for spiritual progression. Joe Smith never taught or believed the revolting doctrine of "the blood atonement." Yet Brigham declared it part of the faith, and enjoined it upon his followers as of divine origin and command. As taught by him it was dark and peculiar. It was murder without concealment. It was the taking of a human life under such spiritual forms as "deified" the victim. It was the occasion of rejoicing that an erring soul had been saved by the bloody sacrifice throughout eternity. All the religious forms were strictly observed. After death their bodies were laid out "in the robes of the priesthood;" sermons were preached upon their lives and characters, and the solemn declaration made by their teachers and slayers: "They are to come forth in the first resurrection, for they paid the atoning penalty through blood that flowed down upon their breasts, even as the oil upon Aaron's beard, and are therefore entitled to the honors of the immortalized Saints!"

Once a "plural" wife fell during the absence of her polygamous husband on a foreign "mission." Under the barbarous practice of this "Rule of Reformation," as taught by the high priest of the Mormon church, she beheld the way of her soul's salvation. The unhappy woman, by his teachings, conceived the belief that from this act of unchastity she would lose her claim to motherhood over the children she had already borne, be cast aside in the eternal world as well as in this by her husband, and never be able to reach the sublime circle

of the gods unless she made the blood atonement. On the return of her husband she imparted to him the secret of her error, and consented to meet the penalty of her unchaste act. And while her heart was overflowing with affection for him and her children, and her mind imbued with faith in the horrible doctrine of human sacrifice, she seated herself upon her husband's knee to await the fulfillment of the deed of blood. And thus, in the midst of the most endearing embrace she had ever known, with the warm kiss of caress upon her glowing cheek, this "Christian" monster raised his own right hand and with the keen edge of a shining blade severed her white throat from ear to ear. Her released spirit he sent with a prayer into the keeping of "guardian angels" until the morning of the resurrection, when she would rejoin him in the world of eternal joy. The betrayer went unharmed and the "loving husband" continued to preach in his happiest mood and in the belief that he had performed an act of immortalization.

To aid in establishing his great "kingdom," Brigham Young, after the death of Joseph Smith, introduced as a part of their creed and worship the "law of adoption." This was, indeed, a bold and shrewd movement on his part, calculated to establish his individual greatness and cement his hold upon everything connected with the church and Mormon people.

This law assumed that Joseph Smith was appointed and ordained from before the creation of the world to be the head and ruler of the "Last Dispensation." Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, and Jesus had each their place in the world's history as famous men, unto whom special dispensations, had been granted by the Supreme Ruler. Unto Joseph Smith, however, was accorded the "Dispensation of the Fullness of Times," which, by bringing into harmony the labors of the prophets and apostles of all ages, should be the crowning work of the heavens and of the earth combined. Christ said: "No man cometh to the Father but by Me!" Brigham Young consecrated himself to this declaration as the modern successor of Christ in the line of the ages. He commanded his apostles to preach this doctrine to the people; and everywhere they taught, "that, as the high priest of the church, Brigham Young, by God's permission, holds the keys of life and salvation upon the earth, and not one will ever enter through the straight gate into the kingdom of God save through him and his

brethren. The word of our leader and prophet is the word of God to this people. We can not see God; we can not converse with Him, but He has given us a man we can talk to, and thereby know his will, just as well as if God Himself were present with us. We are no more afraid to risk our salvation in the hands of this man than we are to trust ourselves in the hands of the Almighty. He will lead us aright if we do and say what He commands in every particular and circumstance!" These are the words of His first and second counselors Heber Kimball and Josiah Grant.

But, as already stated, Brigham Young's control over his people was not confined to the spiritual side of their lives. He mingled with it all matters secular that in any measure could benefit the church and its priesthood. Among others of this nature, he proclaimed the doctrine of "consecration." He taught them that "the Lord" required of them a tithing of all they possessed, and after the exaction of that amount, he commanded an annual contribution of one-tenth of all their increase. The prompt payment of these demands was made a stern condition of the exemplary standing of the Saint in the Mormon Church, and the failure to contribute was visited by the wrath of the high priest upon the culprit. But the greed of the leader did not cease with these demands. He saw a way in a "vision" whereby the wealth of the church should be made permanent and secure. He would take it *all* in the name of the Lord! When, therefore, through thrift and frugality, his followers became possessed of wealth in lands and improvements and all other forms of property, they were graciously provided with another means of higher progress and development in the spiritual world. They were permitted to become members of the "Order of Enoch," and consecrate to "the Lord" *all* their possessions. As has been shown, everything that is done, or commanded to be done, for the benefit of the church and the priesthood, is performed in the name of the Supreme Ruler and by "His command." Everything is clothed with the mystery of modern revelation. In a "vision" "the Lord" commanded him to offer his people this means of lofty spiritual progress, by transferring to Brigham Young, the high priest of the church and the vicar of the Almighty, all their lands and tenements and worldly possessions to be held by him as *Trustee in trust* of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. And thus a large portion of the wealth of the people, the result of their toil and thrift, passed

by the perfect forms of law, into the possession of Brigham Young. There was no secrecy about the transfer of the property of these "Sons of Enoch." Each and every transfer was executed by deed of conveyance, duly attested and entered upon the records of the county of Salt Lake. It was made as binding as the forms of law would permit, and the following is a transcript of such a conveyance from the county records:

**Be it known by these Presents,** That I, Jesse W. Fox, of Great Salt Lake City, in the County of Great Salt Lake, and Territory of Utah, for and in consideration of one hundred (100) dollars, and the good will which I have to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,

Give and Convey unto Brigham Young, *Trustee in trust* for said Church, his successors in office *and assigns*, all my claim to and ownership of the following described property, to-wit:

One house and lot, being lot 6, block 60, plat C, G. S. L.	
City, value thereof	\$1,000
One city lot as platted in plat E, being lot 2, block 6, value thereof	100
East $\frac{1}{2}$ lot 1, bl. 12, 5 acres, plat G. S. L. Co.	50
Lot 1, bl. 14, Jordan plat, 9 acres, value	75
Two cows, \$50, two calves, \$15	65
One mare, \$100, one colt \$50,	150
One watch, \$20, one clock, \$12,	32
Clothing, \$300, beds and bedding, \$125,	425
One stove, \$20, household furniture, \$210	230

Total amount, . . . . . \$2,127

—together with all the rights, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging or appertaining. I also covenant and agree that I am the lawful claimant and owner of said property, and will warrant and forever defend the same unto the said Brigham Young, *Trustee in trust*, his successors in office *and assigns*, against the claims of *my heirs*, assigns, or any persons whomsoever.

JESSE W. FOX.

Witnesses { HENRY McEWAN,  
                  { JOHN M. BOLLWINKLE.

Territory of Utah, }  
County of Great Salt Lake. }

I, J. E. Smith, Judge of the Probate Court for said County, certify that the signer of the above transfer, personally known to me, appeared this 2d day of April, A. D. 1857, and acknowledged that he of his own choice executed the foregoing transfer.

E. SMITH.

In such manner and form did the leader of the church extend his power and control over the material as well as the spiritual concerns of his people. He declared the "act of consecration" to be the means whereby "apostasy" should be prevented, and in his homely way explained that men would remain where their pecuniary interests were bound up, for, said he, "tie up the calf and the cow will always come home."

To show likewise what personal gain Brigham reaped by the establishment of this "Order of Enoch," we have but to refer to the following from the court records of Utah Territory. Upon his death which occurred August 29th, 1877, the apostle, George Q. Cannon, Albert Carrington, and his own son, Brigham Young, Jr., were appointed administrators upon his real estate, amounting to millions of dollars.

In 2d Utah, page 560, Hagan's Reports of the Proceedings of the Supreme Court, 1877-80, I find an original application in the supreme court by George Q. Cannon, Brigham Young, Jr. and Albert Carrington, executors of the last will and testament of Brigham Young, deceased for a writ of *certiorari* to review the record of proceedings against them for contempt in the district court of the Third Judicial District, wherein they were imprisoned by order of the said court. Also a petition for a writ of *habeas corpus* filed at the same time. The following were the proceedings in the District Court.

On the 14th of June, A. D., 1879, Emeline A. Young, on behalf of herself and the heirs at law and legatees and beneficiaries under the last will and testament of Brigham Young deceased, to wit:

Emeline A. Young, Dora L. Young, Louisa Young Ferguson, Miranda Young Conrad, Elizabeth Young Ellsworth, Vilate Young Decker and Ernest L. Young, *Plaintiffs*, v. George Q. Cannon, Brigham Young and Albert Carrington, executors of the last will of Brigham Young deceased; Mary Ann Angell Young, Brigham Young, Zina Young Thatcher, John Wellard Young, Brigham T. Young, Richard W. Young, Catherine Young, Amelia Young, Joseph A. Young, Briant S. Young, Walter S. Young, Leslie K. Young, James Young, and Eugene J. Young, Alice Young Clawson, Lucy Ann Decker Young, Fannie Caroline Young Thatcher, Heber Young, Shamira Young, Arta De Crista Young, Ferremora Little Young, Clarissa Hamilton Young, Ella Elizabeth Young Empey, Hiram Smith Young, Lorenzo D. Young, Alonzo Young, Ruth Young Johnson, Adella Elvira Young, Emily D. Partridge Young, Augusta Young Clawson, Caroline Young Coxall, Joseph Don Carlos Young, Miriam Young Hardy and Josephine Young, Clara Decker Young, Jenette Richards Young Snell, Nabby Howe Young Clawson, Charlotte Talula Young, Lucy Bigelow Young, Susa Young Dunford, Rhoda Mabel Young, Eliza Cugers Young and Alfalis Young, Margaret Pierce Young and

Brigham Morris Young, Zina D. Huntington Young, and Zina P. Young Williams, Harriet E. Cooke Young, Oscar Brigham Young, Mary Van Cott Young and Fanny Van Cott Young, Harriet Barry Young, Phinias Howe Young, Susannah Snively Young and Julia Young Burton, Maria Young Dugall, Willard Young and Phoebe Young Beatie, Evaline L. Young Davis and Mahomri Moriancumis Young, Eliza R. Snow Young, Nannie K. G. C. Twiss Young, Martha Bowker Young, Harriet Amelia Folsom Young, and Augusta Adams Young, et. al., *Defendants*. The foregoing plaintiffs and defendants embracing all the wives and children of Brigham Young filed a complaint in equity against George Q. Cannon, Albert Carrington and Brigham Young, executors of the last will and testament of Brigham Young, lately deceased, and other defendants.

In said complaint the plaintiffs allege willful and fraudulent waste and conversion of a large portion of the estate of the deceased, of the value of \$200,000, under pretense of compensation for their services, expenses of administration, and payment of legacies, and praying for the appointment of other trustees, and a decree compelling the said executors to make good to the estate the said waste and conversion. After hearing the complaint the court granted the prayer and appointed a receiver.

One of the chief complaints of the plaintiffs as set forth in their bill was the conveyance to John Taylor of property of the alleged value of \$400,000, held for many years by the said Brigham Young, deceased, as *Trustee in trust* for the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. In addition to the large amounts of real estate, comprising houses and lots, improved farms and a vast quantity of unimproved lands, there were likewise large amounts of personal property, including:

1,180 Shares	Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution	
	Stock, of the value of . . . . .	\$118,000
893 Shares	Provo Factory Stock . . . . .	89,300
20 Utah	Southern Railroad Bonds . . . . .	60,000
2,165 Shares	Salt Lake City Railroad Stocks . . . . .	
8	Washington Factory notes . . . . .	44,000
1	Promissory note against Erastus Snow for and without interest . . . . .	9,000
	Shares of Salt Lake City Gas Stock of the value of and with interest . . . . .	80,000

The complainants also alleged that the income derived from the foregoing property was of the value of \$100,000 annually. All of which said property was held by Brigham Young for his own uses and formed a part of his vast estate, although derived originally as *Trustee in trust* for the church. But each year the \$100,000 profits were invested in his private operations and we thus see what a sum of wealth and profit to the high priest was the establishment of the "Order of Enoch."

Within the walls of the Endowment House are performed the mysterious rites and ceremonies that bind the Mormon people together as a religious sect. The promise of the "Endowments" within these "consecrated walls" has been the moving power under the teachings of the emissaries of the church to draw multitudes of believers from the Old World to the modern city of Zion in the far interior of America. Clothed with mystery and securely guarded by the most rigid oaths and fearful penalties, it was long before aught of their ceremonies was revealed to an inquiring world. When the liberal movement began in the church led by some of their strongest and most enlightened minds it was sustained by many of both sexes who had felt the thralldom imposed by their high priest upon all their relations in life, and they improved the opportunity thus presented to break away from the church. They were declared apostates, disfellowshipped from the Mormon Church and "delivered over to the buffetings of Satan." There had been a time when their lives would have paid the penalty of such transgression, but a new era of independence had dawned upon the people, and they became emboldened in their speech and action. The railroad and the telegraph aided in strengthening and developing the "new idea." The introduction of the great mining industry resulted in widening the breach. The establishment of a goodly number of non-Mormon free schools assisted in spreading intelligence and awakening the spirit of independence. Free speech was in a measure achieved, and the despotism of the priesthood denounced far and wide by a fearless liberal press that, in the name of freedom, law and good government, had anchored in their midst to deal fearful blows against the "twin relic of barbarism" and the tyranny of Brigham Young.

The chief instrument of this character, edited by educated men who had long been followers of the Mormon faith, but who had

broken away from its moorings, under the belief that Brigham Young was engaged in building up a *hierarchy* for the perpetuation of his power, and who daily progressed in their opposition to the church until they became finally its avowed enemies, was the *Salt Lake Tribune*.

## CHAPTER XXII.

UTAH, CONTINUED—THE NEW MOVEMENT—A CHURCH CONVULSION—DISFELLOWSHIP OF LEADING MORMONS BY BRIGHAM YOUNG—ESTABLISHMENT OF A LIBERAL MORMON JOURNAL—THE SONS OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE FOUNDER OF THE MORMON FAITH, APPEAR IN SALT LAKE CITY—BRIGHAM'S WRATH—THE MORMON ENDOWMENT HOUSE—GRAPHIC EXPOSURE OF THE INSTITUTION WHERE POLYGAMOUS MARRIAGES ARE SOLEMNIZED—CONFESSION OF A WOMAN WHO HAD TAKEN ALL THE DEGREES—THE GARDEN OF EDEN—MANY EVES IN THE GARDEN—BRIGHAM APPEARS AS GOD AND DRIVES THEM FROM THE GARDEN—THE WORDS AND VOWS UTTERED BY THE CANDIDATES—THE OATHS THEY TAKE TO SUSTAIN THE POWER OF THEIR PROPHET ABOVE THAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE credit of this first convulsion in the church belongs to Elders W. S. Godbe and E. L. T. Harrison, who were the original proprietors and editors of *The Utah Magazine*, a journal devoted purely to literary pursuits. Both of them at the same time became convinced of the dishonesty of the Mormon faith as a Christian religion, and of the intense selfishness and tyranny of Brigham Young as the great leader and seer of the church. They both claimed to have spiritual authority for arraying themselves against their old-time faith, and believed that the hour had dawned when Brigham's rod of iron should be broken or wrested from his hands. They united with them in the new movement Elder Eli B. Kelsey, a Mormon of many years' standing and a leader of the church, and Elder Edward W. Tullidge, likewise of long and lofty standing in the church. These four elders determined to strike at the foundation of Brigham's throne and place him and the church before the people in the light in which they properly existed. With the aid of Henry W. Lawrence, a wealthy merchant and a bishop's counselor, they reorganized the *Magazine* and made it the brilliant medium of their designs upon the church and a pathway to the reason and intelligence of the better classes of the Mormon population.

At this period two sons of Joseph Smith, Alexander H. and David Hyrum, possibly by the invitation of the leaders of the new movement, made their appearance at Salt Lake City and began immediately, in

large public meetings, to assail the doctrine of polygamy, declaring its origin to be without the pale of divine command, and never contemplated by their illustrious father, the founder of the Mormon faith. They added as confirmatory evidence the declarations of their mother that polygamy as a part of the creed was never mentioned, much less tolerated, by her husband, Joseph Smith. Brigham became highly exasperated at the acts of these young prophets, and in a stormy interview denied them the use of the Tabernacle, denounced them as imposters, and declared their mother to be "*the damndest liar that lives.*" They were exceedingly zealous, and preached whenever they could obtain a hearing. But Brigham ordered the old Nauvoo Legion to their meetings to howl down and destroy the effect of their teachings. *The Utah Magazine* now came to their aid, and declared its intention to fight until every relic of tyranny in every form was trodden under foot. Brigham, thoroughly aroused, now determined to crush the *Magazine*, by sending its owners and editors out of the country by appointing them to "foreign missions." Each declined to go, and immediately raised the standard of revolt. This insubordination was followed by the disfellowship of the revolutionists from the church. They now, with all their power, fought the infamous doctrines of the church, and in strong and terse language denounced its leader as the creator of a theocracy, a personal government whose sole end and object was his individual aggrandizement. Other and powerful influences likewise came to their aid. The building of the great transcontinental railroad had thrown many hundreds of Gentiles into the valley, and the Gentile town of Corinne had been founded, with a leading Gentile paper, which day after day poured its broadsides of grape and canister into the Mormon camp. The *Magazine*, at Salt Lake City, without restraint reviewed the teachings of the infallible priesthood, and became a red-hot iron in the sides of the infuriated leaders. The seed was sown broadcast. From all points of the Territory letters of sympathy and encouragement came to the disfellowshipped and excommunicated editors, and in less than two months after their disseverance from the church they began regular preachings to the people, who flocked to hear the new doctrines of the dissenters. These meetings were held in the assembly rooms at the Masonic Hall, and in rooms on Main Street prepared for them by the liberality of apostate Mormons. It now became a conflict between the "bishops" and the recusant

Mormons, and the "cutting off" process was resorted to in vain. They became so numerous that finally a halt was called by order of the highest authority, and the process in a measure ceased.

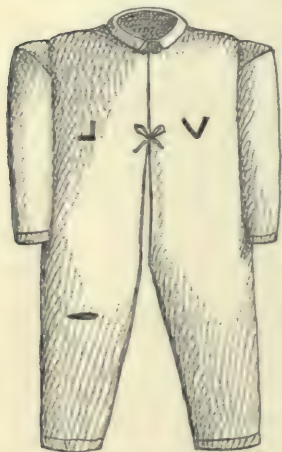
While this work of reformation was being so hotly pressed by the leaders of the new movement, a new and signal influence was brought to their aid by the discovery and publication of the great gold and silver deposits of Utah. Immediately a great influx of Gentile miners, merchants and speculators appeared in their midst, and a new era of business dawned for them who had been ruthlessly proscribed by the leaders of the theocracy. Wealth from the new industry poured into the marts and channels of trade, business among the stricken and proscribed elements of society, the Gentiles and the apostates revived wonderfully, and from their overflowing coffers they were enabled to liberally sustain by financial aid that which hitherto they had mainly supported by their voice and presence at the meetings. They began the publication of the *Daily Salt Lake Tribune*.

With this organ they hit the sledgehammer blows that began to crack the foundations of the theocracy. They did not hesitate to expose the guilt of the priesthood and the crimes committed in the name of the Mormon religion. Emboldened by the spirit of truth, they daily progressed in their bitter opposition until at length they began the exposure of those forms and ceremonies of the church that hitherto had been so guarded by the veil of secrecy and the fearful penalties attached to their vows that they remained as unknown and mysterious as the ancient oracle of Delphi.

This liberal publication, sustained by the liberal element of the Mormon people, was the means of conveyance to the public of the "inner life" of the Mormon Church and its sacerdotal influence over the lives and property of its followers. It attacked and denounced its superstitions, and unfolded for the first time to the public gaze the mysterious rites and ceremonies of the "Endowment House" where all polygamous marriages are solemnized. This was the more effectually done by the confession of a Mormon lady, who, having passed its ordeal previous to her own polygamous marriage, narrated at length her experience while partaking of these rites. In the following chapter the reader will obtain a complete knowledge of these rites and ceremonies though in concise statement.

On a certain day, not necessary to mention, I went to the Endowment House at 8 o'clock in the morning, taking with me my endowment

clothes consisting of garments, robe, cap, apron and moccasins. I believe people used to take their own oil, but that is now discontinued, as fees are charged. I went into the Reception Room attached to the main building, which was crowded with men and women, having their bundles of clothing. The entrance door is on the east side, and in the southwest corner there is another, next to which the desk stood where the clerk recorded the names, etc. Around the north and west sides were benches for the people to sit on.



GARMENT.

On going up to the desk, I presented my credentials from the bishop in whose ward I was staying, and George Reynolds, who was then acting as clerk, asked me my name, those of my parents, when and where I was born, and when I was baptized into the Mormon Church.

That over, he told me to leave my hat, cloak and shoes in that room, and taking up my bundle I went into another room where I sat waiting till it came my turn to be washed.

One of the women, an officiating high priestess, told me to come behind the curtain where I could hear a great deal of splashing and subdued conversation. I went, and after I was undressed I had to step into a long bath about half full of water, when another woman proceeded to wash me. I objected strongly to this part of the business, but was told to show a more humble spirit. However, when she got down to my feet she let me go, and I was turned over to the woman who had spoken to me at first, and whose name was Bathsheba Smith, one of the widows of Apostle George A. Smith. She wore a large, shiny apron and her sleeves tucked up above her elbows. She looked thoroughly like business.

Another woman was standing beside her with a large wooden spoon and some green olive oil in a cow's horn. This woman poured the oil out of the spoon into Bathsheba's hand, who immediately put it on my head, ears, eyes, mouth and every part of my body, and as she greased me she muttered a kind of prayer over each member of my body: My head, that I might have knowledge of the truths of God;

my eyes, that I might see the glories of the kingdom; my mouth, that I might at all times speak the truth; my arms, that they might be strong in the defense of the gospel; my bosom—and here I must ask my readers not to think I want to tell this part of the story, but I do want people to know the truth and how disgusting and indelicate this thing is. Mormon people deny many of these things, and civilized and decent people can scarcely realize that this institution is as infamous as it really is, but I solemnly assert that these things do exist. To continue: My bosom, that I might nourish the children whom I might raise by my husband—I was not then married, but expected to be—and another part of my body, that I might raise up a goodly seed that they might be pillars of strength to the up-building and strengthening of God's kingdom upon the earth. And so she got down to my feet, when she hoped they might be swift in the paths of righteousness and truth.

She then turned me over to the woman who had washed me, and who whispered my new and celestial name in my ear. I believe I am to be called up in the morning of the resurrection by it. It was "Sarah." I felt disappointed. I thought I should have received a more distinguished name. She told me that new name must never be spoken, but often thought of, to keep away evil spirits. I should be required to speak it once that day, but she would tell me what part of the ceremony, and that I should never again have to speak it.

She then told me to put on my garments.

These are made in one piece. On the right breast is a square, on the left a compass, in the center a small hole, and on the knee a large hole, which is called the "Stone." We were told that as long as we kept them on no harm could befall us, and that when we changed them we were not to take them all off at once, but slip out a limb at a time and immediately dive into the clean ones. The neck was never to be cut low, or the sleeves short, as that would be patterning after the fashions of the Gentiles.

After this I put on my clothes, and in my stocking feet waited with those who were washed and anointed until she had finished the remaining two or three. This done, the little calico curtains were drawn aside and the men and women stood revealed to each other. The men looked very uncomfortable and not at all picturesque. They only had their garments and shirts on, and they really did seem as though they were ashamed of themselves, as well they might be.

Joseph F. Smith then came to where we were all waiting, and told us that if "we wanted to back out, now was our time," because we should not be able afterward, and that we were bound to go right through. All those that wanted to go through were to hold up their hands, which, of course everyone did, believing that all the good and holy things that were to be seen and heard in the "House of the Lord" were yet to come. He then told us that if ever any of us attempted to reveal what we saw and heard in the "House" our memories would be blighted, and we should be everlastingly damned, for they were things too holy to be spoken of between each other, after we had once left the Endowment House. We were then told to be very quiet and listen. Joseph F. Smith then went away.

In a few moments we heard voices talking loudly so that the people could hear them in the adjoining room. I afterward found out in passing through that it was the prayer circle room. It was supposed to be a conversation between Elohim, Head God, and Jehovah. The conversation was as follows:

Elohim to Jehovah—"Well, Jehovah, I think we will create an earth; let Michael go down and collect all the elements together and found one."

Answer—"Very well, O Lord God, it shall be done."

Then calling to another man, we could hear him say:

"Michael, go down and collect all the elements together and form an earth, and then report to us what you have done."

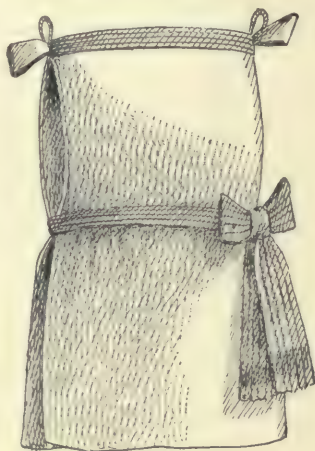
Answer—"Very well, O Lord God."

The man they called Michael then left the prayer circle room and came through the room they called the World, into the Garden of Eden, the door of which was shut that faced the places where we were standing, listening and waiting. He remained there a second or two, and everything was quiet. At the end of that time we heard him going back the same way, to where Elohim and Jehovah were waiting. When he got back he said: "I have collected all the elements together and founded an earth, what would'st thou have me do next?" Using the same formula every time they sent him down to the world, they then told him to separate the land from the water, light from darkness, etc., and so they went regularly through the creation, but they always told him to come up and report what he had done.

When the creation was supposed to be finished, Michael went back and told them it was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Elohim then said to Jehovah that he thought they had better go down and have a look at it, which they did, and agreed with Michael that it was a beautiful place; that it seemed a pity it should be of no particular use, but thought it would be a good idea to create man to live in it and cultivate these things.

They then came out of the Garden of Eden which was supposed to have been newly finished and, shutting the door after them, came to where we were standing. We were then told to shut our eyes, and Jehovah said to Michael, "Give me a handful of dust, and I will create man." We were then told to open our eyes, and we saw a man that he had taken from the crowd standing beside Jehovah, and to whom Jehovah said: "I will call thee Adam, for thou shalt be the father of all mankind." Jehovah then said it was not good for man to be alone, so he would create a woman and a helpmate for him. We were again told to close our eyes, and Adam was requested to go to sleep, which he obligingly did. Jehovah was then supposed to take a rib from Adam's side and form Eve. We were then told to open our eyes, and look upon the handiwork of the Lord. When we did, we saw a woman taken from among the crowd, who was standing by Adam's side. Jehovah said he would call the woman Eve, because she would be the mother of all mankind.

The door of the Garden of Eden was then opened, and we all marched in with our little bundles the men going first, as they always take precedence, and we ranged ourselves around the room on benches. The four sides of the room are painted in imitation of trees, flowers, birds, wild beasts, etc. The ceiling was painted blue, dotted over with golden stars; in the center of it was the sun, a little farther along, the moon, and all around were the stars. In each corner was a Masonic emblem. In one corner is a compass, in another the square, the remaining two were the level and the plumb. On the



ROBE.

east side of the room, next the door, was a painted apple tree, and in the northeast part of the room was a small wooden altar.

After we had seated ourselves, Jehovah told Adam and Eve that they could eat of every tree in the garden except of this particular apple tree, for on the day that they ate of that they should surely die.

He then took his departure, and immediately after in came a very lively gentleman, dressed in a plain black morning suit, with a little apron on, a most fiendish expression on his face and joyfully rubbing his hands. This gentleman was supposed to be "the Devil." Certainly his appearance made the supposition quite easy, by the by I have since seen that same gentleman administering the sacrament in the Tabernacle on Sundays. He went up to Eve and remarked that it was a very beautiful place, and that the fruit was so nice, would she like to taste one of those apples. She demurred a little, and said she was told not to, and therefore mustn't. But he pretended to pluck one of the painted apples and give it to her, and she pretended to eat it. He then told her to ask Adam to have some, and she did. Adam objected strongly to tasting, knowing the penalty, but Eve eventually overcame his scruples, saying: "Oh, my dear, they're so nice, you haven't any idea, and that nice old gentleman, here pointing to the Devil, says that he can recommend them and you need not be afraid of what Jehovah says."

Adam consented, and immediately after he said, "Oh, what have I done, and how foolish I was to listen to you." He then said that he could see himself, and that they had no clothes on, and they must sew some fig leaves together. Every one then made a dive for his apron out of the little bundles. This apron is a square half-yard of green silk, with nine fig leaves worked on it in brown sewing silk. A voice was then heard calling for Adam, who pretended to hide, when in came Jehovah. He gave Adam a good scolding, but finally told him that he would give him certain instructions, whereby he would have a chance to regain the presence of his father and God after he was driven out into the world. These instructions consisted of grips, etc., and the garments he wore would protect him from all evil. Mormons say of these garments that the pattern was revealed direct from heaven to Joseph Smith, and are the same as were originally worn by Adam.

They then put on their caps and moccasins, the women's caps being made of Swiss muslin. It is one yard square, rounded at one corner so

as to fit the head, and there are strings on it which tie under the chin. The moccasins are made of linen or calico. The men's are made exactly like those of pastry cooks, with a bow on the right side. I should here mention, before I go further, that Bathsheba Smith and one of the priests enacted the parts of Adam and Eve, and so stood sponsors for the rest of us, who were individually supposed to be Adams and Eves.

They then proceeded to give us the first grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood, which consists in putting the thumb on the knuckle of the index finger, and clasping the hands round. We were then made to swear "to obey the laws of the Mormon Church and all they enjoin, in preference to those of the United States." The penalty for revealing this grip and oath is that you will have your throat cut from ear to ear, and your tongue torn from your mouth, and the sign of the penalty is drawing the hand with the thumb pointing toward the throat sharply across and bringing the arm to the level of the square, and, with the hand upraised to heaven, swearing to abide the same.

We were then driven out of this into the room called the World, where there were three men standing at a small altar on the east side of the room, who were supposed to represent Peter, James and John, Peter standing in the center. He was supposed to have the keys of heaven. Men representing, or trying to, the different religious sects then came in and presented their views and said they wanted to try and save those fallen children. In doing this they could not refrain from exaggerating and coarsely satirizing the different sects they represented. Previous to their coming in, however, Peter had presented to us the gospel of Christ—at least he told us that Christ had come to die for the original sin, but that we had got to work out our own salvation, and that in the last days a prophet should be raised up to save all those that would believe in his divine mission; consequently these different representatives were told that their doctrines did not suit the people and that there was something wanting in their faith and so they could go. Then the Devil came in and tried to allure the people, and bustling up to the altar, Peter said to him: "Hallo, Mr. Devil, how do you do to-day! it's a very fine day isn't it? What have you come after?" The Devil replied that he didn't seem to take to any of these so-called Christian religions, why didn't they quit bothering after anything of the kind, and live a life of pleasure, etc. However he was told to go and that quickly.

Peter then gave the second grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood, which consists of putting the thumb between the knuckles of the index and second fingers and claspings the hand around. The penalty for revealing this is to be sawn asunder and our members cast into the sea. The sign of the penalty was drawing the hand sharply across the middle of the body. To receive that grip we had to put on our robes, which consisted of a long straight piece of cloth reaching to our feet, doubled over and gathered very full on the shoulder and round the waist. There was also a long, narrow piece of cloth tied around the waist, called the "sash." It was placed on the right shoulder to receive this grip. The people wear their aprons over it. The men then took the oath of chastity and the women the same; they don't consider polygamy at all unchaste, but said that it was Heaven's ordained law, and that a man to be exalted in the world to come must have more than one wife. The women then took the oath of obedience to their husbands, having to look up to them as their gods. It is not possible for a woman to go to Christ, except through her husband.

Then a man came in and said that the gospel, which during those few minutes' interval had lain dormant for 1,800 years, had been restored to earth, and that an angel had revealed it to a young boy named Joseph Smith, and that all the gifts, blessings and prophecies of old had been restored with it, and this last revelation was to be called the Latter-day Dispensation. The priests pretended joyfully to accept this, and said it was the very thing they were in search of, nothing else having had the power to satisfy them.

They then proceeded to give us the first grip of the Melchizedek or Higher Priesthood, which is said to be the same that Christ held. The thumb is placed on the knuckle of the index finger, and the index finger is placed straight along the palm of the hand, while the lower part of the hand is clasped with the remaining fingers. The robe for this grip was changed from the right to the left shoulder. We were then made to swear to avenge the death of Joseph Smith, the martyr, together with that of his brother, Hyrum, on this American nation, and that we would teach our children and children's children to do so. The penalty for this grip and oath was disembowelment.

We were then marched into the northeast room, the men, of course, always going first, designated the prayer circle room. We were here made to take an oath of obedience to the Mormon priesthood.

And now the highest or grand grip of the Melchizedek priesthood was given. We clasped each other round the hand with the point of the index finger resting on the wrist and little fingers firmly linked together. The place on the wrist where the index finger points is supposed to be the place where Christ was nailed to the cross, but they tore out and he had to be nailed again, and so you place your second finger beside the index on the wrist. It is called the sure sign of the nail, and if the grip is properly given it is very hard to pull apart. The robe was changed from the left to the right shoulder to receive this grip. The men then formed a circle round the altar, linking their arms straight across, and placed their hands on one another's shoulders. The priest knelt at the altar and took hold of one of the men's hands and prayed. He told us that the electric current of prayer passed through that circle, and that was the most efficacious kind of prayer. The women stood outside the circle with their veils covering their faces, the only time throughout the ceremony that they did so.

The prayer over, they all trooped up the staircase on the north side of the house, into the room called the Instruction Room, where the people sat down on the benches on the west side of the room. Facing them about midway between floor and ceiling was a wooden beam, that went across the room from north to south, and from which was suspended a dirty looking piece of what was once white calico. This was called the "Vail," and is supposed to be an imitation of the one in Solomon's Temple. On this vail are marks like those on the garments, together with extra holes for putting the arms through, and a hole at the top to speak through. But before going through the vail, we received a general outline of the instructions we had received down stairs. This over, the priest took a man to the vail to one of the openings where he knocked with a small wooden mallet that hung on the wooden support. A voice on the other side of the vail, it was supposed to be Peter's, asked who was there, when the priest, answering for the man, said, "Adam having been faithful desires to enter." The priest then led the man up to the west side of the vail, where he had to put his hands through and clasp the man or Peter, to whom he whispered his new name, and the only one he ever tells, for they must never tell their celestial names to their wives, although the wives must tell theirs to their husbands, through the holes in the vail.

He was then allowed to go through to the other side, which was supposed to be heaven, and this is where a strong imagination might be of some use, for anything more unlike heaven I can't conceive. The man having got through, he went to an opening and told the gatekeeper to call for the woman he was about to marry, telling him her name. She then stepped up to the vail. They couldn't see each other, but put their hands through the openings, one of their hands on each other's shoulder, and the other around the waist. With the arms so fixed, the knees were placed within each other, the feet, of course, being the same, the woman's given name was then whispered through the vail, then her new and celestial name, then the priestess who stood by to instruct the women, told them to repeat after her a most disgusting formula or oath. I can not remember it all thoroughly, but what I do consists of "the heart and the liver, the belly and the thighs, the marrow and the bones." The last and highest grip of the Melchizedek priesthood was then given through the vail.

They then released their hold of each other, and the priestess, taking the woman to an opening knocked the same as they did at the men's entrance and the gatekeeper having asked, "Who is there?" and the priestess having replied, "Eve, having been faithful in all things, desires to enter," Eve was accordingly ushered into heaven.

Before I go farther, I must tell how they believe the entrance into heaven is to be gained on the morning of the resurrection. Peter will call up the men and women, for it is not possible for a woman to be resurrected or exalted, or to be made a queen in heaven, unless some man takes pity on her and raises her.

If the marks on the garments are found to correspond with those on the vail the dead are buried in the whole paraphernalia, if you can give the grips and tokens, and your new name, and are dressed properly in your robes, why, then, one has a sure permit to heaven, and will pass by the angels who they purpose are to be only ministering servants to a more exalted glory; the more wives they have, they think, the higher their glory will be.

To resume: After, we saw Joseph F. Smith sitting at a table recording the names of those who were candidates for marriage. He wrote the names in a book the existence of which marriage register this truthful apostle has since denied, so that a polygamous marriage might not be found out and then he wrote the two names on a paper

to be taken into the sealing room to the officiating priest, so that he might know whom he was marrying. After having given this slip of paper to the priest Daniel H. Wells, we knelt at a little wooden altar—they are all alike in the Endowment House. He then asks the man if he is willing to take the women to wife, and the woman if she is willing to take him for a husband. They both having answered yes, he tells the man he must look to God, but the woman must look to her husband as her God, for if he lives his religion the spirit of God will be in him, and she must therefore yield him unquestioning obedience, for he is as a god unto her, and then concludes by saying that he, having authority from on high to bind and to loose here upon earth, and whatsoever he binds here shall be bound in heaven, seals the man and woman for time and all eternity.

He then tells the man and woman to kiss each other across the altar, the man kneeling on the north side and the woman on the south, and so it is finished. Sometimes they have witnesses, sometimes not; if they think any trouble may arise from a marriage or that the woman is inclined to be a little perverse, they have no witnesses, neither do they give marriage certificates, and if occasion requires it, and it is to shield any of their polygamous brethren from being found out, they will positively swear they did not perform any marriage at all, so that the women in this church have but a very poor outlook for being considered honorable wives.

When the marriage ceremony was over we came out of the "Sealing Room" and I crossed "Heaven" into the ladies' dressing room, where, after having dressed and my husband paid the fees, we took our departure, together with that of the "Holy Spirit."

It was half-past three p. m. when we left, I having gone there at eight o'clock in the morning. You can probably imagine how fatigued one feels, after listening patiently all the time to their incessant talking. Certainly at the end of the time one feels more like taking in nourishment than listening to the prompting of the "Holy Spirit." I should perhaps have remarked before that the priests, when going through the House, wear their ordinary clothing, and come straight in to the "House of the Lord" with their dirty top boots on as though they had just come off a farm, while we poor sinners were obliged to walk in our stocking feet lest the floor should be defiled.

The little addition attached to the main building on the west side and in which the font is, is used for re-baptizing people before they

can be allowed to go through the house, and is quite a separate affair from the washing and anointing; people are generally baptized a day or two before they go through the house. I was baptized the night before. On this same evening I was told that as I was going through the "House of the Lord" on the following day, I must pay the very strictest attention to everything I should see and hear, as it would be for my benefit hereafter. I was obedient in that respect, for I remember everything that happened as vividly, as though it were yesterday, and if it has not been for my benefit, I hope that this article may prove of some use in warning and enlightening people as to that most horrid blasphemy, jargon and mummery that goes on in that most sacred "House of the Lord."

MRS. G. S. RICHARDS.

Such are a portion of the forms and ceremonies denominated as religious performances of the Mormon Church. There have been crusades against those elder orders that have been transmitted from the building of Solomon's Temple. Would it not be well for all such crusaders to turn their "steel" toward this "shield" of the Mormon Church? Imperishable glory may be won by a sharp and chivalrous contest. Try it ye men who despise the ancient Hyrum!

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WINTER RIDE FROM SALT LAKE CITY—DESCRIPTION OF SCENERY—MORMON SETTLEMENTS—THREE DAYS' RAIN—THE MORMON BIBLE—OUR BLOODED HORSES—MONROE SALISBURY, THE MAIL CONTRACTOR—THE "SLEEP" AT CHICKEN CREEK—OUR PRE-EMPTED RANCH ON THE SEVIER RIVER.

ABOUT the middle of December, 1867, I started, in company with Monroe Salisbury, the mail contractor for the Southern Utah mail route, on a trip through the Mormon settlements of Southern Utah. The month of December had been very fair, the air salubrious, and the warm sun and rarified atmosphere imparted a vigor unknown outside of the mountain region. The animal spirits were intense. One always felt elevated without imbibing that "nectar of the mountain gods" known to all pioneers as "Valley Tan." As an old miner often remarked, he felt on rising in the morning "as if he had six bottles of pop under his belt and all going off at once!" Strange to relate, fruit was still ripening on the trees. Peaches, plums and grapes were exposed for sale on Main Street. But a few days before, I had purchased and eaten rosy-cheeked peaches and luscious grapes. On a single cluster, presented by a friend, I had counted 164 grapes. In fact, it was up to this time a beautiful sunshiny month, without a speck of a cloud to mar the serene blue that floated in gentle waves overhead. And, oh! what glorious days they have in Utah! What scenery of sunshine, mountain, lake and iridescent clouds at sunset!

I remember one bright afternoon in the month of September, 1868, driving with my wife in sight of Great Salt Lake, on a road that wound along the base of the Uintah Range. The atmosphere was exceedingly clear and invigorating. Our spirited animals seemed to partake of the refreshing scene and sped briskly away over the hard, dry road, past Warm Spring Lake and the river Jordan that rolled its fresh waters into the saline depths of Great Salt Lake.

For ten miles we drove over a road almost as smooth and level as the asphalt pavements on the great boulevards that grace the suburbs

of the larger cities of the Union. It was one of those delightful afternoons bathed in the glories of an Italian sun, whose soft, salubrious waves rippled over mountain and valley, and rolled in gentle billows of sunshine upon the gilded silvery surface of the great inland lake that washed the valley for a hundred miles, giving promise of a golden sunset such as the traveler discerns alone in the solitudes of the mountains, and rivaled only by the glories of the dying sun beneath Italian skies. All the world seemed at rest. Not a note of discord jarred the harmony of that quiescent scene. Great nature lay asleep in the lap of silence, and her monumental piles, lifting their tall heads to the ethereal blue, in mad delight kissed the iridescent clouds.

But as beautiful as were the skies and as glowing the glories of that resplendent afternoon, there was yet in store for us a rare panorama of beauty that alone could be produced by the confluence of mountains, lake, moon and sunshine, and with it came the glories of the dying day painted in iridescent colors upon the fleeing shadows and golden billows of drooping sunlight.

It was still daylight when we returned from our long drive to Farmington, but the shadows of approaching twilight began to creep over the snowy crests of the lofty Wahsatch and the Western Range, and roll down their rocky ridges in to the peaceful valley below. The Spirit of the Mountains seemed to stand above the lofty summits and gently drop a filmy vail of sunshine toward their distant base, softly creeping with the shadows, and through the gauze of filtered sunshine shot flaming rays that glowed like molten fire in a universal furnace. As the orb sank still lower in the west, this filmy vail of suncloud changed its ephemeral hue from rosy pink to darkest purple, and, lingering on the lofty hillsides and above the valley and the frosty lake as if pinned by stars unseen, the pale moon, a full, round world, peeped over the summit and showed its silver face above the snow-capped Wahsatch. Ah, what a glorious vision! Rays of golden light and flames of fire shooting upward to the zenith; pink and purple clouds in veil and gauze, hanging over mountain and valley; a dying sun forging its last bolts of flame on the heights of the Western Range, ere sinking to its night of rest; at the same instant a pale, round, silvery moon resting on the Eastern Range, and each orb mirrored deep in the waters that stretched far below, while over all sat the silence of the solitudes awaiting its solemn turn to clothe the earth in darkness.

Well, it was a glorious day as we rolled gaily out of Salt Lake City, seated in a strong, light wagon, built expressly for mountain service, behind a pair of beautiful blooded mares, full of metal and eager for the race through the valley. The level roads were hard and dry and we sped onward at a rapid pace in the invigorating air of the early morning.

Many settlements were passed, clusters of farmhouses, surrounded by gardens and well-tilled fields, from which the grain had been garnered and stored for winter use, and orchards and vines, with the fruit still clinging to their branches. Before us stretched a long and beautiful *vista*, formed by the lofty mountain walls that rose on either hand, and the green valley that lay between. It was almost a panorama, unfolding mile upon mile its continuity of gray walls, green verdure and cerulean blue that arched the mountains as a dome. Lehi, at the head of Utah Lake, and the village of Pleasant Creek had been passed, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we reached the city of Provo. Here we halted for the night, and soon were mastering the details of a steaming supper. It was, of course, a Mormon household, and its proprietor was the spiritual ruler of the community, which likewise embraced all other rule. We arose in the morning, refreshed after a night of "sweet sleep and peaceful rest," ready to continue our journey southward. What was our astonishment to behold the earth wet and the heavens weeping! The beautiful sunshine of yesterday had given place to sombre clouds, and the rain poured down in ceaseless torrents. In the night the stars conspired with the sun and gleefully twinkled behind a great bank of storm-cloud, and the radiant sun frowned upon the earth and hid its golden head for two long, weary days. We were prisoners in the Bishop's Castle. We did not suffer for ought save our liberty. We pined for the green fields, the sunshine and the "brush" on the road with our swift-footed "steppers." All the long forenoon we went constantly to the door to gaze upon the clouds, in the vain hope of beholding a rift that might promise a burst of sunshine. Only the rain made answer, as it pattered ceaselessly upon the window-panes and dripped in deep plashes from the roof upon the pools beneath. The "Mormon Prophet" was likewise a "weather prophet," and he vouchsafed the information that it was a "three-days' rain." And so it proved. What was to be done to while away the tedious hours? We had no books or papers in our satchels; we

had anticipated a continuous journey, and, therefore, no time to read! There were no games of any sort, or musical instruments, save the muffled crow of the bedraggled rooster, who looked the picture of misery and ruin as he wandered aimlessly before the door, his tail-feathers sweeping the ground. Such a thing as a pack of cards was never seen in a Mormon household, for they were taught to believe them an invention of Satan. The ladies of Zion were not permitted to converse at length with Gentiles, and so we were denied the soft influence of woman's voice. Their sentences were monosyllables. The men were absent most of the time, about the barns and cattle, performing the work as necessary in the rain as in the sunshine, and my companion was gloomy and morose, and, almost without a word, sat nursing his wrath at this unwonted change in our plans and expectations. Driven at length well nigh to despair I made a search for literature of some sort to dull the grim edge of the tedious hours. Three days of rain and imprisonment within the narrow walls of a Mormon household, where everything was as silent as the grave, broken only at long intervals by a sudden, jerky exclamation from the surcharged feelings of my exasperated comrade: "Well, I'll be d——d (dipped) if this ain't duller than death!" He was a man of strong emotions, as well as physique. He has since grown very rich on those starry routes of mail contractors, where great fortunes are gobbled in a day, provided you get the proper "expedition, increase and extension!" He rides in a satin-lined carriage, on downy cushions, and fares sumptuously every day; and I wish him well, for far worse men have grown rich on mail contracts. But in those early days he had crossed the plains many times with a "bull" train, and knew how to goad an ox to perfection, all of which required a degree of patience that would crown the life of a saint with glory and immortality. He had oft times faced death in the perils of field, flood and Indian violence, on the long, weary way from the Missouri River to the valley. For him now to lose his courage and patience and be abashed by the rainfall, was, indeed, marvelous. But so it was; so I began to search for a book, pamphlet or newspaper, or anything, no matter how ancient of date, so that I might beguile "the long, long, weary day." I searched in vain! Finally, I asked one of the "silent women" if there was anything to read in the house. Hesitating a moment, as if engaged in thought, she replied:

"No, sir; nothing that you might wish to read."

"Well, Madam," I called all Mormon women *madam* young or old for fear of offending their dignity, presuming them all to be married, "have you *anything at all that is printed?*"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"A Mormon Bible," she answered.

"Will you permit me to read it?"

"Yes sir."

She opened a closet and taking therefrom the "precious book" gave it to me without word or comment. Hitherto I had never beheld or read a line of the "Revelations," said to be discovered by young Joe Smith "under the guidance of an angel," and upon which he had founded the Mormon faith, and soon I became deeply immersed in its weird and mystical disclosures.

I read Orson Pratt's account of the origin of The Book of Mormon; of the fulfillment of the ancient Hebrew prophecies; of the first inhabitants of America; of the New World first peopled by the family of Jared, who emigrated here after the confusion of tongues at Babel; how they grew and multiplied and in course of time became sinful and finally were exterminated in battles, in one of which *two millions* of men were slain six hundred years before the birth of Christ. I read of the second emigration of the family of Lehi, of the tribe of Manasseh who came over from Jerusalem during the reign of Zedekiah in eight "barges," how they flourished for a long period, but falling likewise into evil ways, were exterminated as their predecessors by battles and earthquakes about A. D. 420. I read of the third migration eleven years after Lehi, whose fate they likewise shared. Of the murder of Laban and the theft of his plates; of the building of the "barges." Of Lehi and his sons. Of Jareth's interview with "the Lord." After the difficulties of early navigators and of the wonderful compass; of the landing in America; of the founding of nations and building of great cities; of Christians in America 100 years before the birth of Christ; of the founding, of a church; of preachings and persecutions, fearful signs, wonders and prophecies, and of battles between the Nephites and Lamanites. Of the gold plates hid in the hill Cumorah, situated between Palmyra and Manchester in the State of New York. Here a

great battle was fought between the Nephites and the wicked Lamanites, in which 230,000 men were slain and the Nephites utterly routed and destroyed—but twenty-four escaping besides Mormon. But Mormon had received from his father the plates of Nephi, which contained the sacred records of his people, religiously transmitted from father to son. These he had hid in the hill Cumorah, before the battle, after he had written an abridgment of them which he gave to his son Moroni, who, upon the death of his father Mormon, soon afterward slain, added to them a short account of his own, together with an abridged account of the Jonadite expedition and then buried the whole of the plates in Cumorah, about the year 400. A short time afterward Moroni died, the last of his nation, and with him the Nephites became extinct. The descendants of the wicked Lamanites, who were distinguished by the dark color of their skins, are the tribes of the North American Indians, found by Columbus, when *he* discovered America. So sayeth the plates of Nephi.

These plates remained in their hiding place for more than one thousand and four hundred years until finally revealed to Joseph Smith “through the ministry of an angel” on the 22nd of September, A. D. 1823.

The Book of Mormon forms a large volume of nearly six hundred pages of fine printed matter. It is divided into fifteen books, and some of the books are subdivided into chapters, and the whole work is claimed to contain, besides a vast quantity of purely doctrinal matter, the record of the ancient inhabitants of the American continent.

For two and a half days, while the rain fell and my companion damned, I pored over the volume and heeded not the storm that wailed without. I entered deeply into its mystic depths and for the first time became familiar with the peculiar tenets of the strange faith upon which the Mormon Church was founded. No one disturbed me as I thus delved into the Mormon mysteries—save my companion who occasionally gave me the benefit of his own belief, that the whole d——d thing was a prodigious fraud and fit only for idiots and lunatics. Of course this was not spoken in the presence of the Bishop. The mail contractor was too shrewd a man to wound the sensitive feelings of a ruler in the church, especially as he was in constant business communication with the Mormons all along the southern mail route. The Bishop possessed another work called the Book of Jacob, but I had no

time then to grasp its symbolical contents. That and a further review of the Mormon Bible were reserved for another period, when I was more at liberty to digest its revelations.

In the middle of the afternoon of the third day the clouds broke, the rain ceased, the sun again shimmered on mountain top and valley, and sank at night behind the Western Range in a great red, fiery orb. The dawn of the morning found us ready for departure, and bidding the family which had so hospitably entertained us for three days a hearty "good-bye," we again started briskly on the road. The heavy, continuous downpour of rain had washed the road, and little gullies and streamlets impeded our rapid progress. Still the horses were fresh and full of fire and would not brook delay, and so we pushed on at a very comfortable pace, until mile upon mile separated us from the friends we had left behind. As we progressed the country became less thickly settled, the farm lands untilled and the broad expanse of the valley devoted more particularly to the grazing of many herds. As the day wore on we became convinced that the storm, which we found from the condition of the road and surrounding country to have been universal, had not yet spent its force. The settlements through which we passed rapidly were now at great intervals, many miles intervening, showing that we were entering upon the outposts of Zion that lay between its capital and Fillmore City. Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, Santaquin, Nephi and Levan, all Mormon settlements, and more or less thriving and prosperous, according to their natural locations and the favor of the church leaders, were all passed and their different points of interest observed and noted for further use.

As the day declined the rain again set in, and when just before dark we reached Chicken Creek, where we were to remain that night, the lands were fairly swimming. We went at once to our "quarters" for the night. It was the residence of the mail carrier on a short route that diverged at right angles from that point. He was absent on his route, having left that morning, and would not return for two days. His wife, however, made us as comfortable as possible and gave us the best her humble home afforded. She prepared us a supper of fried bacon and eggs, tea and milk, and johnny cake baked on an open oven. We did full justice to the meal, albeit we were in rather an uncomfortable position. The dwelling, composed of two rooms and a "lean to" for a kitchen, was located on the side of a hill along which

the mail route descended, and the great overflow of rain poured through the side door of her dining-room where we sat at supper, and set all movable things upon the floor "a-swimming." To keep our feet from being likewise washed away we were compelled to elevate our kness toward our chins, and thus sit while we partook of our wholesome fare. The sleeping room adjoining, to which we repaired after our meal, although of dirt floor and sod roof—oh, how primitive were the styles of architecture!—was perfectly dry, as it was elevated more than a foot above the floor of the dining-room. A bright fire in the stone chimney-place greeted us and shed its warmth and light on our wet clothing and travel-stained features.

We sat before the blazing logs, watching the sparks fly upward, and soon were wrapped in a revery of thought. An hour after we were joined by the good housewife who, having concluded her household duties, came to enjoy the warmth and comfort of a dry room. And thus the hours sped by until our yawns gave notice that tired nature was awaiting "its sweet restorer." The only bed in the house was in this room; not a bedstead, but a broad structure, built in the right angle of the two walls, and not a poor couch to rest upon.

The kind hostess informed us that this couch awaited us whenever we chose to retire, and after imparting the information she sat and gazed upon the dying embers that flared their weird forms in the dark background. My companion and I looked at one another momentarily, each urging the other by sly winks and nods to begin the process of disrobing. And thus we lingered for another half hour or more—worn with the long drive and overcome by the soft influence of the drowsy god, nodding in our seats and bowing our heads to the flickering flames upon the hearthstone. Finding I could withstand the influence no longer, I softly arose from my seat and, as expeditiously as possible, disrobed and lay down between the blankets. My companion followed in the same swift and secret manner and soon we were wrapped in sound slumber. I have, however, a faint recollection, ere dropping into the arms of Morpheus, of seeing a white form flitting about the room and preparing the fire for the night, and then a slight sound as of some one arranging a pillow and coverlets upon the bed. It could not have been my comrade as he was already asleep, he so avowed upon the honor of a man, and I know he was a truthful and honorable man, and would not fabricate a lie on such a small matter. It must have

been some one else, but I could not affirm it under oath, as the room was rather dark and I was much too sleepy to pay particular attention. But in the gray dawn of the morning on awakening I thought I saw two heads on the bolster, and one much fairer than the other. But then again I might have been mistaken, as I had mud in my eyes, the dripping from the sod roof overhead, for the saying is, that with such a covering for the roof, it rains three days inside after the rain has ceased on the outside.

When next we awoke, it was by the sound of a cheery voice calling us to breakfast, and as we asked no questions, we were not what might be called inquisitive men we never "positively" knew how many reposed in that bed that night. It might have been three, and possibly, mind I say possibly, it was; but we were much too tired and sleepy to investigate, and besides what mattered it? Our slumbers were in nowise disturbed! We knew she was a kind hostess and a good and true woman, and who in the world or in Utah had a better right to sleep in a bed than its owner? Would you expect her to lie down on the earth floor?

Early after breakfast we again started upon our journey. The road was rough and hilly and the morning hazy and misty. A "spell" of bad weather had really set in, and sadly interfered with the pleasures of our trip. But our splendid team was just as bright as if the glad sunshine still glorified the hills and valleys, and moved onward with sharp pace and ringing footsteps on the hard road, Salt Creek was early reached, and in a few hours we came to the banks of the Sevier River, where the tall grasses still waved, although swept by a chill autumn wind. At this point was a beautifully located section of land, of which I was to be the sole proprietor when Uncle Sam's surveyor should drive the boundary stakes. In looking over the land we found that a Mormon family had made a location thereon and built a rude shelter in a beautiful grove, not far from the winding road that led to the ford. As we turned our horses' heads toward this new abode in the wilderness, a raincloud burst overhead and the water fell in streams. We tied our horses securely to the trees and sought shelter within. As we entered we found the family, consisting of the man and wife and about a dozen children of various ages, from the twins at the breast, to the grown daughter, all engaged in their matutinal meal of corn bread and hog-ribs to which each appeared to be doing ample justice.

We informed him of our ownership and inquired as to the length of time he proposed to remain upon the land. He politely replied that, "If the court knew herself he believed he had come to stay!" We answered that two parties could not own the same piece of land at the same time with a clear title, and that we had become seized of it by law as a mail station, and proposed to have it surveyed and make the necessary improvements. He replied that he had no objection to the contemplated improvements; that they would in nowise interfere with his hogs and patch of corn, and that the particular piece of ground was big enough for both. He was not disposed to be hoggish in the matter, and would make no objection to our building a house as good as his own, only he didn't want it next door, where the hogs and chickens might get mixed. In fact, he wouldn't object to a little company any how, as it was quite lonesome for Betsy and Sal, and he supposed we would bring our women folks along. My comrade intimated that he was not yet possessed of the luxury of a wife. At this the old woman pricked her ears and winked at Sal, who all the while had been gazing at the good-looking man beside me with the beautiful gold watch and chain, and diamond studs in his shirt bosom, and said, in a tone of voice between a saw-mill and a file sharpener, that Sal was a likely girl and would make any man a good wife, provided he was rich enough to keep her in sun-bonnets and new calico gowns. To all of which Sal gave a simpering assent. The case was growing serious and reminded me of a brother lawyer in the States who had business in one of the sparsely settled Northwestern counties, and being overtaken by night, put up at the first farmhouse he struck on the road.

It was a log house containing two rooms and furnished in the primitive style of the early pioneers. The family consisted of the old man and his wife and a full-grown daughter who was slashing around barefooted and had a fist like a meat ax. After gathering up the fragments of the supper and clearing the room, the old woman, who had been looking the lawyer all over, took a seat immediately in front of him, and without any preliminary remarks, asked:

"Do you wear such fine duds all the time?"

"All the time, madam," replied the lawyer.

"Is that a real diamond in your shirt?"

"Yes, madam."

"And I heard you tell the old man that you had a horse and buggy at home, besides the one you've got here?"

"Yes, that is true."

"And that watch and chain are real gold, aren't they?"

"Yes; the real stuff."

"Cost as much as two hundred dollars?"

"More than that; over three hundred dollars."

"My stars! Why, you must get as much as forty dollars a month and board?" she gasped.

"Madam, I frequently make fifty dollars in a single day."

"Heavens! Why you must be worth a thousand dollars?"

"Yes, ten times that amount."

"How you talk!"

Some moments of silence elapsed ere she recovered from her amazement. Then she slipped softly to the corner of the house, to see if anyone was listening to her conversation with the lawyer. Returning quickly, she came up close to him and lowering her voice to a whisper, said:

"Say, mister! We've been saving Sally these last two years for the boss of a saw mill four miles up the creek, but if you are mashed on her and she is mashed on you, I'll run the old man six miles through the bush after a preacher to do the splicing."

The lawyer heaved a sigh of relief, and in his politest tones informed the old lady that he already had a wife, who was anxiously awaiting his return home. The old woman fell in a fit at this revelation, so depressing was the information, and so poignant her grief and disappointment, from which the "old man" revived her by the prompt application of corn-juice and a mustard plaster.

The lawyer took an early departure in the morning, before the anxious mother was out of bed.

As the rain had ceased and neither of us was in the matrimonial market, we likewise beat a hasty retreat and left our "old man" and



SAL'S MOTHER AND THE LAWYER.

his ambitious family in undisturbed possession of the land. I saw him but once afterward, on our return northward, and then but for a moment. I never reaped any profit from the "mail section," as I never could prevail on the "man of chains and rods" to go thus far into the wilderness to establish its metes and bounds. But on that spot of ground where the tall grass waved its green and gold when kissed by the summer breeze, and wild flowers filled the air with their sweetest perfume, a city stands, built by the brawny hands of men who opened the rich mines of the adjacent mountains, and led the way to wealth and human progress. That missionary of civilization, the steam engine, plows its swift way through the valley, and the ancient mountain walls reëcho its call to the adventurous hosts who have planted its banners on their lofty heights. It is a wilderness no more. The grass and wild flowers have disappeared, and the lone hut of the settler, upon which that storm-cloud burst that December morning so many years ago, but in their stead stands "a flower of civilization," the city of Sevier, the home of strong men and brave women, who have tunneled the mountains, unfolded its golden wealth and smitten the lion that stood in the pathway of human progress. Others have reaped the wealth that might have been mine; but I have no regrets. They have earned it by the right of conquest. Not the conquest of battle and carnage, but the victory won by the stern conflict of man with the forces of nature. They have broken the wild mountain barriers, and opened the way for the tide of wealth and happiness that Christianity links with the stalwart arm of industry. Generations yet unborn will reap where they have sown, and I say, "God bless them!"



MORMON HERD, SOUTHERN UTAH.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN ROUND VALLEY—NO BED TO SLEEP ON—BEATING OF DRUMS AND FIRING OF GUNS IN HONOR OF CHRISTMAS MORNING—THE TERRIBLE STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS—THE MORMON FORT IN THE WILDERNESS, THE CITY OF REFUGE—THE HOSPITALITY OF ITS KIND-HEARTED KEEPER—HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER—THE RIDE TO FILLMORE CITY—TO BEAVER—TO ST. GEORGE—THE BUSINESS BISHOP OF BEAVER—THE MORMON BALL AT FILLMORE CITY—THE BELLES OF FILLMORE CITY—OUR DANCE—NARROW ESCAPE—THE RIVER FORDED—RETURN TO SALT LAKE—SPIES ON OUR TRACK.

AFTER crossing the Sevier our road led to the uplands, and our course was quite hilly. In these higher altitudes snow had mingled with the rain, and the ground was covered with quite a depth. This was a grazing country, and herds of fat and lean cattle were seen at intervals. I now beheld the novel sight, new to me at that time, of the cattle feeding on the short, sweet and dried buffalo grass, with which the hills abounded, all of which was beneath snow. The cattle would plant themselves firmly on their hindquarters and with their fore legs paw the ground swiftly, causing the snow to fly in a silvery spray and rapidly uncover the ground, exposing the grass upon which they would feed. All winter long they sustain themselves upon this dried grass, which is truly nutritious. Cattle that have been worked thin and poor from hard continuous labor through the spring summer and fall months are, at the close of the season, turned out to graze all winter upon this grass, and in the spring are returned to their work fat and sleek and strong. Verily, "they get their own living without cost to their owners," and are in much better condition than if housed and fed at home. It was a cold, dreary day, and the long drive made us feel quite uncomfortable. By nightfall we reached the settlement of Round Valley, and after some parleying and the promise of considerable gain, we finally obtained permission to remain over night at the house of the polygamous postmaster. It was quite evident that these people were not well disposed toward strangers, especially those of the Gentile persuasion. We were told we could have supper that night and breakfast in the morning, but that, as the accommodations were quite limited, no bed or blankets

could be furnished for rest or sleep. We were very tired, and needed rest after our long, wearisome ride, but we could not prevail upon the proprietor of this harem to give us a bed even for a part of the night, although there were at least five or six in the house. This Mormon abode was a long, rambling structure of one story, securely built, and formed part of a hollow square, in which plan the settlement was constructed for protection against the attacks of Indians, which were quite frequent, as this settlement was in the Indian country. The whole was surrounded by a wall of mud brick. They cultivated their farms and gardens in the vicinity, and on the approach of a band of hostiles would retreat to their homes, thus shaped as a fort, and successfully resist an attack. This Mormon possessed three wives, one of them quite comely, and as the house had the appearance of being built in sections, I thought, perhaps, that one might have been added with the acquisition of each wife. As the last addition seemed of more recent construction, I surmised that the last wife had not long been an inmate of this household.

It was pitch dark without, and a drizzling rain added to our misery as we thought of the morrow. Although we were obliged to sit up all night, at least we were sheltered from the cold rain, and a blazing fire of logs on the stone hearth imparted a somewhat cheerful glow to the surroundings. Our "kind" host informed us that if we were disposed to invest a part of our surplus currency, he could obtain for us some home-brewed beer. Being thus disposed, and only too happy of the opportunity, we gave him the greenbacks and he shortly returned with a good-sized bucket of the malt. To this we added some pepper-sauce to give it a taste, otherwise it would be as flat as the Dead Sea, this was the case with all beer brewed in the Territory, and inviting the "head of the house" to imbibe also, we sat around the fire and drank the beer until the last cupful was gone. The Mormon host performed his part of the undertaking, and never flinched at a single detail. In fact, he sat up with us all night long—whether it was from "gentlemanly politeness," love of the beer, or distrust of the Gentiles he had let within his gates, we were unable to fathom. But true it was, he sat with us by the fire, occasionally replenishing it, until the gray mists of the morning.

During the long night I could not help thinking that this was Christmas eve. That the morrow was the day celebrated all over the

Christian world as the birthday of the Redeemer. My thoughts wandered to my home in the far East, where dwelt the loved ones of my heart. What a sun-burst of memory poured in upon me! What joys that day had oft times unfolded to me! What boyish delights and hopes and fears had consecrated that one day of all the year and embalmed it in my memory! And the love and beauty that clustered about it in my early manhood and made it golden with the dreams of hopeful aspirations. Tenderness and sympathy, and the gentleness of loved ones passed beyond life's limits who had made it a day of kindly offering on the altar of affection now clothed it with the sweet glories of the dream world. 'Twas only a step to the dear old home through the soft, still gate of sleep! Why could I not dream I was there, and feel their kisses upon my cheek as of old? Alas, I was far away. Great mountain barriers divided us. Three thousand miles separated us. I was away off, locked in the mountains in an inhospitable land, where even the luxury of a bed was denied on that night! But the gray dawn of the morning came at last, and with it a surprise. I heard the beating of a drum, the shrill notes of a fife, the firing of guns and the loud shouts of men and boys. What could it mean? Was it a call to arms? Had the wily savage chosen that dark morning for an attack upon the sleeping town? Were we to engage in battle in Round Valley with the white man's foe? Were they already at its gates? No! What, then, means this call to arms from fife and drum? Ah, my Gentile friend—it is the sound of the Mormon boys of Round Valley ushering in the dawn of Christmas! They are marching around the hollow square with drum and fife; they are firing a salute at each household; they are singing the songs that are now being sung by Christian millions all over the world; they are ringing the bells and shouting their loud huzzas, and their notes shall be borne over the distant mountain tops on the electric chords of sympathy to swell the anthems of praise and rejoicing—the chorus of the world song that the Redeemer liveth! Three thousand miles from home, and three hundred from a base line of civilization, in the very heart of the mountains, and in the midst of the wild haunts of Indian foes, these Mormon boys are celebrating the birth of Christ. No wonder that we bought a tub of beer, the bucket was too small, and when they came to “our” house singing their Christmas carols, drank with them the early morning toast of a “Merry Christmas to all the Mormon boys of Round Valley.”

It was a dark, dreary morning as we left Round Valley, after a late breakfast. The heavens were lowering and gave promise of a storm which burst upon us when but a few miles on our journey. We were in a mountain country, and as we climbed the uplands the storm increased. It was useless to turn back to a place that afforded no means for rest or sleep, and so we concluded to push on in the hope that the elements would soon cease their warfare. Our hope, however, was vain. The storm of rain soon changed to a gale. The nearest shelter was Fort Union, at least thirty miles distant. We put our blooded steeds to their full mettle, and swept along the hard mountain road with a celerity seldom known in that country. Thirty miles in an open buggy exposed to a torrent of rain was surely bad enough, but when the storm changes to a gale, and to the rain is added first a shower of hailstones of such size as to sting us severely and madden our horses, and to the hail is added a downfall of snow, and withal a storm of wind that nearly blew the breath out of our bodies, what would you say? When high up the tall mountain side we met these elements altogether, rain, hail, sleet and snow, borne upon us by a driving wind that chilled the marrow in our bones and froze the greatcoats on our bodies as stiff as sole leather, and as if to add greater fright to our already maddened animals and to make the whole matter more uncomfortable for us, we suddenly penetrated a storm burst as we dashed along over the mountain's crest. Forked and sheeted lightning played all around us, enveloping us at times almost within its flaming folds, and shooting thence in zig-zag lines far down the mountain sides, leaving a scorched and blackened line of shivered rocks and trees in its pathway from the clouds. Peal after peal of thunder reverberated from summit to base, rolling as it were from rocky towers and minarets to cavernous depths far below. It was a battle among the clouds, and heaven's artillery was shaking the rocks from their firm base. I had heard the roll of infantry and the voice of the deep-mouthed cannon during the dark struggle between the sections, as the tide of conflict swept over the embattled plains; but never before had my ears been assailed with such deafening roars as met them there.

My fear each moment was, that our frightened animals would get beyond the control of the strong hand that held and guided them, and in their mad fury dash headlong into a chasm beneath. Pelted by hailstones, deafened by thunder and dazed by the vivid glare of

lightning, they bounded along with the speed of the wind, which was now our furious companion. But, encouraged by the voice they knew so well, they kept the road in safety. Torrents of rain fell and seemed to freeze as it would fall upon us, so intense was the cold in the driving gale. I was compelled to take off my hat and hold it over my mouth to keep the breath in my body, so fearful was the wind that swept along that mountain road. But as we descended the storm decreased in violence, the thunder more distant and the glare of the lightning less vivid. But the rain and the driving sleet remained our close com-



THE STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

panions. Our smoking steeds had reached the plains, and a dot upon its surface indicated that Fort Union was not many miles distant.

With renewed energy our brave animals sped along without whip or spur, as if instinct with the knowledge that food, shelter and rest were near at hand. The bridge was over, the moat and the great gates of the fort were wide open to receive us, for the hospitable keeper had already seen us from its ramparts as we struggled through the storm, and hastened to open its portals and not its port holes. As we drove within the enclosure and the drawbridge was withdrawn and the great

gates swung back in their places, it appeared to us as if we had reached "a city of refuge within the wilderness," and our shelter was secure. Our garments were so frozen and our limbs so stiffened from the severe and perilous ride through the mountain storm that we were unable to alight without assistance. A blazing fire greeted our benumbed limbs, and soon we were able to remove our greatcoats, so frozen with sleet and mud that they stood alone like sacks filled with grain. The room was filled with vapor from our drying garments when our kind host made his appearance, having remained to see that our animals were properly housed and fed. His first remark was that which only those in our condition could fully appreciate:

"Gentlemen," said he, "you seem to have had a hard drive of it. You are cold and wet, and I think that a little hot whisky and water would do you good. I have some "valley tan," if you prefer it, and likewise a barrel of States whisky, which I traded from a party of emigrants this fall, and if you will have it, I will get it here in a minute."

I have heard many eloquent speeches at some of the finest and grandest banquets that art and skill and wealth combined could devise, but I think that was the most hospitable and eloquent of them all! We did not hesitate to reply that we were of the same opinion, and that, wet to the skin as we were, with no change of garments, a little of the "States" whisky would be of inestimable service in thawing us out and in preventing cold in our system.

In an instant he was gone, and in a few more back again, with a quart pitcher filled to the brim with the amber liquor. In a moment more he had secured from the kitchen another pitcher, filled with boiling hot water, which, together with a bowl of white sugar and the necessary glasses and spoons, he set on a table before us, and, leaving us to ourselves, bade us partake to our hearts' content.

Shall I ever forget that moment when, with stiffened and benumbed fingers, I began to mix a draught fit for the gods? Putting the sugar into the glass and dissolving it with the hot water, I poured in a gill, at least, perhaps more, of the whisky, and then, filling the glass to the level brim with the hot, steaming water, and stirring it briskly for a moment, I swallowed the draught with the same avidity displayed by "Quilp," the renowned character of Dickens.

My companion performed the same laudable undertaking at the same time, and soon after we repeated the operation and began to

thoroughly warm the inner man and send the life-blood dancing through our veins. The fire warmed us, the liquor cheered us, our wet garments began to dry, and when, an hour afterward, we were invited to dinner, our ravenous appetites caused us shame and confusion. There was at that time not a human habitation between Round Valley and Fort Union, and not a morsel had crossed our lips since leaving the former place. We were, therefore, sadly in need of food, and ate so heartily that we felt obliged to offer excuses to our kind Mormon host. Not a word would he have, however, but piled our plates full again and again, until the craving was all gone. We then returned to the bright fire in the sitting-room, and, filling our pipes, engaged in friendly conversation until the hour of retiring arrived. Oh, the comfort of the clean, white bed that night! We had not slept for forty-eight hours, and our slumber was sweet and profound. And thus we closed that Christmas day in the distant mountains, thankful to the Father of all mercies for His watchful care and providence. Before retiring we consulted as to our future movements, and concluded to remain at the fort until the storm abated its fury. What was our glad surprise on awakening in the morning to behold the sunshine streaming in through the window panes. The air was cold and crisp, and the ground frozen hard as we pursued our journey to Fillmore City, distant fifty miles, and the nearest settlement southward.

After breakfast that morning what was my delight and surprise to find my greatcoat nicely cleaned and perfectly dry. The beautiful daughter of our host had performed that labor of love, and I felt it my duty to offer her a recompense. Not a cent would she receive for the kind act; but on my return to Salt Lake City I purchased, at a cost of \$15, the handsomest lady's workbox I could find, filled with all the intricate details of a woman's workshop, and transmitted it with my profoundest thanks for the comfort she bestowed on me by that kind attention.

We were likewise greatly surprised at the refusal of the host to receive a proper consideration for our entertainment. Although we insisted, he positively refused to accept a return for all his kind hospitality. We were amazed at his generosity, but were enabled to requite him in a more substantial way. The fort was not on the immediate line of the mail route, and letters and express packages had to be sent by special messenger from Round Valley once a week. Although it

lengthened the route to some extent, we made an order changing the same so as to include Fort Union, and thereafter the hospitable Mormon received his mail and express matter three times a week as the coach rolled by. It always carried "a mail bag" for Fort Union, as a remembrance of his kindness toward the half frozen strangers he let within his gates that stormy Christmas day. We wish to say also that his hospitable acts were performed without the knowledge of our relations to the United States Government. They were extended to two strangers from Salt Lake City, journeying southward to the settlement of St. George on what he supposed to be private business. We had especial reasons for keeping our identity unknown, as we were on a tour of observation at the instance of the Government. I mention this fact because we were so deeply impressed with the difference of our reception and entertainment at his hospitable abode, and at Round Valley. Had the postmaster at Round Valley have known my relations with himself and the postoffice department, I doubt not he would have given us the best bed in his house, though he made one of his wives thereby sleep in the rain. Such was his selfish nature. I never saw in all my travels through Utah a more happy or brighter looking family than that at Fort Union, and though nearly twenty years have elapsed since I left its bastions, moats and casemates, I remember it all as if it occurred but yesterday.

The drive to Fillmore City was the most pleasant of all, save that of the first day out of Salt Lake City before reaching Provo. The road was hard, the air crisp, and the life-blood bounded through our veins with an impetus born of true vigor and health. Not the least trace or ill effects of the fearful storm through which we had passed on the previous day remained in our system to remind us of our painful experience. The warm fire, the good food, the splendid rest, and withal the hot steaming whisky and water so thoughtfully and generously provided by our host (one of Nature's noblemen) together with our own vigorous constitutions and plethora of life blood, prevented even the semblance of that popular evil, "a cold in the head." Not an ache or a pain to mar the glorious exhilaration of our southward journey! How we sped along in the glad sunshine beneath the shadow of the great mountains! All our cares were forgotten in the glory of our surroundings! We were young men with life's fortunes all before us, away off in the distance like the vista of valley

and mountain through which we travelled in continual intoxication and fever of reason. The wine of youth painted the joys of young ideas on our minds in the warm glowing colors which fancy spread of all that was yet unknown. Could that veil have been lifted what would we not have seen? Now the storm and the rain were all forgotten in the glorious sunshine that made the world all too exquisite. Our very animals partook of the hour's inspiration, and released from the fetters of the storm, bounded along as if in harmony with our thoughts. We were in the Indian country, and no town or village or human habitation enlivened that long stretch of fifty miles. We met but two living objects all the way. One a man on horseback, the other a lone solitary gray wolf which, gaunt and starved, crossed our path in search of food, and, as if in the agony of desperation, stood still and gazed at us, not sixty yards from where we passed. The natural instinct of man to slay a wild animal momentarily unchecked, caused me to raise my rifle to my shoulder with deadly aim. Instantly the thought came over me: "It is the sole living thing we have thus far met! Let it live, the world is big enough for both!"

The man on horseback passed us a little later. He did not so much as return our passing salute. Perhaps he was distrustful of us in that remote spot of the wilderness. There were two of us and both armed. He likewise was armed, and he held his rifle across his saddle bow as he passed in silence. I turned in my seat and looked back upon him. His head was likewise turned upon his horse toward us, and he never removed his gaze until we passed out of sight. It was nothing unusual, however, it was, in fact a custom of the country; neither of us wished to be shot in the back. But the gray wolf was the more companionable of the two and I was glad I did not take its life.

As we had made an early start that morning, and the day was bright and the roads fine, we made rapid pace and arrived at Fillmore City about mid-afternoon. My companion wishing to attend to some business of his own, connected with his mail route, separated from me and I did not again see him until we met at supper at the hotel. In the meantime, however, I was not idle, but went about viewing the late capital of Utah Territory, bearing the name of one of our honored Presidents, and attending to my own delegated duties. The county in which Fillmore City is situated is named Millard, and thus the whole

name of the ex-President has been grafted upon Utah topography. This settlement was the largest at that time of any on the whole route after leaving Salt Lake City, and I was told that formerly the population was larger than at that time, of course, when it was the capital of the Territory, containing the public offices.

After resting all night in a comfortable bed and enjoying a good breakfast in the morning, we renewed our journey, stopping briefly at the intervening settlements of Corn Creek and Meadow Creek, and reached Beaver City before nightfall. The county again assumed the aspect of cultivated soil, and farms and gardens greeted us on our approach to the towns. Beaver City I found to be a place of considerable importance, and the center of a large farming region as well as a broad and prolific spiritual fold. There were quite a number of Mormon settlements some distance from the direct line of travel on both sides of the valley, and the country itself was cultivated to a higher degree of excellence than any we had seen since leaving the vicinity of Salt Lake City. And this was the case from here all the way to St. George. At Beaver City I met and was introduced to its leading citizen, the "Bishop of Beaver," I was very well impressed with both his speech and manner. While quite dignified in his appearance, and evidently possessed of great force of character, he was not like most of them in similar authority whom I had met in my long journey. He was not shy of Gentile strangers, at least he gave no evidence of such a characteristic during our intercourse. On the contrary his manner was open, frank and free, and his speech was pleasant. He was known everywhere as the best business man of all the prophets. Coadjutors, and the city of Beaver and surroundings bore evidence of that fact. A stirring, active man himself, he compelled all within his control to be likewise. There were no idlers, even the women performed their share of labor. He had a goodly number of wives, and all were engaged in some occupation. He invited me into his workshops, and I saw them all at their daily labor. Some were spinning, others weaving, and a number were engaged in the manufacture of cloth fabrics for the market. They were all silent and strictly attentive to their labors, and did not look up from their work on the entrance of a stranger, evincing the usual curiosity of their sisters of the "outside world." The room was on the ground floor of a building attached to his household, light and well ventilated, and I think there must have been at

least twenty women employed, but they were not all wives—at least not all his own wives, as I was afterward informed. The most of his wives were among them, however, thus engaged, perhaps some were his daughters, but of this I can not confidently speak, as I was not informed. There were likewise scattered through the town quite a number of workshops for the men engaged in various branches of industry. All the people of this settlement whom I met appeared to be contented, if not happy, and the whole place bore an air of activity and prosperity.

I have said the name of the settlement was Beaver City. Its origin was not unfolded to me, but its cognomen was not inappropriate with that industrious little mason, for the people that I saw “were all at work like beavers.”

We remained with the Bishop that night, and hastily resumed the road in the morning. St. George, the first settlement in Southern Utah, was close to the Arizona line, and distant from Beaver more than a hundred miles.

As the weather was fair and the roads good, we made rapid progress, stopping at each town or settlement on the way. At various points along our journey it appeared to be studded with thick settlements. We were now so far southward that a warm sun greeted us and the climate was very salubrious. There were many acres under a state of fine cultivation, and farms, gardens and orchards were to be seen surrounding the settlements.

On the second day we reached St. George, having passed through the village of Greenville, Buckhorn, Parowan, Paragonah, Summit, Cedar City, Shirts Creek, Kanara, Bellevue, Virgin City, Toqueville and Harrisburg. There were others, some of them of considerable size, but they were not located on the direct line of the road, and we could not spare the time to visit them.

St. George was for the present the terminus of our travel, and here we rested for a brief period, recruiting for our homeward journey.

Our return trip was of course more rapid than our going. The object for which we had made the long journey was attained, and we were now ready “to return in peace” from this summer land of flowers to the snow-locked lake beneath the giant Wahsatch, where frosted rosebuds are carved upon the wintry window-panes. A handshake and good-bye to the good Bishop of Beaver, after our noonday meal, and

then a rapid ride through Meadow and Corn Creeks, brought us back to Fillmore City long after the lights began to twinkle in the Mormon households. At the hotel a warm supper awaited us, and we ate to the sound of merry music that occasionally was wafted in upon us. This was the New Year First Night, and a gay party of dancers was holding high carnival at the Old State House. In fact, a Mormon ball was in progress, and an invitation was extended to us to attend. After our long journey, exposed as we had been to the severity of the elements, it could not be presumed that our travel-stained garments were in as presentable a condition as when more than half a month before we had so gaily started from Salt Lake City. Still we were going to that ball and we determined that appearances should not interfere with our enjoyments.

A Mormon ball is a considerable affair at times. In the earlier times it was their chief amusement, and when I was temporarily a resident of the Territory it had lost none of its interest and zest. An invitation extended to a Gentile to attend a Mormon ball always conveyed the idea of friendship and respect. It was like an invitation to breakfast. If they wished to entertain you they invited you to a late breakfast—say 9 o'clock in the morning—and not to a late dinner, as is the usual custom. Their state balls, if they may be so called, took the place of dinners. They have been frequently given in honor of Gentiles. Governor Cummings and officers of General Johnston's Army of Occupation were given a ball in honor of the "peace" that had been consummated without bloodshed. The city authorities gave a ball to General Conner and officers, and, later, to other civil officers of the Territory. These balls, save that to General Conner, were attended by Brigham Young and wives, the elders of the church within call and the chiefs of the High Council with their wives and grown children. The gravest would lead off in the dance of a great double cotillion and be the first to throw off the cares of thought, and "no minuet or other mortuary procession of Gentiles in etiquette, tight shoes and pinching gloves, but spirited and scientific displays of "French Fours," Copenhagen, jigs, and the Virginia Reel in their stead.

When I was at Fillmore City on the way southward, I had occasion to go to the telegraph office, and I found the operators to be two very handsome young women, very tidily dressed, certainly not over

eighteen and twenty years of age, the daughters of a prominent Mormon resident of that town. They were both remarkably handsome girls and resembled one another to such a degree I thought they might be twin sisters. Perhaps they were. I learned they were to become the wives of a prosperous young Mormon who had wooed them both at the same time. This, to me, who at that time had not been long in the Territory, and not familiar with its custom, seemed so singular that it made quite an impression on my mind. As sisters they both appeared amiably and happily disposed toward each other. How long would it be, as wives of the same man, before the hair pulling would begin, each endeavoring to obtain the mastery of the other? At the ball that night, I beheld these ladies under the escort of their future husband. They were handsomely attired, much more so than the other young ladies present, and appeared to be not only well-disposed toward each other, but really attached to the young man whom they were about to wed at no distant day. To them he gave his undivided attention, and I noticed this peculiarity: When dancing with one, the other did not seek another partner but waited as a "wall flower" until the next cotillion, when it would be her turn. Having been made acquainted with them on my previous visit, I joined the one who was waiting, and asked her to become my partner in the dance. Now what do you think was her reply? At home in the far East a young lady when thus addressed in a ball room might have declined or rejoined that she would go and ask her mother or her father or big brother or her escort if alone, provided she felt a delicacy in whirling through the mazes of the dance with a comparative stranger. But this young lady to whom I had already been introduced, and who knew, from the business transacted through her mediumship over the wires, that I was presumably a gentleman from my connection with the Government, told me in the most innocent way imaginable to "go and ask the Bishop!" I was very anxious to become her partner so that I might proudly say that I had danced with the prettiest Mormon girl I had seen in the Territory; but how was I to get at the Bishop who was himself a merry dancer on the floor? I suggested this obstacle to the maiden, but she was obdurate, and, while endeavoring to solve the matter in my own mind, the dance ended and her future lord came and carried her off.

All of this was very new to me then, but in time I became better acquainted with their manner of doing things. I afterward learned

that the "head of the church" and not the "head of the family" controlled the actions of the young ladies, even at balls and pleasure parties. That at Salt Lake City not even a hall could be rented for a ball nor the invitations issued without consulting Brigham Young, and that so far was his personal supervision extended over all things, before the beginning of a courtship, even, his consent must be obtained.

We did not, however, leave the ballroom that night without a dance. After a while the good Bishop came to where we were seated



"YOU MUST ASK THE BISHOP."

and inquired if we would not engage in the dance? My companion who was very fond of the amusement and well skilled in the art, immediately signified his desire and I, whose ardor had somewhat cooled from my former venture, was compelled out of politeness to do likewise and in a few moments we had "partners for the dance." They were not, however, the two young ladies who had fascinated us in the early part of the evening; they were mature matrons, at least such could be said of my partner. But what she lacked in youthful appearance was more than compensated by her skill and agility. I never was much of a Terpsichorean, but she gave me all the amusement I wished on that occasion. A man of 250 pounds avordupois is

not cut out for a dancer, and when, finally, after the second "engagement," I sat down beside her, streaming with perspiration, willing henceforth to relinquish all claims for future "engagements" with this "Sylph of the Mountains," I vividly recalled a former experience at a German ball in the hall of the National Guards of Philadelphia some years before, which "the boys" in violence of all rules of politeness would persist in calling a "dutch dance." While visiting that city on professional business, and during a stroll one evening in company with friends—young men of my own age—we chanced to pass that famous hall whence proceeded the sound of music and the merry dance. Accepting an invitation "merely to look on" we ascended the broad stairway and were ushered into the large assembly room where a great German Ball was in progress. It was not long before the spirit of the bright scene so impressed us that we, too, were on the floor waltzing away at a furious rate. My partner was a strong, stout German maiden of perhaps twenty-five summers, fair-haired and blue-eyed and as fond of the art as she was accomplished in its intricate mazes. The music was inspiring, and we waltzed merrily over the polished floor back and forth until I began to feel that a little rest and refreshment would be enjoyable. However, my fair companion gave no sign of relaxation and gallantly compelled me to "on with the dance." After sweeping over the floor once more its whole length and returning, I suggested that perhaps I was detaining her too long in the wild waltz and she had better sit down and rest awhile! That deep voice still rings in my ears as she replied, entirely unmoved, in her rich German accent: "I ish nod dired yit!" On went the stirring music of the waltz and on went both of us, as she took a tighter grip for the next spiral sweep among the gay throng. One by one the waltzing couples disappeared, while others took their places, but she showed not the least intention of resigning. I again suggested that it would be better for her to take a rest, and again came that deep guttural reply: "I ish nod dired yit!"

The case was hopeless. I think she purposed to dance all night, or at least as long as the continuous music lasted, which I thought would never end. I was wicked enough to wish that one or more of the musicians would fall from their perch in a fit. But no such relief came, and finally, with the perspiration streaming all over and the breath nearly gone out of my body, I told the fair creature that if she was not tired "I was," and intended to sit down. She insisted on one

more whirl, but I had enough of that German ball, and gently waltzed her to a seat, whence, after a few moments' rest, we proceeded "from labor to refreshment."

I do not mean to say that my Mormon partner was the prototype of that fair-haired Saxon girl. I do not think she had her equal on earth; at the end of that long, unceasing waltz, she was as unruffled as a summer breeze.

Leaving Fillmore City behind us early in the morning, we hurried rapidly along, meeting with no incident worthy of note until we reached the vicinity of Payson. At this point one of the springs of our conveyance became detached, and we were compelled to await the arrival of the mail coach. I was left nearly a whole afternoon in company with the Mormon lady of the household, whom I found to be both intelligent and communicative. I learned much that afternoon of the "inner life" of the Mormon people. I learned also that the accident to our conveyance was probably the means of preserving our lives, inasmuch, as had it not occurred we would have pushed forward and attempted to ford the stream beyond. Had we have done so we undoubtedly would have been swept along in its torrent. The recent rains had so swollen its waters that fording with so light a buggy as ours was impossible. Only the day before such a conveyance was swept away and the lives of the two occupants lost. In fact, we found the heavy coach, loaded with mail and passengers, almost lifted from the roadbed, and the horses barely able to keep their feet, so swift was the swollen stream.

At Provo we had an early dinner. There I met for the first time George A. Smith, Brigham Young's first counselor. He was a great man, not only in spiritual affairs, but in avoirdupois. I think he weighed 375 pounds. I do not know what he was doing there. Perhaps he had been sent by Brigham to ascertain what we were about. I have always believed he set a little sort of a trap on our homeward journey from that place to catch us in a certain thing, the details of which I will not give, but if so, he signally failed. The Mormons were always engaged in that business. If a Gentile came to their city and was suspected of ulterior designs, a careful watch was set upon him, and go where he might, his footsteps were dogged in the most secret manner. I state it as a fact that upon one occasion a stranger was followed all over the place in daylight by a man carrying

a board on his shoulders and dressed in the garb of a common work man. At night other means were provided. He was one of their most skillful detectives, and sometimes was arrayed in female clothing. I have known him to gain entrance to the offices of Gentile lawyers with a basket of fruit upon his arm, disguised as a pseudo-vender.

We arrived in Salt Lake City at midnight, and I retired to my couch at the Townsend House to dream over all that I had seen in my long journey through Southern Utah. I have seen many of those visions since in the twilight of years that have deepened into night shadows. Dreams that have breath and tears and torture and a touch of joy that divided our being, whose forms and shadows were the perfect semblance of those real events that marked our way. Where are all those forms and shadows now? and what of their later life history? It can not be that all are gone and I survive! What of the kind host at Fort Union? Doth he still gaze from his rampart walls upon forlorn travelers struggling through storms afar off, to warm them back to life, or hath he spread his silent tent "on Fame's eternal camping-ground"? What of the twin wives of Fillmore? What of the Bishop of Beaver—his factories, workshops and busy ways? What of them all? I know not. But I do know that the mountains are still there in their splendor, the valleys and their sparkling streams; and yonder is the sunlight gilding the tall church spire, and I know it is the same sunlight that gilds their snow-crowned summits with its ancient glory. And it seems to me as if 'twere but one step from there to the glory of the sun eternal.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE—A COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER OF OVER ONE HUNDRED RICH EMIGRANTS FROM ARKANSAS ON THEIR WAY TO CALIFORNIA, BY A BAND OF MORMON MILITIA AND INDIANS—BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED AT THE COMMAND OF BRIGHAM YOUNG—YOUNG'S POSITIVE KNOWLEDGE OF THE CRIME—HIS REPORT AS SUPERINTENDENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS IN THE TERRITORY ATTRIBUTES THE BLOODY DEED TO THE INDIANS, WHEN HE KNOWS THAT THE DARK CRIME WAS COMMITTED BY MORMONS AT HIS BIDDING—THE EMIGRANTS, UNSUSPECTING, BETRAYED, MURDERED AND PLUNDERED—THEIR MANGLED BODIES PERMITTED TO LIE UNBURIED TO BE DEVoured BY WOLVES AND VULTURES—DESTRUCTION OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST, AND THE MEN AFTERWARD—THE CONFESSION AND AFFIDAVIT OF BISHOP KLINGEN SMITH—THE CONFESSION OF JOHN D. LEE—HIS TRIAL AND EXECUTION TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER THE CONFESSION OF THE HEINOUS CRIME—THRILLING SCENES DESCRIBED.

IN the summer of 1857 a train of emigrants from Arkansas, on their way to California, entered Salt Lake City. It was perhaps the wealthiest and most populous train that ever entered the valley, bound for the new El Dorado. It numbered nearly one hundred and fifty persons, men, women and children; four hundred head of cattle and seventy-five horses. It was a rich train and carried money, jewelry, household goods, pianos, books and fire-side penates, with which to add comfort and beauty to their new homes on the Pacific. They were told that snows in the Sierras would prevent their passage by the northern route, and they therefore resolved to pass down through the southern settlements of Utah, and enter California by the southern route.

It was not only a wealthy and populous train, but a highly respectable, peaceable and Christian people, frequently holding religious services.

Hitherto Salt Lake City had been the great recruiting station on the barren road to California, and jaded and weary trains of men and animals found rest and recuperation in this oasis of the desert highway.

To their great surprise, this Arkansas train on reaching Salt Lake City, found that nothing could be procured from the Mormons for love

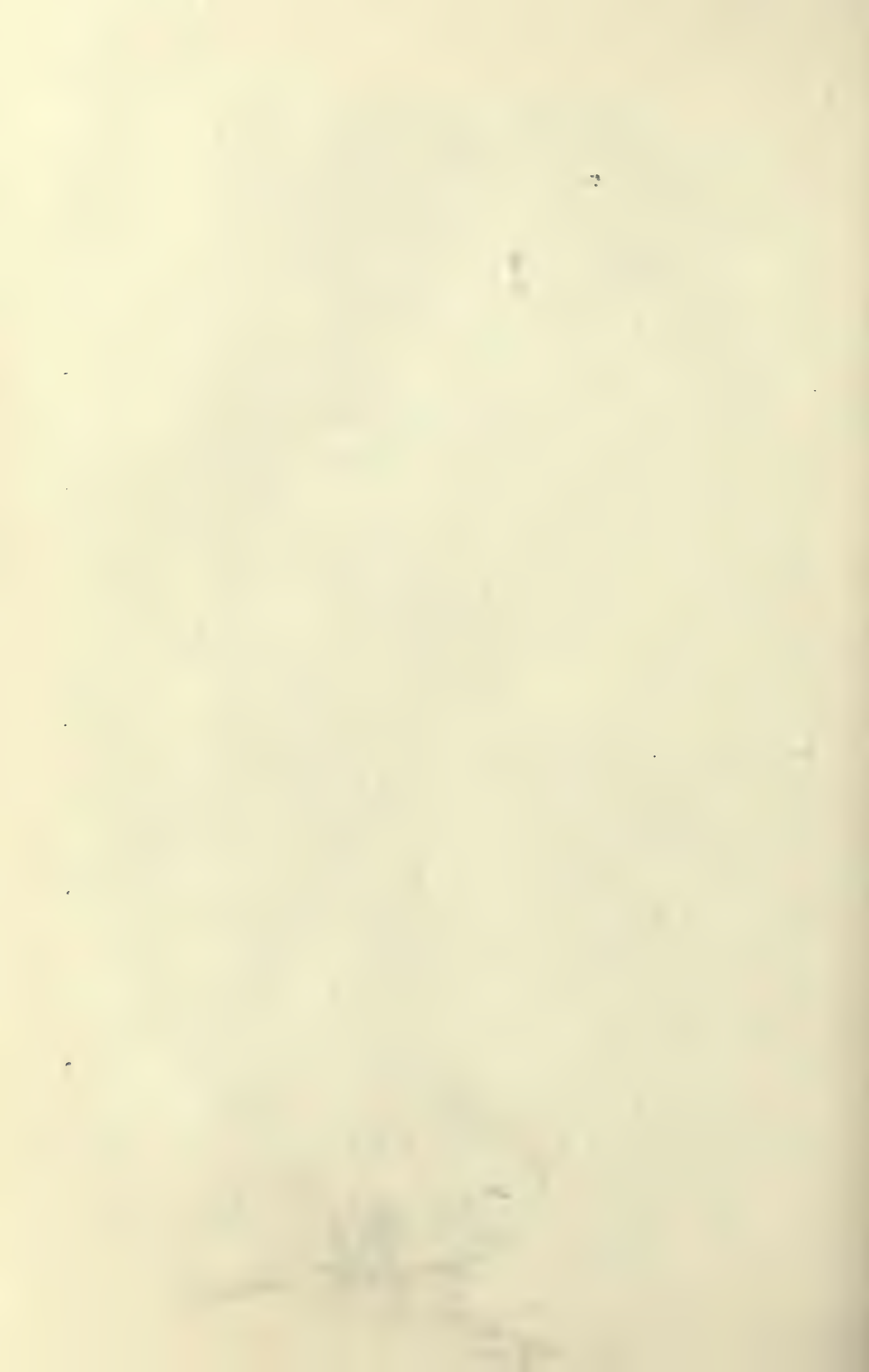
or money. Their gold and silver, their cattle nor ought they possessed could purchase sufficient food to keep them from starvation. Not only were they denied food, but rest. They were peremptorily ordered to break camp on the Jordan and depart from Salt Lake City. Wearily they passed down through the villages that blossomed at the foot of the Wahsatch, each proving as inhospitable as the other. The corn had ripened, the grain had all been harvested, every granary was filled to repletion, for the year had been exceptionally prolific, yet money had lost its purchasing power, for everywhere food was denied. At American Fork, Battle Creek, Provo, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, Nephi and Fillmore they received the same harsh treatment, and not until their arrival in Cedar City, in a famished condition, were they able to obtain a pound of grain for man or beast. The command of authority had preceded them. The second in command of the church, George A. Smith, the Prophet's first counselor, had preached to the Mormons in every settlement, and under pain of excommunication had forbidden them to sell food or grain to the starving emigrants. At Cedar City, however, they managed to obtain sixty bushels of corn, which they had ground into meal at the mill, and pushed on to the Mountain Meadows to recruit their stock ere entering the desert.

While encamped upon its grassy knolls at Cane Spring, they were suddenly attacked by what they presumed to be a large body of Indians, who killed ten of their number and ran off their grazing stock. But forming a cordon of their wagons, behind which they fought desperately, each emigrant being well armed, for five days they kept the enemy at bay. Every attempt to obtain water was met by slaughter. Two little girls, clothed in pure white, were sent down to the spring. Hand in hand they proceeded on their way—the way to death—for their tender innocence did not protect them; their little bodies were riddled with bullets. A woman attempting to milk a cow that had approached their enclosure was instantly shot to death. Unable to succeed by assault, these pseudo-Indians now determined upon wicked strategy. The affidavit of the apostate Mormon Bishop Philip Klingensmith relates that a regular military council was held in the town of Parowan, at which were present President Isaac C. Haight, Colonel Dame, commanding the Mormon Militia Regiment, which had been called out to perform the bloody work; Bishop John D. Lee, its major; Bishop Rigbee and Elder George A. Smith. John D. Lee was

also Indian agent for Southern Utah, and invited bands of Pah-utes and Pah-vents to accompany him in the cruel butchery to take place. It was planned that a flag of truce should be borne by white men, to offer to negotiate terms with the Indians, and thus gain the confidence of the besieged. Accordingly a wagon containing white men with a white flag made its appearance before the lines of the besieged, who, beholding the faces of white men, hailed it with joy. This wagon contained J. C. Haight, John D. Lee, Bishop Rigbee and other Mormon dignitaries. They stated that they had come to offer aid to the emigrants and intercede in their behalf with the Indians, if they so desired. This offer was gladly accepted, and the Mormons departed, but returned soon after with what they called the ultimatum of the savages—that the emigrants should surrender all their arms and property and return to the settlements by the way they came. In case they accepted these hard conditions, the Mormons promised to conduct them safely to the settlements. Placing implicit reliance in the good-will and intentions of the Mormons, who were known to be at peace with the Indian tribes, cruel as were the terms, they were accepted by the famished emigrants, and, surrendering their arms and all other property, they started on their march to—the grave! The arms, the wounded and the children were placed in two wagons driven by Mormons, behind them came the women marching in single file, a little back of them, the starved and worn out men, and immediately in their rear a guard of sixty Mormon militia. A mile from the spring the road ran through a thicket of scrub-oaks and many rocks interecepted their way. Here, by previous concert, lay in ambush a band of Indians. At this moment Lee, who marched between the wagons, discharged his gun, killing, it is said, a woman. It was the signal for the massacre. The Indians sprang suddenly from behind the rocks and bushes, and, together with the Mormon guard, instantly began the work of horrible slaughter. Old men and young pitiable women with babes in their arms, youths and maidens, all were alike remorselessly butchered by the red and white demons. Hell hath no record upon its avenging pages that can compare with this un pitying crime. The prayers of men, the tears and wails of women fell upon unheeding ears. Sick mothers, too ill to leave the wagons, were dragged therefrom and their white throats cut from ear to ear. Little girls were slaughtered like sheep in the shambles, and venerable grey haired clergymen, while kneeling in



MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE.



prayer. The fury of perdition seemed to seize upon the slayers. One young man, James Pearce, was shot by his own father for protecting a young, beseeching girl who lay crouched at his feet. A beautiful young girl threw herself into the arms of the son of John D. Lee, who attempted to shield her with his own body. His inhuman father bent his head aside and plunged his dripping dagger in her young heart. All the little children were killed save those "too young to remember." Such was the order, and fifteen alone survived, the eldest but two and a half years old.

In an incredibly short space of time 128 men, women and children, unarmed and defenseless, weak, weary, worn and famished, were butchered by these inhuman monsters who, under the guise of friendship and human sympathy, had decoyed them into the terrible slaughter pen.

Eight days after the massacre witnesses who visited the field of death, and who testified at the first trial of Lee in 1875, saw the bodies of the slain strewn upon the ground and heaped in piles. Some were stabbed, many shot, while others, principally women, had their throats cut. The wolves and ravens had lacerated the bodies of all save one, that of a beautiful well-formed lady with long flowing locks. For some unexplained reason her body had escaped the print of wolves' teeth. A single bullet had pierced her side. There was no clothing left upon any of the slain, save one torn stocking which clung to the ankle of one of the men, their bloody clothing having been stripped from their mutilated bodies, and sold at auction by order of the church authorities at Cedar City, Utah. Most of the bodies had been thrown into three piles, distant two and a half rods from each other. The most significant fact connected with the dead was that not a scalp was taken. Those acquainted with Indian character know full well their savage instincts. After a continuous battle of five days, resulting finally in the capture and slaughter of their foe, does it hold to reason that not a scalp should be taken? The inference follows swift and sure. Had revenge been their object, scalps would have been taken from the dead. As it was, not a trace of the scalping knife could be discovered.

For a whole year this revolting crime was kept secret, locked up within the mountain walls of the Territory. When finally their bodies were discovered and the ghastly deed made known, it sent a thrill of horror throughout the world. When secrecy was no longer

available, the Mormons declared it the work of savages, and Brigham Young, as *ex officio* superintendent of Indian affairs in the Territory, transmitted a report to the department at Washington, alleging it to be the work of hostile Indians. But the testimony of Bishop Klingen Smith and the confession of Lee, both declared it to be the organized work of the Mormon authorities, who thus sought to revenge themselves upon the people of Arkansas for the killing of Parley B. Pratt by McLean, whose wife Pratt had succeeded in proselyting, and who afterward became one of his wives at Salt Lake City. Pining for her children, she induced Pratt to accompany her back to Arkansas, in the hope of obtaining them from her husband, but who, incensed at the act of robbery of his wife and attempted abduction of his children, fell upon Pratt and killed him while seeking escape.

The little children whose lives had been spared were two years after by order of the United States authorities, gathered from the Mormon families in which they had been placed, and sent to their friends at home.

And thus the murder slept for years. But retribution came at last to one of the chief actors in the fearful crime. It came after the lapse of twenty years—after honors of the Mormon church had gathered upon him and wealth and possessions had crowned his latter years with ease, if such a blood-stained monster could know an hour of ease. Man never laid his hand in blood upon the head of his brother, that God's hand did not fasten the rope of retribution about his own neck. Blood hath strange tongue to tell of that crime which stains the soul of man with an infernal hue; and nature, with all her oratory, exceeds herself to make it known in all the voices of her speech.

A man who had long been a member of the Mormon faith apostatized, became the citizen of an adjoining State, and, weighted with the terrible crime that dragged him to the portals of the damned, sought by confession to mitigate the pangs of conscience which ever brought in sad review the long procession of murdered men and women his own hand had aided in robbing of their lives.

On the 10th of April, 1871, nearly fourteen years after the commission of the crime, Bishop Philip Klingen Smith made the following affidavit:

STATE OF NEVADA, }  
 COUNTY OF LINCOLN. } ss.

Personally appeared before me, Peter B. Miller, clerk of court of the Seventh Judicial District of the State of Nevada, Philip Klingen Smith, who being duly sworn, on his oath says: My name is Philip Klingen Smith. I reside in the County of Lincoln, in the State of Nevada. I resided at Cedar City, in the county of Iron, in the Territory of Utah, from A. D. 1852 to A. D. 1859. I was residing at said Cedar City at the time of the massacre at Mountain Meadows, in said Territory of Utah. I had heard that a company of emigrants was on its way from Salt Lake City bound for California. Said company arrived at said Cedar City, tarried there one day, and passed on for California. After said company had left Cedar City the militia was called out for the purpose of committing acts of hostility against them. Said call was a regular military call from the superior officers to the subordinate officers and privates of the regiment at Cedar City and vicinity, composing a part of the militia of the Territory of Utah. I do not recollect the number of the regiment. I was at that time the Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at Cedar City. Isaac P. Haight was President over said church at Cedar City and the southern settlements in said Territory. My position as Bishop was subordinate to that of President. W. H. Dame was President of said Church at Parowan in said Iron County; said W. H. Dame was also colonel of said regiment; said Isaac C. Haight was lieutenant-colonel of said regiment, and said John D. Lee, of Harmony, in said Iron County, was major of said regiment. Said regiment was duly ordered to muster, armed and equipped as the law directs and prepared for field operations. I had no command nor office in said regiment at the time, neither did I march with said regiment on the expedition which resulted in said company being massacred in the Mountain Meadows in said county of Iron. About five days after the said company of emigrants had left Cedar City, that portion of said regiment then mustered at Cedar City took up its line of march in pursuit of them. About two days after said company had left Cedar City, Lieut.-Col. J. C. Haight expressed a desire that said company might be permitted to pass on their way in peace, but afterward he told me he had orders from headquarters to kill all of said emigrants except the little children. I do not know whether said headquarters meant the regimental headquarters at Parowan, or the headquarters of the Commander-in-chief at Salt Lake City. When the said company had got to Iron Creek, about twenty miles from Cedar City, Capt. Joel White started for Pinto Creek settlement, through which said company would pass, for the purpose of influencing the people to permit said company to pass on their way in peace. I asked and obtained permission to accompany said White and aid him in his endeavors to save life. When said White and myself got about three miles from Cedar City, we met Maj. John D. Lee, who asked us where we were going. I replied that we were going to try to prevent the killing of the emigrants. Lee replied: "I have something to say about that." Lee was at that time on his way to Parowan, the headquarters of Colonel Dame. Said White and I went to Pinto Creek, remained there one night and the next day returned to Cedar City, meeting said company of emigrants at Iron Creek. Before reaching Cedar City we met one Ira Allen, who told us that the "decree had passed, devoting said company to destruction." After the fight had been going on for three or four days, a messenger from Major Lee reached Cedar City, who stated that the fight had not been altogether successful, upon which Lieutenant-Colonel Haight ordered out a reinforcement. At that time I was ordered out by Capt. John M. Higbee, who ordered me to muster "armed and equipped as the law directs." It was a matter of life or death to me to muster or not, and I mustered with the reinforcing troops. It was at this time that Lieutenant-Colonel Haight said to me that it was the orders from headquarters that all the emigrants were to be killed but the little children. Said Haight had at that

time but just returned from headquarters at Parowan, where a military council had been held. There had been a like council held at Parowan, previous to that, at which were present Colonel Dame, Lieutenant-Colonel Haight and Maj. John D. Lee. The result of this first council was the calling out of said regiment for the purpose already stated. The reinforcement aforesaid was marched to the Mountain Meadows, and there formed a junction with the main body. Major Lee massed all the troops at a spring and made a speech to them, saying that his orders from headquarters were to kill the entire company, except the small children. I was not in the ranks at that time, but on the side talking to a man named Slade, and could not have seen a paper in Major Lee's hands. Said Lee then sent a flag of truce into the emigrant's camp, offering said emigrants that "if they would lay down their arms he would protect them." They accordingly laid down their arms, came out from their camp and delivered themselves up to Lee. The women and children were then, by order of said Lee, separated from the men and were marched ahead of the men. After said emigrants had marched about half a mile toward Cedar City, the order was given to shoot them down. At that time said Lee was at the head of the column; I was in the rear. I did not hear Lee give the order to fire, but heard it from the under officers as it was passed down the column. The emigrants were then shot down, except seventeen little children, which I immediately took into my charge. I do not know the total number of said company, as I did not stop to count the dead. I immediately put the little children in baggage wagons belonging to the regiment and took them to Hamlin's ranch, and from there to Cedar City, and procured them homes among the people. On the evening of the massacre, Col. W. H. Dame and Lieut.-Col. J. C. Haight came to Hamlin's, where I had the children, and fell into a dispute, in the course of which Haight told Dame that if he was going to report the killing of said emigrants, he should not have ordered it done. I do not know where or when said troops were disbanded. About two weeks after said massacre occurred said Major Lee (who was also an Indian agent) went to Salt Lake City and, I believe, reported said fight and its results to the commander-in-chief. I was not present at either of the aforementioned councils, nor at any council connected with the aforesaid military operations, or with said company. I gave no orders except those connected with the saving of the children, and those after the massacre had occurred, and said orders were given as bishop and not in a military sense. At the time of the firing, at the first volley, I discharged my piece. I did not fire afterward, though several subsequent volleys were fired. After the first fire was delivered I at once set about saving the children. I commenced to gather up the children before the firing had ceased.

I have made the foregoing statement before the above entitled court for the reason that I believe I would be assassinated should I attempt to make the same before any court in the Territory of Utah. After said Lee returned from Salt Lake City, as aforesaid, said Lee told me that he had reported fully to the President, meaning the commander-in-chief, the fight at Mountain Meadows and the killing of said emigrants. Brigham Young was at that time the commander-in-chief of the militia of the Territory of Utah; and further the deponent saith not.

(Signed.) PHILIP KLINGEN SMITH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, A. D. 1871.

(Signed.) P. B. MILLER, County Clerk.

The Mormons who attempt to exonerate Brigham Young from guilty complicity in this horrible massacre allege that when offered a titling of this blood-bought gain, he indignantly threw it from him.

This testimony, if none other could be produced, is sufficient in itself to convict him of guilty knowledge of the crime and its perpetrators. He could have brought them to punishment for their murderous deed, but he failed to do so, and on the contrary sent a report in his official capacity to the department at Washington, declaring it to be the work of savages. There is, however, overwhelming evidence to prove that Brigham was entirely conversant with the details of the cruel massacre, and that John D. Lee submitted to him, in his official capacity, a full report of the same, as superintendent of Indian affairs for the Territory of Utah, and that report was written out by his direction by the said Lee, almost under the eaves of his own official residence in the city of Salt Lake within two weeks after the horrible crime was perpetrated. It was this testimony which Judge Titus referred to, when he affirmed in the presence of Brigham Young the possession of such evidence during the early morning walk before alluded to.

About the same time the affidavit was made there appeared in the Gentile paper published at Corinne, Utah, a series of letters addressed to Brigham Young, propounding certain questions relating to the massacre, and making certain declarations intended to connect him and others high in the councils of the church with that terrible crime of bloodshed, and demanding an investigation and trial by the courts of the offenders against the laws of God and man.

These articles, written by one who likewise had formerly affiliated with the Mormon Church and had been initiated in the mysteries of that religion and was acquainted with its secret history, made a wonderful and widespread impression on the public mind. Public opinion was excited, and a universal demand was made by all right-minded men that those who had been charged with the murder of the peaceable band of emigrants should be brought to trial and punished for the revolting crime.

As time progressed Congress enacted new laws for the better government of the Territory, and revolutionized the system of the judiciary, including the mode of empaneling jurors. The jurors no longer were Mormons who had taken a secret oath to sustain the authority of Brigham Young and obey his commands above all other powers, including that of the United States Government. A fair, honest and impartial trial was now a possible thing in the Territory of Utah.

Finally, after a charge by the presiding judge of the First Judicial District of the Territory, the grand jury of Beaver County, upon information filed before them, presented an indictment against John D. Lee and others, on the 24th of September, 1874, for the crime committed on September 16th, 1857.

After his indictment, Lee attempted to escape, but was captured in the mountains by United States troops while in the disguise of a miner with pick on his shoulder. He was first tried at Beaver City, in the Territorial District Court in July, 1875, Judge Boreman presiding. At this trial the jury disagreed—nine being for acquittal and three for conviction. A second trial was had on the same indictment in September, 1876, in the same court and before the same judge, resulting in a verdict of guilty, upon the evidence of Klingen Smith and others who were present and testified fully against him. Lee was then sentenced to be shot on the 26th of January, 1877, having elected that mode of execution, the laws of the Territory permitting the condemned to choose the mode of death.

The case, however, was appealed on a writ of error to the supreme court of the Territory. The judgment of the lower court, however, was affirmed at the January term in 1877, and its sentence ordered to be enforced at the March term of the district court in 1877. The day of his execution was set by Judge Boreman on Friday, March 23d, 1877, at the place of the fearful butchery in which nearly twenty years before, he had taken part as chief actor.

On the morning of his execution he was taken thence by the United States marshal, who read to him the order and sentence of the court. At its conclusion he asked Lee if he had anything to say before the sentence of the law was carried into effect.

He replied, looking at the photographer who was adjusting his instrument to take a picture of the proceedings, "I wish to ask the favor of that man to furnish each of my three wives with a copy of my photograph." As he uttered the names of his wives he involuntarily posed himself and the picture was taken. He then arose and, looking for a moment at his guards and the spectators of the execution, to the number of eighty, addressed them as follows:

"I have but little to say here. Of course, I feel that I am on the brink of eternity, and the solemnity of eternity should rest upon my mind at the present moment. I have made out a manuscript—an

abridged history of my life, which will be published after my death. I have given my feelings and views with regard to all other things. I feel resigned to my fate.

"I feel as calm as a summer morning. I have done nothing adversely wrong. My conscience is clear before God and man, and I am ready to meet my Redeemer. This it is that places me up on this field. I am not an infidel; I have not denied God or His mercy. I am a strong believer in these things. The most I regret is parting with my family. Many of them are unprotected and will be left fatherless. When I speak of these little ones they touch a tender chord within me.

"I have done nothing designedly wrong in this affair. I used my utmost endeavors to save those people. I am sacrificed to satisfy feelings and am used to gratify parties; but I am ready to die. I have no fear of death. It has no terrors for me; and no particle of mercy have I asked for from court or officials. I shall never go to a worse place than the one I am now in. I have said to my family, and I will say it to-day, that the Government of the United States sacrifices their best friend, and that is saying a great deal, but it is true.

"I am a true believer in the gospel of Jesus Christ. I do not believe everything that is practiced and taught by Brigham Young. I do not agree with him. He is leading his people astray. But I believe in the gospel as taught in its purity by Joseph Smith in former days. I used to make Brigham Young's will my pleasure, and did so for thirty years. See how and what I have come to this day! I have been sacrificed in a cowardly and dastardly manner.

"I regret to leave my family and thousands of good people in the church whom I cherish in my heart. They are near and dear to me. I declare I did nothing designedly wrong in this affair. I did all in my power to save those emigrants, but I am the one that must suffer. Having said this I feel resigned. I ask the Lord my God to extend His mercy to me and receive my spirit. My labors are here done."

It was eleven o'clock as he ceased speaking, and the marshal informed him that the hour set for his execution had arrived and he must prepare for death. The spot chosen for his execution was just in front of the monument erected to the memory of the slaughtered emigrants. Its awful inscription stared the condemned man in the face:

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay."

Lee now seated himself on the coffin provided for his body, and gazed at the small group of riflemen who were to shoot him. The Methodist minister, Stokes, who was his spiritual adviser, knelt beside him on the sward and uttered a fervent prayer, asking for the forgiveness of his sins and commending his soul to the mercy of his Maker.

The marshal advanced and adjusted a white handkerchief over his eyes. Lee then remarked in a low but clear tone, "Let them aim at my heart. Don't let them mangle my body."

The five men selected as executioners promptly obeyed the order of the marshal to "make ready." Raising their rifles to their shoulders, they took deliberate aim at the blindfolded man sitting on his coffin twenty feet away. All present stood with uncovered heads.

"Fire!" rang out clear and strong on the morning air. The sharp crack of five rifles responded, and Lee fell back on the coffin, motionless and dead. He died in a single instant, for there was not a cry or moan or gasp; not even a tremor of the body. His form was as still and motionless as if it had been carved of marble.

After the lapse of a few minutes the marshal examined the body to see if life was entirely extinct. The silence was broken by the words: "He is dead. The law is satisfied at last." The body was placed in the casket and borne in the wagon to Cedar City where it was delivered to his relatives.

Thus died John D. Lee, the chief actor, if not inspirer, of the fearful butchery of 128 human beings, who, reposing confidence in his humanity, had placed their lives in his keeping, under his solemn pledge of protection. He expiated his terrible crime about twenty years after he had bathed his hands in their innocent blood amid the thrilling and dramatic scenes surrounding the very spot where he had encompassed their ruin, and beneath the shadow of the monument commemorating his ghastly deed, with the voice of God sounding in his ears—that promise which centuries of time have never hushed, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay."

The manuscript alluded to by Lee was a full confession of his participation in the Mountain Meadow massacre, written after sentence of death had been passed upon him in September, 1876, and presented to one of his counsel, who published it after his death in accordance with his will.

The following is the confession of John D. Lee:

“My name is John D. Lee. I was born on September 6th, 1812, at Kaskaskia, Randolph county Illinois. My mother belonged to the Catholic Church and I was christened in that faith. My parents died while I was still a child, and my boyhood was one of trial and hardships.

“I married Agatha Ann Woolsey in 1833, and moved to Fayette county, Illinois, on Rock Creek, where I became wealthy.

“In 1836 I became acquainted with some traveling Mormon preachers. I bought, read and believed the Book of Mormon. I sold my property in Illinois and moved to Far West, Missouri, in 1837, where I joined the Mormon Church and became intimately acquainted with Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and other leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

“I was subsequently initiated into the Order of Danites, at its first formation. This order was solemnly sworn to obey all orders of the priesthood of the Mormon Church; to do any and all things as commanded. The ‘Destroying Angels’ of the Mormon Church were selected from this organization.

“I took an active part as a Mormon soldier in the conflict between the people of Missouri and the Mormons, which made Jackson county, Missouri, historic ground. When the Mormons were expelled from Missouri, I was one of the first to settle at Nauvoo, Illinois, where I took an active part in all that was done for the church or city.

“I had charge of the construction of many of the public buildings there; was a policeman and body-guard of Joseph Smith, at Nauvoo. After his death I held the same position to Brigham Young, who succeeded Smith as prophet, priest and revelator in the church.

“I was recorder of the quorum of Seventy, head clerk of the church, and organized the priesthood into the Order of Seventies. I took all the degrees in the Endowment House, and stood high in the priesthood.

“I traveled extensively through the United States as a Mormon missionary, and acted as trader and financial agent for the church from the death of Joseph Smith until the settlement of Salt Lake City. I was on the locating committee that selected the sites for the various towns and cities in Utah Territory.

“I held many offices in the Territory, and was a member of the Mormon Legislature, and probate judge of Washington county, Utah.

"I believe in the doctrine of polygamy, and have been sealed to eighteen women, three of whom were sisters, and one was the mother of three of my wives. I was sealed to this old woman for her soul's salvation.

"I was an honored man in the church, flattered and regarded by Brigham Young and the Apostles until I was cut off from the church and selected as the scapegoat to suffer for and bear the sins of my people. As a duty to myself and mankind I now confess all that I know and all that I did at the Mountain Meadow Massacre, without any animosity to any one, shielding none, giving facts as they existed.

"Those with me on that occasion were acting under orders from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The horrid deeds there committed were done as a duty which we believed we owed to God and to our church.

"We were all sworn to secrecy before and after the massacre. The penalty for giving information concerning the same was death. As I am to suffer death for what I then did and have been betrayed both by those who gave me the orders to act and the instructions of my assistants, I now give the world the true facts as they exist, and tell why the massacre was permitted, and who were the active participants.

"The Mountain Meadows massacre was the result of blind teachings of Brigham Young, and it was done by the orders of those high in authority in the Mormon community. The immediate orders for the massacre were issued by Colonel Dame, Lieut.-Col. Isaac C. Haight and the council at Cedar City, Utah. I had no position either in the civil or military departments, or in the church at that time. About September 7th I went to Cedar City, where I met Isaac C. Haight, president of that stake of Zion, and also lieutenant-colonel of the Iron County Mormon militia. This was on a Sunday. Lieutenant-colonel Haight was the leader there in all things, civil, clerical and military. It was a crime punishable by death to disobey his orders. He gave me a full account of the emigrants who were coming. We slept in the iron-works all that night and arranged our plans. He said the emigrants were a rough set; that they were bad men, robbers and murderers, and had helped to kill the Mormon prophets. I believed him. I was ordered to raise the Indians to attack the train and run off their cattle, and to have the Indians kill the emigrants.

I sent Carl Shirts, my son-in-law, to raise the Southern Indians for the work. Nephi Johnson went to the other tribes.

"On Monday evening I left the iron works to obey my orders. Lieutenant-Colonel Haight said: 'We are acting by orders; it is all right. We will let the Indians bear all the blame.' I said: 'We are forbidden to shed innocent blood.' The reply of Haight was: 'There is not a drop of innocent blood in the whole lot. Go, Brother Lee, and carry out the instructions of those in authority. If you are dutiful in this your reward shall be great in the kingdom of God, for God will bless those who obey counsel, and make all things fit for the people of the Lord in their days.'

"On my way home I passed many Indians out on the war-path. I promised to join them the next day. On Tuesday morning the Indians attacked the train just at daylight and killed seven and wounded sixteen emigrants. The emigrants then fortified their position, and the Indians surrounded them and sent for me. The whole country was aroused by whites and Indians rushing to Mountain Meadows from all directions.

"I arrived at the camp late on Tuesday afternoon and found the Indians in large force. They demanded that I should lead the attack. I refused till further orders from Haight or Dame.

"I then went south ten miles and met some whites and Indians coming from that direction. I camped there that night, and on Wednesday went to the Meadows and sent a man to Cedar City for further orders. On Thursday the orders came by Major Higbee. There were fifty-eight whites and 500 Indians there. Then Major Higbee made a speech and said that the emigrants were all to be killed who could talk; that we must get them out of the fortifications by treachery.

"I was to follow the flag of truce and make a treaty with the besieged and promise protection. I was also to get the arms of the emigrants, and the sick and wounded and also the children into the wagons. Then the troops under Major Higbee would meet the emigrants. The Indians were to remain in ambush. The women were to go ahead. The Indians then were to kill the women. The militia were to kill the men, and I and the drivers of the wagons were to kill the wounded and sick that were in the wagons. Several other men made speeches. Then we had a prayer-circle, and then

more speeches were made, and it was agreed by all parties that it was the will of God for us to do as we were ordered.

"On Friday morning the emigrants had a white flag flying, and the Mormon brethren again assembled. Speeches were made and all expressed themselves as willing to act.

"ROLL OF THE ASSASSINS PRESENT.

"Maj. John M. Higbee; Philip K. Smith, Bishop of the church at Cedar City; Joel White, William C. Stewart, Benjamin Arthur, Alexander Wilden, Charles Hopkins, Tate Ira Ellew, Robert Wiley, Richard Harrison, Samuel Pollock, Daniel McFarlan, John Ure, George Hunter, Joseph Smith, Samuel Jukes, Nephi Johnson, Carl Shirts, Levett Jacobs, John Jacobs, E. Curtis, Thomas Cartwright, William Bateman, Anthony Stratton, A. Loveridge, Joseph Clews, John Durfey, Columbus Freeman, and others, making fifty-eight whites, and four or five hundred Indians.

"Major Higbee then addressed the party and said :

"'Brethren, it is the order of the President that all the emigrants must be put out of the way. President Haight has counseled with Colonel Dame, and has received orders from him to put all of the emigrants out of the way. All of them must be killed, especially those that might talk again.'

"He spoke of the character of the emigrants. He said that the church authorities of Southern Utah were all there, and that we were acting as a church for the sake of Christ. We were then told that we were there to do a duty we owed as good church people. That the orders of those in authority were that all of the emigrants that could talk must die. Major Higbee concluded as follows: 'Our orders are from our leaders, who speak with inspired tongues, and their words are the will of good men. You have no right to question them. You must obey as you are commanded.'

"The flag of truce was then sent forward. It was carried by William Bateman. He was met half way by the emigrants, and they held a parley with him. Bateman then returned and reported that the emigrants would surrender their arms and do as they had been requested. The Mormon soldiers then marched out to within two hundred yards of the emigrants. They next took wagons and went to the camp and stated their orders. The emigrants then surrendered, and put their arms, the sick and the wounded and the children into the

wagons. While they were burying their dead men the emigrants burst into tears and said they feared treachery. As soon as the wagons were loaded the trains started. The emigrants marched in single file, the women and larger children being ahead; then the men came. When the wagons were half a mile off the fire commenced. The Indians killed all the women and large children; the Mormons killed the men. The drivers with me killed all the sick and wounded. We saved seventeen of the children. The dead were stripped and mutilated, and the corpses left on the field. The next day Lieutenant-colonel Haight, Colonel Dame and other leaders came over. Finally they quarreled. Lieutenant-colonel Haight said to Colonel Dame, 'You ordered it, and, damn you, it is too late to go back!' Dame said he did not know there were so many of them. We buried the dead and drove the cattle to Iron Springs. All the wagons and other property were sold in Cedar City, by order of the church authorities. All of these orders were fully obeyed. The horrors attending the massacre were beyond my description. The brethren were sworn again to secrecy. This was also done by order of the church, which then was at war with the United States Government.

"George A. Smith, who was the second in the priesthood, having just happened to be there giving orders, visited the Indian camp with me. He said he came to instruct the people to let none of the emigrants go through without a pass from President Young, Colonel Dame or Lieutenant-colonel Haight; that they must not sell the emigrants any more good grain, in fact, anything. He asked if the Indians would kill all bad emigrants? I told him that the Indians and the Mormons were both hostile to them, and would kill all who were not under the protection of the church. This pleased him and he laughed and said 'all right.' Lieutenant-colonel Haight and Colonel Dame told him the same thing. He taught the people that it was their duty to kill all emigrants and massacre them just as Brother Smith and the other leaders wanted.

"Lieutenant-colonel Haight then sent me to Salt Lake City for the purpose of reporting to Brigham Young, and he promised me a crown celestial as my reward for what I had done.

"I went to Salt Lake City and made my report to Brigham Young ten days after the massacre. I told him all, everything, who were there, who were guilty, and who were active in killing the emigrants;

in fact, all I knew. I said to him, 'You must sustain us or release us from the endowment oath to avenge the death of the prophets.' Brigham said, 'I will communicate with God.' I went back the next morning when Brigham said: 'Brother Lee, not a drop of innocent blood has been shed. I have gone to God in prayer. God has shown me it was a just act. The people did right; but were only a little hasty. I have direct evidence from God that the act is in accord with God's will. I sustain you and the brethren in all you did. All I fear is treachery on the part of the brethren concerned. Go home and tell the brethren I sustain them. Keep all secret as the grave. Never tell any one, and write me a letter laying all the blame upon the Indians. I will then report to the United States Government that it was an Indian massacre.'

"Brigham Young was then, and for many years after, fully satisfied with me and my act. He gave me three wives after that, and appointed me probate judge of Washington county, and nothing but cowardice has made him desert me now.

"Fifty head of cattle were sold in Salt Lake City by the authorities for merchandise; the emigrants had 450, making 500 head in all.

"When Cradlebaugh was judge in Utah, and went to Mountain Meadows to investigate the massacre, Brigham Young came with him; he then knew all about the massacre and upheld the brethren. He preached at Cedar City and said about the emigrants: 'Do you know who they were? I will tell you. They were the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles and children of men who killed the Saints in Jackson county, and afterward killed the Prophet in Carthage jail. Their children are in the poorhouse; their relatives refuse them because they are the children of thieves, outlaws and murderers. I have been told there are many brethren who are willing to inform on those who did this thing. I hope there is no truth in the rumor. I hope no such person lives. If there is, I tell you what your fate will be. Unless you repent at once, keep secret all that you know and protect each other, you will die a dog's death. You will soon go to hell as damned lost souls. Let me hear no more of treachery among my people.' Any one who had proved traitor there would have met the destroying angel at once.

"After I reported to Brigham Young, I went home and met Lieutenant-colonel Haight and gave him a full report of Young's statement.

Haight said: 'Well done, faithful servant; you shall receive a celestial reward for your services. You have deserved well of God and the church.'

"I next proceeded to write an account of the massacre, laying it to the Indians. I wrote a long letter, the same as has been produced in evidence against me. Brigham Young knew that it was false and written to save the Mormon Church. His report to the Government was a part of the plan to save the Mormons from blame. It was years after before I knew I had been made a tool of by the leaders. I only obeyed the orders of my superiors, I then believed I was serving God and would receive a celestial reward. Now I know it is wrong and that my reward is not to be celestial.

"The original plan was to have none but Indians take part in the massacre, but William C. Stewart, Joel White and Benjamin Arthur were coming to Mountain Meadows on Wednesday night; they met young Allen and another man going from the emigrants to Cedar City for help. They told of the Indian attack and asked aid from the settlers. The only reply was a shot from Stewart which killed Allen. The other man was wounded by White and Arthur, but escaped and carried word that the whites had come to help the Indians. After this the authorities said there was no safety but in killing all who could talk.

"William C. Stewart was the most bloodthirsty of any one there. He cut throats just for amusement. Klingensmith, the bishop of Cedar City, killed a man. Every one there took part in killing men, women and children as a religious duty.

"We were at that time in the midst of the excitement of the reformation, and were made to believe by the teachings of our leaders that the fullness of time had come—that the Mormons were to conquer the world at once and inherit all the wealth of the universe; that Christ was to come and rule for a thousand years, and that the Mormon doctrine was to be universally accepted.

"We were followers of false teachers. I have fallen a victim to the arts of foolish and wicked men that I once believed were divine.

"I have had eighteen wives. Eleven of them have been divorced from me by Brigham Young; three still remain true to me, and have clung to me through my imprisonment. I am the father of sixty-four children. Ten are dead; fifty-four are still living. The witnesses on

my trial have not told the whole truth. They are all guilty of helping to kill the emigrants. This is the only act of violence that I ever took part in, except when in lawful battle. I would not have acted on that occasion as I did to have saved my body from torture, had I not believed I was obeying the orders from the heads of the church. I knew I was proceeding according to the teachings of the priesthood, and I still think Lieutenant-colonel Haight had his orders from the heads of the church.

"My journals and private writings have been destroyed by Brigham Young. I have nothing left but my memory to give as my account of the foul deeds done in God's name during the years when Brigham Young was chief ruler in Utah.

"I know of many other murders, castrations and robberies committed by order of the priesthood, all of which I have fully stated in my writings delivered to my attorney, W. W. Bishop.

"I have told the whole truth, and the God I am soon to meet face to face knows that my assertions are nothing but the truth.

"JOHN D. LEE."

*Attest:* The foregoing is a full abstract of the confession of John D. Lee, taken from the original manuscript now in my possession, and gives, so far as such a condensed report can do, a full statement of the facts disclosed in the writings of John D. Lee, which relate to the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

WILLIAM W. BISHOP.

This confession of Lee, while undoubtedly truthful as to the outline of facts and special purposes of the slaughter, and the parties engaged therein as well as a revelation of the intimate connection of the heads of the church with the sanguinary deed, is, nevertheless, a labored effort on his part to extenuate his own guilt. He would have the world believe that of all who were engaged in the treachery, betrayal and final murder of the peaceful emigrants, he alone was opposed to the sacrifice of innocent blood, and was driven to his own murderous acts by the fanaticism of his religion, and the fear of death in case of disobedience.

This statement is at variance with all testimony connecting him with the fearful crime. He was assuredly one of the three or four active leaders who planned the details of the massacre. He it was who commanded the Mormon regiment that marched in pursuit of the

unsuspecting emigrants. He it was who, as Indian agent of the southern tribes of the Territory, called them out to accompany him and take part in the bloody details. He it was who massed his troops, according to the testimony of an eye-witness at his trial, at the distance of half a mile from the beleaguered camp, and delivered to them a speech in which he declared that his orders from headquarters were to kill all the emigrants and all the children who could talk. He it was who sent the white flag of truce—that peaceful emblem of civilized humanity; the emblem of faith and protection all over the world—to his intended victims, assuring them that if they would lay down their arms he would protect them. And he it was who superintended each detail of the horrible massacre and, having placed his savage allies in ambush, at the proper moment gave, himself, by an act of murder, the shooting of a sick woman in the wagon the signal for them to spring from bush and rock and begin their fiendish slaughter.

Judge Cradlebaugh, who made vigorous and determined but ineffectual efforts to bring the murderers to justice, stated his recollection of one of the children spared from the butchery, John Calvin Sorrow—how appropriate his name—who, after finding himself safe, and before he was brought away from Salt Lake City, although but a little boy, sitting as if in a contemplative mood, doubtless thinking of the extermination of his family and saying: “O I wish I was a man! I know what I would do; I would shoot John D. Lee. I saw him shoot my mother.”

The further fact, fully attested at the trial, of his inhuman conduct already alluded to, on the field of slaughter, where, in his rage and mad fury, he bent aside with his left arm, by his superior strength, the body of his own son who sought to protect a beautiful girl who, after the fire of the first volley of rifles had strewn the ground with her dead companions, threw herself into the young man's arms and appealed to him to save her life. The kindly instincts of the youth were aroused, and he sought to shield her body with his own. His own father, John D. Lee, murdered the girl in his arms, while at the same moment he threatened the life of his own son. Neither God nor man will hold him blameless, and he read his final doom ere he fell lifeless on his coffin, inscribed upon the marble shaft before him:

“Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay.”

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GRASSHOPPERS—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE DESCENT UPON THE VALLEY OF SALT LAKE OF A VAST ARMY OF GRASSHOPPERS, AND THE DESTRUCTION OF EVERY LIVING GREEN THING IN THE VALLEY—THE PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION OF THE MORMONS—THE TALES TOLD BY THE MORMONS OF STRANGE MIRACLES FOR THEIR PRESERVATION IN EARLY DAYS—THE STORIES OF THE STORK AND THE CRICKETS—THE SEA-GULLS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS.

It was high noon of a bright summer day in the month of August, 1868. I was walking northward along Main Street in the city of Salt Lake, deeply engrossed in thoughts concerning a mining venture I had just consummated. I did not at first notice the citizens generally gazing intently skyward, nor that a sudden darkness appeared over the land, as of a shadow projected by some object intervening between the sun and the earth.

In a moment, however, my attention was directed to the strange phenomenon, and, in turn, looking upward, I beheld a sight which I had never before and have never since observed. It appeared to me as if vast moveable masses of dark objects, lighted at intervals by silvery rays, were rolling onward in great waves through the ether, far above the cloud-tipped mountains that shot up from the valley.

"What are those distant objects moving at such great height above us?" I asked of a native of the valley.

"They are a vast army of locusts moving apparently to the northeast over our city," replied the man, "and I trust in God they will not drop to the earth till they get out of our valley."

Of course, I had heard much of the famous armies of grasshoppers that, in earlier years, had swept over the fertile valley, destroying like the breath of a simoon the vegetation that crowned the earth with its green verdure, but I had hitherto never witnessed the phenomena which, in after years, became so ordinary and so frequent and disastrous a visitation as to destroy the crops of whole States and reduce the people to the verge of starvation.

Legendary lore had been transmitted by the early Mormon settlers to the succeeding generations, and winter firesides had been excited

by the marvelous tales of the pioneers of those early times, when the hand of God alone preserved the stricken Saints from famine and starvation.

I was much amused by the story of the sea-gulls and crickets which had oftentimes been repeated in my hearing by the pious and reverent believer in this special act of Providence toward His chosen people in the wilderness. The story was always the same, never varying from that which was first related.

About the second year after the Mormon entry into the valley, myriads of crickets attacked their fields of grain, until it was feared all



GRASSHOPPERS DESCENT UPON SALT LAKE VALLEY.

would be destroyed and the people perish from starvation. At this moment of dire peril, however, the Lord came to their relief in a wonderful and mysterious manner. He sent great flocks of sea-gulls from beyond the western mountains to devour the destroyers of their waving grain fields. The gulls came in the early dawn of morning and fed upon the crickets all day long. And here is the most remarkable portion of this "o'er true tale." When filled to repletion they did not fly away as all other sea-gulls would and await the operation of digestion ere again returning to their luxurious repast, but, when not another

cricket could be swallowed, the gulls under direction of "the Lord" flew to the great lake hard by and vomited them upon its saline waters. This little scheme they kept up all day long, feeding and disgorging, until night closed their labors and all the crickets were devoured. Thus did Providence kindly interpose to preserve the people from starvation.

It is a beautiful legend from early times of privation and suffering in the fear of the Lord. But some skeptic has asked, "Who sent the crickets?" "Why the need of the sea-gulls or this 'miracle of God' to preserve them?" None of the priesthood have ventured a reply.

The year following, the locusts came in force and nearly destroyed their crops; there were no friendly storks or sea-gulls at hand. But the phenomenon this warm August day surpassed all else of like character happening in the valley. Wave after wave of this dark mass, ever and anon changing to a silvery brightness, rolled on until it seemed as if the whole valley wherein Salt Lake City lay in its beautiful robe of green, was completely covered at a vast height by a waving mass that obscured the sun at noonday.

The city at that time was in its perfect beauty. Dressed in its robe of living green it stood forth in its resplendent verdure, a footstool of God, the type of civilization wrought from the desert, surrounded by tall cliffs, bare, brown and barren. A city embowered in shrubbery, with its long lines of shade trees, its broad streets fringed with a wealth of verdure that rustled in the breeze, rippling streams from the great cañon that watered fruitful gardens of flowers and vegetables, and withal that wonderful growth of domestic fruit that gave to the mining camps and small settlements for hundreds of miles about, those delicious supplies that in the long snowbound winter months gave relish and enjoyment to the lone settler and miner imprisoned in his ice-clad cañon. The boughs of the peach, apple, pear, plum, apricot and green gage trees were bending to the earth beneath their load of half-ripened fruit. Grapes hung in huge clusters upon the vine with a wealth of promise scarcely ever before known even in that fertile spot. Bushes were thickly covered with nearly ripe small fruits, gooseberries, currants, raspberries and all of that class that ripen much earlier away from the frowns and shadows of the o'ertowering mountains.

Such was this garden of the gods on that eventful day when the locusts overshadowed it—poised in the heavens as if debating whether

they should move on upon tireless wing to far distant fields of wild mountain verdure, or whether they should swoop down in countless myriads upon the doomed city and leave it as barren as its sister wastes.

The chances seemed equal. As yet not a locust had fallen to the earth. The wave of light and darkness still rolled on above as in the beginning. Would it at length pass over and leave us to the enjoyment of our labor and the beauties of glowing nature? Fate, dire, relentless fate, cast itself in the balance and despoiled the city of its glory. The sweet old poet Cowper tells us :

"Fate steals along with silent tread,  
Found oftenest in what we dread;  
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,  
But in the sunshine strikes the blow."

Its stroke came with another phenomenon. Hitherto there had been but little rain in the valley, never more than a slight sprinkling of rain drops. While fierce storms raged around the mountain heights, and a dense growth of stubby, mountain cedar covered their brows, no rain fell upon the parched earth, and only the undergrowth of vegetation, such as the sage brush and the greasewood grew in its soil. With the advent of the Mormons came the system of irrigation, which made all this green verdure, fruit, grass and flowers blossom in the desert waste.

Suddenly, while the dread locusts hung over the city, there came a great rain storm. Huge drops fell spattering upon the earth and, increasing in volume, soon became a deluge, filling all the gutters and swelling the tiny irrigating rivulets into streams. Down with the rain drops came the locusts, and the ruin began.

The rainfall, though severe, was of brief duration. In a little while it ceased and sunshine again filled the valley. Overhead the rolling waves of light and darkness were no longer to be seen. The sky was serene, the blue cerulean, the air fresh as with the morning dew. Underneath were countless swarms of locusts, ravenous with hunger, eager to feed on the succulent juices of the tender shoots of tree and limb, on bud and flower and fruit, on leaf and twig and grass blade, on vine and clustering grape blooms. The earth was black. Every inch of space seemed filled with the devouring insect. They filled every nook and corner of the garden, dooryard and orchard. All the streets were alive with them. They invaded the household, penetrated

your chamber through the open windows, hung upon your clothing, lay down with you in sleep, sat with you at table, flew in your face with revengeful blow, and even crushed beneath your feet as you trod the carpeted floor. Every bough, leaf and twig upon tree and bush was black. They swarmed upon the ripening fruit and obscured it from view. Peach and plum stones clung to their stems with all the pulp devoured. Apples and pears fell to the earth half devoured, and were consumed upon the ground by the vast hordes that lay in wait below. Nothing escaped their eager prey. No living herbage remained. The running streams of water were filled with the dead insects. The air was impregnated with a sickening odor. At places where they swarmed over some object of prey bushels could be gathered with spade and shovel.

In the fields they settled upon the green blades of the growing grain, devouring all that was tempting and blighting all that remained. The vegetable gardens, the pride of Mormon skill and industry, from which their winter stores were housed, and which, for lack of currency, were oftentimes a means of exchange among the people, were left a blackened ruin, as if swept by the breath of a simoon. The great lake was covered with their floating bodies, and for months after, an offensive odor prevented a near approach, from the myriads of decaying bodies washed upon the shores of the lake.

For five days this carnival of ruin went on, until every green thing was consumed. And then, as if marshaled by an intelligent mind, an occult force that ran as an electric power along their lines of invasion, stretching across the valley and reaching beyond the limits of the great lake, at the command of this leading influence, whatever it might be, instantaneously, with the sound of a signal of whirring wings, the whole vast army of invaders rose on rapid wing to the same lofty height from which they had descended upon the earth, and moved in the same dark lines and silvery waves toward the northeast, on the same course which had been arrested five days before, when they dropped from the skies upon the doomed city of the Saints.

And what a sight to behold! A city scudding under bare poles! All the leaves were gone from the trees, only their ghostly boughs and stems remained, swaying like spectres in the wind! Each tree and shrub was as bare and brown as in the desolate winter, when its life-blood had hurried away at the first breath of the Ice-King to its shelter

in the warm sinews of the earth, dropping its plumage in its flight. Only desolation remained; and desolation amid sunshine! The flowers were gone, the fruits had disappeared, the green leaves had suddenly faded from existence. The husbandman stood like Marius of old amid the ruin that lay around him. The months of weary labor were all lost. The promise of the bud the fruit would not fulfill—for him there should be no recompense that year. The winged robbers of the vast etherial highway had taken its all and left no recompense. And yet, in the midst of all this ruin and loss, I heard no murmur or complaint. I was never so forcibly impressed with the sincerity of the followers of Joseph Smith. They looked upon it as a decree of Providence, which must be born as patiently as any other act of misfortune which had hitherto befallen them. Many, indeed, of the poorer classes might suffer privation and hunger during the long winter months that were coming from the loss of their grain, fruit and vegetables, yet no word of repining at this dispensation of the Lord was heard to escape. The calamity might bring sorrow enough in its train, but they must not murmur at the blow; it was the result of some evil which must be sought out and overcome.

I recall the beautiful faith of one woman, the lady of the house where I was boarding. She was the first wife of Elder Orson Hyde, president of the Twelve Apostles of the church who had taken unto himself a number of young wives, and with them was dwelling in his bishop's diocese at San Pete in Southern Utah. She had two sons in England, who were there on a mission by order of the church authorities. These young men were supported by the labor of their aged mother, who entertained two "Gentile" families for the money that would enable her to perform this material and spiritual act. She was indeed a sincere Christian woman, gentle in her ways, patient in her sorrows and true to every noble instinct of womanhood. I lived beneath her roof-tree for more than a year, and in our daily intercourse I possessed the opportunity to weigh well her character and the attributes of her faith. I, of course, had a purpose in view. I knew her as a wife who, under the operation of the peculiar tenets of her faith, justified by what was assumed and declared to be an especial revelation from God, had been virtually discarded and abandoned in her old age by the one who, in the years of her girlhood, had sworn to honor and protect her. But with her husband she had, in Ohio, imbibed the

religious views set forth in the revelations by Joe Smith, and uniting with that sect, became residents of Nauvoo and followers of the prophet. Driven from place to place, despoiled of their homes and substance, fleeing from before the law and the vengeance of an outraged community, this woman, ever firm in the faith she had espoused, followed, without murmur or complaint, the hard lines and treacherous fortunes of her husband interwoven with those of the prophet.

After the death of Joe Smith and the accession of Brigham Young to the head of the church of Latter Day Saints through the deposal of Sidney Rigdon, she transferred her allegiance to this third high priest, and, crossing the Missouri River, traversed with the Mormon band the almost unknown wilderness, seeking a home in the wild mountain fastnesses far from the haunts of civilization.

In the beautiful valley of Salt Lake she lived and reared a large family of girls and boys. She lived till she grew aged beneath the shadow of the grand mountains encircling her home. She beheld her children grow to manhood and womanhood and pass from under her roof. And then she saw her husband, whose honors in the church had increased with his years, depart from her hearthstone, taking wife after wife, until finally wedded, according to the forms of the Mormon church, to several young woman, younger in years than his own daughters, go to his *mission* in San Pete and live entirely apart, never visiting her save when called to Salt Lake City to the annual conferences of the church or to the sessions of the Legislature of which he was a member. Such was the life of this woman who, for the sake of her peculiar religion, bore without murmur or complaint, the rigors of neglect and abandonment. And for the sake of that religion she toiled in her old age to support these two sons sent abroad to proselyte the humbler and more ignorant classes of English society to build up the church in the far interior of America.

Her home in Salt Lake City was her own. It was beautifully located in the foothills leading to Ensign Peak. It was surrounded by a garden of flowers in front and on both sides. Before it was the cool water of City Creek rolling down from the cañon on the east, its river of melted snow and ice from the distant Wahsatch Range emptying into the River Jordan. Beautiful shade trees lined the front enclosure, protecting the dwelling from the rays of the hot mid-day sun. Beside the flower garden was a large strawberry patch on the

right, and immediately adjoining it was a fine garden of vegetables. All of the larger enclosure in the rear, including a number of acres, was devoted to the culture of all varieties of fruit known in the valley. A prolific arbor of grapes, and an endless quantity of small fruit completed one of the finest gardens that blossomed in the valley. From the products of her gardens and orchard was drawn a part of the means to sustain her sons in their distant field of "mission work." All not needed for family consumption found a ready and remunerative sale from the surrounding camps and mining settlements. When the locusts were poised in air above the valley, this orchard and garden were in perfect fruition. The boughs were bending beneath their load of ripening fruits, and the prolific yield that season of all the varied products of the vegetable garden gave promise of golden results. After the departure of the hungry horde from the scene of its depredations, nothing but the bare boughs and stems of the fruit trees and bushes, and the gnarled stalks and stumps of the garden remained to show where Nature's lavish hand with the dew and the sunshine had laid its stores with matchless skill in the fruitful lap of Mother Earth.

I recall a scene the day the locusts disappeared. We stood with this devoted woman in the midst of the ruin and desolation that lay all about her home. It was useless to utter words; they would fail to express our thought. I turned and gazed upon this silver-haired woman. A robin had built its nest in an apple tree, and four little pin-feathered nestlings lay within its soft folds. An August sun shot down its level rays upon the leafless bough. No shelter of green was there for the tender young. The scorch of the sun fell fair upon them, and they were faint and ready to die. A tear stood in this woman's eye as she, too, looked upon the scene. It was the only visible emotion I beheld. Perhaps her mind was wandering over the ocean to the distant land where her boys were awaiting their mother's kindly offering. Perhaps it was the unsheltered robin's nest, or it may have been the general scene of ruin which suddenly forced itself upon her with all its terrible import to make her heart exclaim:

"Oh! spirits of Peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?"

That tear was all. There was no word of complaint, no murmur of rebellion against the decree that had sent the ruin like a shaft of

withering flame to blight all that was sweet and beautiful within her own domain.

"Thy will be done, O God!" she said, lifting her hands in holy supplication; and reaching to the unsheltered bough of the apple tree this mother in Israel gently took the little nest of robins and placed it beneath the roof of her porch where the old ones followed and reared their young.

"Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it, for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face," saith the poet, and it was alike true of this strange people of the valley.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MAIL ROBBERS OF ECHO CAÑON—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THEIR ARREST AND PUNISHMENT—DRIVERS IN LEAGUE WITH ROBBERS—NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH—TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF ROBBERS.

ONE day I was hurriedly sent for at my office in Salt Lake City by the agent of Wells, Fargo & Company, the overland mail contractors. There had been continued depredations upon the mail while in transit, and all the energies of that company and of the United States officials had been bent toward the capture and conviction of the mail robbers. Many had suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and gradually the depredations became fewer and a greater security pervaded the service. The agent had just received a despatch from an employe of the company at Weber Station that some mail robbers had been arrested in Echo Cañon and were held awaiting further instructions. I at once assumed charge of the case, and, telegraphing the agent at Weber Station to hold them securely until I reached there, proceeded immediately to that point, accompanied by two Salt Lake policemen.

We reached Weber Station about nine o'clock in the evening, and, taking a vehicle known in the mountains as a lumber wagon, went directly over the rocky road to the ranch, where they were held as prisoners. The night was extremely dark and the road, at all seasons an unpleasant one from the flints and boulders of that rocky cañon, was at this time, from recent severe storms, extremely hazardous. Still in our flat-bottomed concern that seemed to cling to the sides of the tortuous mountain road like a thing of life, we moved as expeditiously as caution would permit. It was long after midnight when we reached the lone stock-ranch, where these outlaws were held. I found two desperate looking individuals closely guarded by four or five men, who proved to be drivers of a wagon-train that was encamped hard by. The story of the capture of these outlaws was thus detailed, as, standing in a group in the glare of a lantern, we could look into each others' faces. The day previous this small train of four or five wagons, on their way to the end of the railroad for supplies,

encamped for a rest and a feed at a grassy spot near the stock-ranch. What I mean by a stock-ranch is a station for changing the horses of the Overland Mail and Express Company. They were located all along the line, usually about ten or twelve miles apart, and contained relays of fresh horses for the coaches of the company that passed and repassed each day. After feeding their animals and cooking their mid-day meal, they ascended for some distance the adjacent mountains to gather a species of hardwood with which to repair some portion of their wagons, out of gear. The day being pleasant and the air invigorating, they wandered much farther up the mountain than they at first intended. While engaged in this pursuit, their attention was attracted to what seemed in the distance to be smoke, and thinking, the mountain might be on fire, or rather the beginning of such a thing, they moved in that direction as rapidly as the surface of the hills would allow. They did not dream that other than savage hands had fired the bush, if such it should prove to be, as the nature of the country rendered it entirely uninhabitable for the white man. What was their surprise on gaining the spot to behold two white men asleep apparently beneath the shadow of the rocks beside a fire which they had kindled, but which was now smoldering. Approaching noiselessly still nearer, they were still more surprised to behold the evidence of repeated mail robberies, as the ground was strewn with broken and rifled letters and packages, and quite a number of mail sacks, which had been ripped open and their wealth of contents seized. The fire had consumed the greater portion of the captured mail, but there still remained a large number of letters upon the ground intact. Consulting for a moment in low whispered tones what course to pursue, these trainmen, beholding the indisputable evidence of a large and serious mail robbery, determined to capture the robbers. Fortunately they had brought with them stout cords or thongs with which to tie in a bundle for easier transportation the wood they were seeking. Advancing quickly upon the sleeping outlaws, they were in a trice disarmed and securely bound together by the trainmen, two of whom marched them to the stock ranch, while the remainder of the band gathered up the remnants of mail and bore it together with the mutilated mail sacks to the same place. A courier was immediately dispatched to Weber Station and the telegram sent which summoned me to this midnight adventure in the weird recess of Echo Cañon. We little dreamed

what would happen before daylight should gild its mountain walls. Of course it must be understood that collusion of some character existed between the ranchmen or stock tenders, the drivers of the coach and the mail robbers. Frequently, indeed, these land pirates hired themselves as ranchmen and mail drivers, more effectually to aid their partners in crime, and before the close of this adventure I was fully satisfied of the guilty complicity of the driver at least, if not the ranchmen.

The plan of theft of the mail sacks was this: When the night coach westward bound stopped at this stock station to obtain its relay



DISCOVERY OF MAIL ROBBERS.

of fresh horses, it was approached by the robbers in the darkness and the mail sacks taken from the rear leathern boot and carried up the mountain side to their distant retreat. They were always prudent in their operations, and never failed to re-strap the boot after purloining the number of sacks they could conveniently carry. Certainly, while acting in collusion with the driver and stock-tenders, they were perfectly safe, so far as suspicion went. No one presumed that the mail

thieves would attempt to rob a coach of its mail treasures immediately in front of a stock ranch and in the immediate presence of the employes of the company. And as the company deemed all of its employes to be honest, suspicion was averted, and in the main, possibly, with a single exception, this was true, and fortunately we had struck unawares that exception. Again, if the driver was honest and the stockmen dishonest, it was an easy matter to divert his attention, while all unsuspecting, until the robbery was effected. Certainly thieves could not linger about a station without being detected very early in their operations. The train men informed me that they had been urged by these stock-tenders to release the prisoners and had gone so far as to compel them to take them from their ranch to their own camp. On the arrival, however, of the station agent at Weber, with my telegraphic instructions, they were carried back to the ranch and placed under a guard of men he had brought with him for that purpose. I questioned these stock men very closely with regard to these outlaws, but not one of them would make satisfactory reply. Coming suddenly upon the prisoners who were bound in the farther corner of the ranch, in the darkness I heard the man who had just driven us from Weber Station, in earnest conversation with the outlaws. I put my lantern in his face and asked: "What are you doing with the prisoners?"

He replied: "I am only trying to find out if I know them and have ever seen them before."

I then remarked: "How could you do that in the dark?"

He failed to reply to this interrogatory, and moved out of the ranch to those in front who were making ready for our departure. It was my intention to take the prisoners direct to Salt Lake City, lodge them in jail and try them forthwith on information filed before the United States Court then in session, Judge Titus presiding, for robbing the United States mails. I prevailed on one of the trainmen who had aided in their capture to accompany me to that point to testify in the case. So, placing the prisoners in the wagon with the Salt Lake policeman and the witness seated beside them, I took my seat with the driver, and, with the mutilated mail sacks and remnants of mail matter, began our journey toward Weber Station, which we hoped to reach by daylight.

Echo Cañon, which I have fully described in a previous chapter, is at some points intersected by narrow lateral gorges, through which

flow mountain streams from the lofty watersheds of melted snow that lie amid the mountain tops and ice fields of distant summits. Sometimes these streams are nearly dry with but a few feet of mud and water. At others, especially in early summer, they are deep and rapid, and frequently overflow their banks and sweep away the bridges built for passengers and mail transportation. Not more than a third of a mile from the ranch we had just left was one of like character, which but a little while before had become a torrent and swept away and destroyed its bridge, and a rude temporary structure had been erected without sides or railings to serve until the better and stronger bridge could be built. It was now a placid little stream, highly discolored by the wash of the hills that had come down with the torrent which rolled from the mountains to the water path of Echo Cañon.

The night was very dark, and the darkness was intensified by the steep walls of the cañon that shut out even the dim light of the ether. We were compelled to trust to the instinct of the animals and the knowledge of the driver, who had traversed this road for many months on his regular daily trips as driver of a passenger and mail coach. The temporary bridge was incomplete upon one of its sides, and slightly elevated above a depression on the left bank of the gorge. The roadway was quite narrow, not much broader than the bridge, but at this point it was a little wider from the rounded sides of the tall cliffs at the confluence of gorge and cañon. Had the driver kept to the left side of the bridge, which was the usual driveway, we would have passed over in safety, just as we did on our approach earlier in the night. But he was a friend of the prisoners, and laid his plans to wreck our conveyance at that point, and thus enable them to escape in the darkness and confusion that would necessarily follow. Thus, instead of keeping his horses' heads in a straight line over the left line of the bridge, he turned them to the right as we rolled quickly down the inclined plane leading thereto, and rattling over the uneven boards, shot us off the bridge and into the depression immediately in front, pitching us all out into the darkness, and breaking our running-gear and one of the wheels. We were thus left with one of the hind wheels on the bridge and the two fore wheels off and in the hollow before us. The sudden shock was terrific. The driver and prisoners alone were prepared for it, as he had doubtless arranged the plan of procedure and conveyed his intentions to them at the time I

discovered him in conversation with them in the ranch. They did not, however, escape, as the policemen rolled out with them, and not being seriously hurt, immediately seized and held them in subjection with his pistols in their faces. Sitting as I was with the driver on the improvised board seat laid upon the wagon sides, with my feet inside of the vehicle, with no means of support at hand and totally unconscious of the approaching disaster, I was thus exposed to the full force of the shock of the concussion and pitched headlong between the heels of the wheel horses. In falling, one leg of my pantaloons was caught and firmly held by the strong iron hook of the singletree, and thus, with my head between the horses' heels, and my own at an elevation of 90°, and unable to move on account of my contact with the iron hook, in almost total darkness, my situation was indeed precarious. But that which added to my great danger and threatened my instant death was the fact that the off-animal, which I learned afterward was an exceedingly vicious creature, astonished at the sudden transition from a peaceable drive to a leap in the darkness and the succeeding shock, and slightly tickled by the close shave of my head, as I fell beneath, began to kick with all his force. Although many years have elapsed, as I now write I can feel the same sensations that I did then when my life seemed hardly worth a rush. I can feel the wind from his vicious heels as they careered over my head, the close shave of each blow of the iron-clad hoof that threatened each instant to crash through my skull and scatter my brains on the ground. I can feel the blood running down into my head with a bursting pain, the benumbing of my limbs, the horrible sense of terrible danger and that other feeling of expectant dread that the next and the next blow would be the last. Added to this was a heart-rending cry from some one in extreme agony, calling upon God to kill him and thus end his misery and relieve him of his dire pain—the sound of some other one retching and vomiting violently from the shock of the concussion, and another voice calling my own name repeatedly, and I unable to reply or be heard, at least while the iron heels were shattering the boards above me and dropping the splinters over me—and all of it in the dark. But amid it all I kept my senses about me. I felt that I must not move or stir—that perhaps if I did not my life might be spared, as in some way I would be able to extricate myself from the terrible position in which I was



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placed. And so it proved. Although the hoofs of the horse each time grazed my head, I had sufficient command of myself to keep perfectly still, and by and by, perhaps a few moments, they seemed to me an age, the animal ceased its efforts to demolish the wagon, and settled down to quietude and peace. Now was my opportunity. If I could be released from the hook that so securely held me, I could make the attempt to jump from beneath the horses' feet into the stream below by making a sudden dive under the wagon and the exposed end of the bridge, which was quite large enough to admit the body of a man. I recall that I was clothed in a great overcoat, for the mountain air of the night was very shrewd, even in midsummer, and now fall was quite upon us. So when the horse became quiet and I could be heard, I called to one of the policemen, bade him listen to me and obey me explicitly. I told him just how I was situated and that I was nearly suffocated from the blood rushing to my head, and that I could not hold out much longer. I stated my plan of extrication, bade him quietly unhitch the nigh horse and lead it gently away; then return in as quiet a manner as possible and release my hold upon the hook by cutting my pantaloons away. Instantaneous with that operation I would drop down beneath the wagon and the bridge into the stream below. This, of course, would startle the horse and perhaps set him again to kicking, but then my head would be out of the reach of his heels, and the blow would be upon my back—severe enough, doubtless, but then not so imminently dangerous. This being effectually executed, I made my escape in the way indicated, with a parting salute of the mad animal's heels. They did not touch me, however. Good angels were about me. I escaped without further injury than the strain of the shock and what I subsequently endured, and a good ducking of mud and water. My overcoat was so completely saturated with the mud and dirty water that three days were consumed in drying and scraping it off.

On emerging from the ditch I immediately inquired as to the groans and cries of agony I had heard, and was informed they proceeded from the train man, the witness accompanying me to Salt Lake City. I found that the sudden shock which lurched us all out of the wagon did not spare him, but sent him flying over one of the wheels, in which a limb became entangled, producing a severe fracture below the knee-joint of both of the bones. He had been extricated and laid

upon the ground, and a messenger dispatched to his camp for lights and assistance. His comrades were soon at hand with lanterns and blankets, and his position made as comfortable as possible. One of his companions was now dispatched to Weber Station for a light spring wagon to remove him more easily to that point whence medical aid could be summoned from Salt Lake City. It came shortly after daylight, accompanied by a blacksmith with proper tools to mend our own conveyance. This being accomplished, we again started on our way and reached there without further mishaps. As I did not wish to leave the injured man until I saw that all proper arrangements had been made for his comfort and recovery, I concluded to remain there until the arrival of the surgeons who had been summoned from Salt Lake City by telegraph. Accordingly I sent forward the prisoners in charge of the officers who lodged them safely in the city jail.

The pain endured by this injured man was intense. The long ride over the rough mountain road taxed his strength to its utmost extremity. Many times were we compelled to halt to ease his pain. Once he called me to his side and begged me to end his agony by putting a bullet through his brain. He said, when we expostulated with him, "Why permit me to suffer when you can end my agony in a moment? I have no wife or children dependent upon me and nothing before but a life of misery—he had conceived the idea that hereafter his limb would be useless—why not accede to my wishes and put me out of my pain? I beg you for God's sake to do it!"

We cheered him as best we could, but when he found that we could not for conscience sake perform the act he prayed for, he then begged that I would lend him my revolver and he himself would perform the deed that would end it all. Of course we would have been a party to his self-murder, and that we likewise explained we could not do.

It was thus we passed slowly on until we finally arrived at the station and placed him on a bed with an attendant to bathe the swollen parts. That night the surgeons arrived, and having reduced the fractures and set the broken bones, and everything having been provided for his comfort and convenience, I returned with the doctors to Salt Lake City the day following.

The prisoners were tried and convicted and sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary for a term of years. One of these brave knights

of the road, at the conclusion of the trial, announced the pleasing intelligence that in no case should I be forgotten. He had but one object now in life, and that was immediately upon his release "to shoot me stone dead." He did not, however, survive to execute his threatened revenge. One bright day, with a number of other convicts, he was at work on the streets in the suburbs of Salt Lake City, with ball and chain attached to his limb. They were attended by an armed guard. This knight, having in some way slipped his chain, made a swift break for liberty. However, he could not outrun the bullet of the marksman, who hit him full in the back of his head, and he fell prone upon the earth "stone dead." Thus was my valuable life spared to family, friends and country.

The other gentle robber was doomed to continuous imprisonment. Having served faithfully his term of sentence he came out of prison with flying colors. He was once more a free man, and the booty now all his own, lay hid in the mountains. He would go and get it. How to get there was the question he now endeavored to solve. From one Mormon he stole an old horse and harness, and from another a small *buckboard*. United they formed a mode of conveyance, and in the darkness of the night he started for the scene of his former depredations. He hoped to find the wealth intact which they had stolen from the mails and hidden in the rocks, and then make his way out of Utah Territory to South Pass City, one of the adjacent mining camps. But the Mormon police were upon his trail and recaptured him in Parley's Park. He was again tried and convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in the Mormon penitentiary. I never knew his final fate. He may be yet searching for his treasure, or possibly, and perhaps, probably he has ere this filled one more of the long line of graves stretching across the continent, of bad men "who died with their boots on."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEAR RIVER CITY—MURDER COMMITTED DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE “GRADE”—VIGILANCE COMMITTEE EXECUTES OUTLAWS—THE TOWN FIRED BY ARMED BANDS OF DESPERADOES—ARMING OF THE CITIZENS—BATTLE AND REPULSION OF THE ROBBERS—DRIVEN TO THE MOUNTAINS—THE “DEAD LINE”—ARRIVAL OF UNITED STATES TROOPS FROM FORT BRIDGER—PEACE RESTORED—MIDNIGHT RIDE FROM BEAR RIVER TO SALT LAKE CITY—THE UPSET OF THE COACH AND DEATH OF THE DRIVER, SAGE COLLYER—LOST—TRAMPING THROUGH THE DEEP SNOWS TO FIND THE WAGON RUTS—THE BIG BAPTIST ELDER AND HIS LITTLE WIFE—“HOLD DOWN THE COACH”—THE PERILOUS RIDE THROUGH ECHO CAÑON.

DURING the construction of the Utah division of the Union Pacific Railroad the larger portion of the grading was performed by contracts with the business men of Salt Lake City. Among the contractors was Joseph F. Nounnan, a former plainsman and afterward a banker of that city. His contract included fifty miles in the neighborhood of Bear River crossing, a part of which he constructed himself, and a portion he sublet to other contractors. At the time of beginning the work he purchased in the East a large amount of stores and implements of labor for his own use and those who chose to purchase the goods at a small profit, who were his sub-contractors. He was, therefore, compelled to build a number of storehouses to secure these goods valued at a good many thousands of dollars, which buildings, together with those formed of wood and canvas for the personal comfort of himself and men, made quite a respectable appearance as a mountain village. As the location was an excellent one, directly on the line of the Overland Stage and Express Company, owned and operated by Wells, Fargo & Co., and, as there was an abundance of wood and water close at hand, it was not very long before others not directly connected with the work on the *grade* were attracted there, and a stream of others following in their wake. In a short time a busy town sprang up as if by magic in their midst. Its population was similar to that of all rapid railroad towns. The wild, adventurous men and women who had followed the building of the road from its inception and peopled all of its “cities” as they appeared and disappeared found a lodgment here.

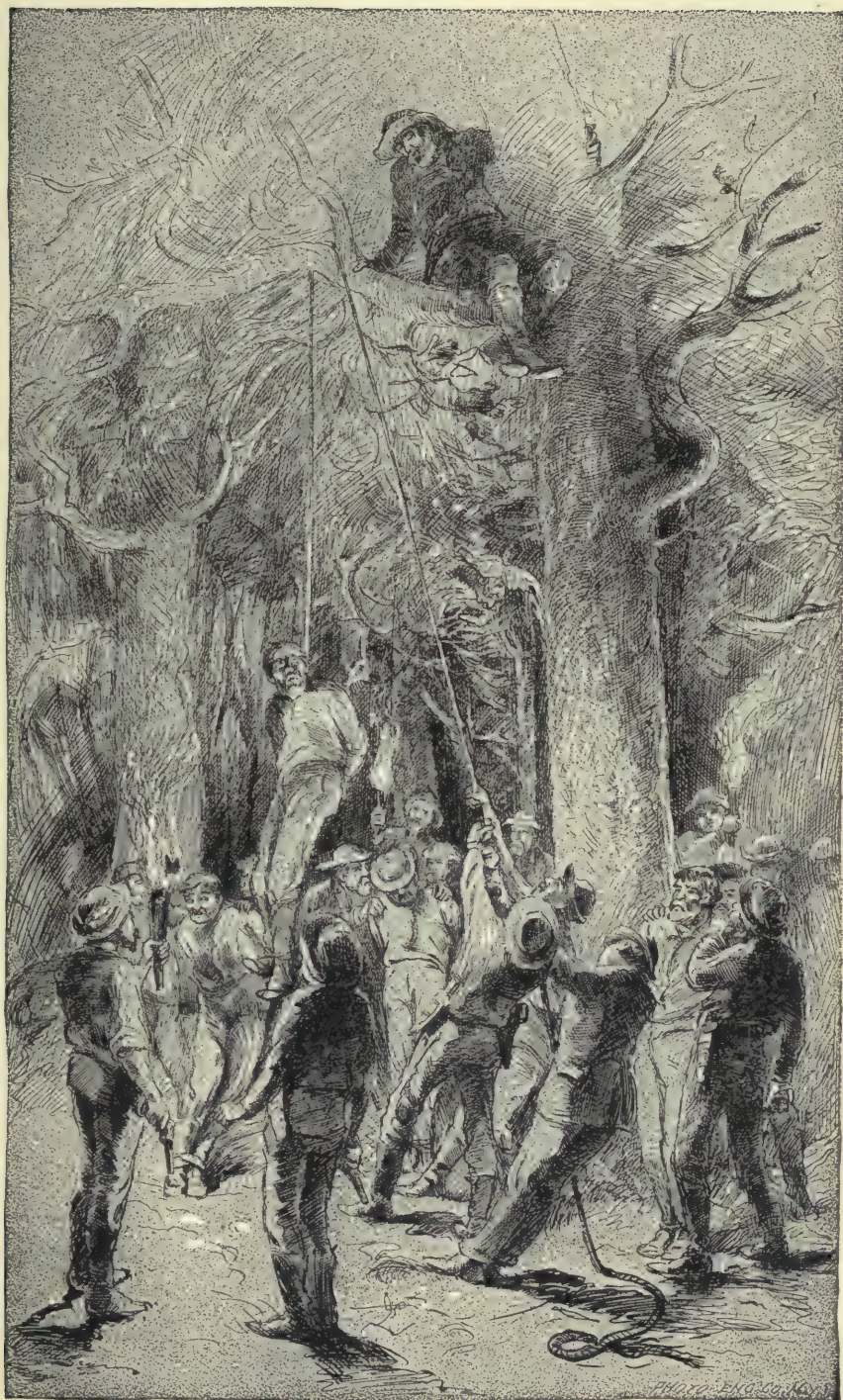
From Omaha they passed into *Platte City*; thence to Julesburg; from Julesburg to Cheyenne; from Cheyenne to Laramie; from Laramie to Green River City, and from Green River they now poured into Bear River City. Business of all kinds was for a while exceedingly brisk. Stores, containing the varied supplies incidental to frontier life, abounded. Likewise saloons and bar-rooms, gambling shops and dance houses and "hurdy-gurdies," and those of a still more disreputable character flashed their scarlet lights along the midnight paths of men. I am confident that the worst elements of all these railroad towns gathered there and gradually bestowed upon this town a reputation for dark and murderous deeds unsurpassed by any on the line of the road. Human life was held in no greater esteem than that of the lower order of creation. Scarcely a day passed that did not witness its destruction. The pistol as usual was the arbiter of fortune, and men were shot and killed at the least provocation. Bands of murderous cut-throats and thieves roamed through the town subsisting upon their prey like wild beasts. Drunken orgies always ended in human slaughter. Honest workmen were assassinated on their way *from the grade* to the town and robbed of their hard earnings. Men plying their trades and shopkeepers were compelled to go heavily armed at all times to protect their lives and property. A poor barber, after his day's labor, was waylaid and killed for the result of his day's work, and his body mutilated because but 19 cents were found upon his person. The reputation of the town at length became so bad that business was at a standstill and merchants prepared to abandon it. Finally, aroused by this condition of affairs, and a murder more foul and brutal than all before, and the appeal of the editor of a newspaper that had been established in the town and was engaged in the effort to purify the social atmosphere by a bold demand upon the people to arise and defend themselves, the better class of the population began the endeavor to devise means to stem this tide of lawlessness and in a measure at least to restore order and protect human life. This, however, was no easy task. For months the town had been controlled by these bands of lawless men, and they alone seemed united and determined. The citizen at first moved cautiously, for fear, as an individual, of exciting the wrath of the banditti, who would not hesitate to burn his storehouse and murder him afterward for his temerity.

The first act was an attempt at organization by the establishment of a temporary form of city government and the election of officers.

Colonel Johns, who had commanded a regiment of California volunteers during the war, was chosen mayor, and plenary powers granted him to enforce order. Other offices were filled by good men and true, and a body of police appointed and sworn to perform their duty to preserve the peace.

Their first notable act was the arrest and incarceration of a number of these desperate outlaws, and in the darkness of the night succeeding some of them were seized by a vigilance committee, and expiated their crimes by a halter. This act on the part of the outraged citizens produced a momentary consternation among the outlaws, and as the citizens were now fully aroused and on the alert, they did not attempt instant revenge, but speedily sent for reinforcements from the desperados along the line, who responding, swiftly to the call, marched upon the town in the dead of night to the number of 300 and, uniting with those already domiciled at Bear River, began the destruction of the town by burning the calaboose, after releasing the prisoners, the post-office and express buildings and some others, including the newspaper office, upon which they vented their rage by destroying the press, type and all other paraphernalia of a country printing office, and by seizing the editor and hanging him by the neck until they concluded he was dead, but whose life was most miraculously saved by being secretly cut down by one of the band whom he had signally served upon some previous occasion at a distant point along the line, and who happened to recognize him at a most opportune moment.

Such was the condition of affairs when daylight dawned upon that beleaguered mountain city of Bear River. The citizens, although at first dismayed by the sudden appearance of the large band of outlaws and the speedy destruction of public and private property, did not despair. Knowing that the time had come when the question of supremacy must be settled one way or the other, and feeling that the further security of life and property depended upon their determined action in meeting and dispersing this band of outlaws, whose hands were red with the blood of murder and kindred crimes, they immediately proceeded to organize a force to overcome them and drive them from the town. The mayor called upon all good citizens to unite instantly and attack the marauders. They bravely responded, seizing all the arms at their command and taking temporary possession of those offered for sale in the stores and gun shops, and, obtaining a full



VIGILANCE COMMITTEE HANGING DESPERADOES.



supply of ammunition, they hastened to the mayor's office, formed in battle array, and under his command marched immediately to meet the enemy. They were not desperadoes, it is true, but they were stalwart mountain men, many of whom had faced death on the battle-field with the painted savage and on the long march over the torrid plains and amid the deep snow fields of mountain heights. Others had tracked wild beasts to their lairs and conquered in a hand-to-hand fight. Some were trappers; some miners, and among them were many brave young men seeking their fortunes in the far West, whose all, including wife and children, lay behind them, and they would not quail before the outlaws, though perhaps it might be their first encounter with a whistling bullet. Besides, defeat now meant the total destruction of the town and the loss of everything.

The friends of law and order had likewise been reinforced by men at work on the *grade*, anxious to avenge the blood of their murdered companions, and they were not slow to respond to the call of the mayor.

This force, now ready for the fray, proceeded at once to charge upon the outlaws, who, likewise, comprehending their danger from the bold uprising of the citizens, had forced all of their kindred in the town into their ranks, and now awaited the attack with composure, trusting to their desperate qualities as fighting men for success. In fact, it must be said in their favor that they did not attempt to fly upon our approach, but first began the engagement by firing upon the advancing column. This fire was instantly returned, and quite a number of the outlaws dropped from their ranks upon the ground. Following this response quickly by another determined fire immediately thereafter, at the command of Colonel Johns, a charge was made upon them, so swift and sure as to strike them with consternation and they immediately fled to the mountains, carrying off a portion of their wounded. A few refused to run, and one especially, as brave a man as ever lived, after discharging all the loads from his revolver, fought desperately with his empty pistol until overpowered and captured. I afterward became personally acquainted with him when he had been taken to Salt Lake City for trial. His bravery excited the admiration of all, and such was the love of that quality by the men of the mountains, that many of them united in a request for his liberty, especially after it became known that he was drawn into it by misrepresentations. His name, I think, was Hank Smith or Frank Smith, and he afterward became a respectable

law-abiding citizen of South Pass City, engaged in the business of mining for gold quartz.

Having escaped to the mountains, later in the day they sent to Colonel Johns a request for surgeons to attend their wounded, and such was the kindness of heart of this brave man, that he permitted them to go. On their return they brought a message from the outlaws stating that their numbers had been reinforced, and that the citizens of Bear River must remove their women and children, as they purposed to burn the town that night.

Measures were immediately adopted to meet this emergency if it should occur, and a telegram was forwarded to General Morrow, commanding the United States troops at Fort Bridger, stating the condition of affairs and asking military aid to restore order. As night drew on *bonfires* were built at the foot of the mountains, with a dead line established, with orders to the guard, stationed all along the base, to shoot any one crossing it who refused to halt. The night passed, however, without further attempt on the part of the outlaws to attack or injure the town or its inmates, and with the morning's dawn came General Morrow, with a company of troops, who relieved the citizens from further military duty within the bounds of Bear River City. But few of the outlaws were captured, as they made their escape during the night. Separating into small bodies they scattered along the line of the road.

The troops from Fort Bridger did not long remain on guard duty in the town. They returned in a few days to their post, but peace, order and security of life and property reigned complete at Bear River City as long as it maintained its corporate authority. Of course, like all other railroad towns of similar character, its life and prosperity did not long remain. We are told that ephemera die all at sunset and that no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun. So with the ephemeral towns along the mountain line of railroad. They were the sudden growth of a noonday prosperity, lived only in the afternoon of life and died at its sunset. They never lived long enough to enjoy the glow of a morning prosperity, from which to draw the buoyant strength and settled firmness of age and advancement. Bear River City died like all the rest of the short-lived railroad towns, and its graves lie unmarked beneath the shadow of nature's monumental piles.

After the close of the difficulties at Bear River, which, occurred early in the month of December, 1868, I boarded the west-bound mail coach to return to my headquarters at Salt Lake City. It was about nine in the evening that I took my seat on the high deck of the coach. Inside were nine passengers, including a physician from Denver, and a Baptist preacher and wife on their way to San Francisco. The preacher was a large, fleshy man, weighing nearly 300 pounds, and his wife a small delicate lady, whose avoirdupois was less than a hundred. My companion on the *high deck* seat was a Mormon sub-contractor under Nounnan, on the *grade*, returning to Salt Lake City.

On the driver's box sat Sage Collier, who had driven an overland coach for a number of years and was considered by the company as one of its most experienced and trustworthy employes. Beside him sat a man named Murphy, a horseshoer in the employ of the company, whose business it was to go from station to station along that division of the line shoeing its horses. Among the inside passengers were other ladies besides the minister's wife. The air was shrewd as we started a little after nine o'clock on our long drive through the mountains, and it was generally observed that we would ere long encounter a severe snowstorm. The night was very dark; neither moon nor stars were shining, and to add to our discomfiture, but a little ways on the road the light in the coach lamps expired for lack of oil. The road, however, was a straight one for some distance, and the horses had traveled over it so many times before, that we felt perfectly safe, though the darkness obscured our way. Besides, we had every confidence in our driver who, as before remarked, had been long in the employ of the company, and was known as a sober, intelligent, skillful driver. So we jogged along with our blankets wrapped about our greatcoats, bidding defiance to the chill night air. Stopping at a small Mormon village to change horses, and having been recognized by the postmaster, he approached the side of the coach and presented me with a large bottle of *Valley Tan* whisky, remarking that it would "help to keep the cold out." After refreshing ourselves I handed the bottle to my Mormon companion, who placed it in the capacious pocket of his overcoat for safe keeping.

We proceeded on our way, enlivening the journey with songs, stories and narratives of border life, as was the custom of travelers

until another ten miles were passed and another change of horses made. The road from this point was not so fine as that already traversed, and frequent lurches of the coach warned us of our rough mountain way. We were ascending the road that led over Bear River Mountain, and the air grew colder each moment that we advanced. This road was what is called a "dugway," and was rendered necessary by the steep sides of the mountain. It was a roadbed on the mountain made by a vertical cut in its side with a base or bed at right angles, of sufficient width for a coach to pass safely over. Just below this was another cut of somewhat similar character, but more in the form of a large, wide gutter, to receive and carry off the water, to prevent the washing away of the roadbed, the extreme edge of which was likewise protected by stones and logs wherever they could be obtained. As we began to climb this mountain road, the driver, who was a very pleasant-spoken young man, remarked: "I did not want to drive the coach to-night, and I begged very hard of another man on the line to take my place, but he refused, and I had to go!"

I asked why he did not wish to drive on this particular night and whether on account of illness. He replied: "I can not say why. I had no particular reason. I was not sick, but on the contrary, felt as well as ever in my life. Still I had misgivings and thought I was going to have a hard night of it. But now I am glad I came, because I have had such pleasant companions. Between the songs and the stories the night thus far has passed pleasantly, much more so than I expected."

It was at this point, however, that he gave us a piece of information we did not relish. It was, that the *brake* on his coach was *broken* and well-nigh useless. As we had a long descent to make on the other side of the steep mountain, always difficult, it was now rendered dangerous by the *broken brake*. Having, however, comforted ourselves with the assurance that we could get off and walk at the worst places, we dismissed the subject momentarily, especially as he broke into a song which the Mormons sing, a sad sort of a dirge all about their first entry into the great valley, their trials and tribulations and their final triumph in the establishment of their church in the remote wilderness. He had learned it from long contact with the Mormon people, and, possessing a good voice, he sang it with fine effect. Afterward he narrated much of his experience with that people, extolled their virtues and condoned their offenses. He told them he was born in the

State of Illinois; how he had been led, by an adventurous spirit and the hope of gaining wealth, from his early home to these distant mountains; the Indian fights in which he had participated; how long he had been in the service of the Overland Express Company, beginning with Ben Holliday and continuing ever since; numerous instances of personal bravery during his career of stage driving, and many other exploits of his frontier life, expressed in his quaint and earnest style of speech, that proved of deep interest and captivated his listeners. He concluded the story of his life by saying: "Gentlemen, this is my last drive on a stage coach. I have been engaged in the business long enough. I don't mean to find fault with it, because I have made a considerable sum of money out of it. Wells, Fargo & Co. are my bankers. Instead of drawing my money at the end of each month and spending it as most of the other boys do, I have been saving mine, and I have now to my credit in that institution several thousand dollars. I say this is my last drive. When I reach Salt Lake City I shall throw up my situation, buy me a lot of books, go up to Box Elder, hire a teacher and go to studying like a good fellow and see if I can make a man of myself!"

These were the identical words uttered by this brave boy of the mountains, who had met and triumphed over the adversities of life, who had performed well the perilous part to which he had been assigned and now proposed to leave his wild life, and, by a course of study, to subordinate the physical to his mental manhood and rise higher still in the scale of human advancement.

These remarks set us to thinking, and after a few words of encouragement to the boy as to his new life and purposes, we relapsed into silence and listened to the strain of the coach as it slowly toiled toward the mountain top.

The air which was chilly when we began the ascent was now positively cold, and we complained of its intensity, whereupon Sage Collier remarked: "Gentlemen, we will soon be over this mountain. We will then descend into the valley beyond, where it will be warm and pleasant!" What prophetic words were these, uttered by the humblest and yet greatest of us all!

We were now proceeding quietly on the way, the silence of the night among the hills unbroken, save by the creaking of the coach wheels, and the voice of the driver occasionally speaking a word of

encouragement to the horses. I think we had progressed two-thirds of the way toward the highest point we were to climb along this dug way, when, suddenly, without warning of any kind, a tremor seized the driver and he cried to the man with him on the driver's box these words, which I distinctly recall: "Murphy, take the lines of the wheel horses; I can not hold them!" He then turned quickly around to me and said: "Colonel, watch out; we are going over!" At the same instant I thought I saw him stand on the side of his box ready to jump from the coach as it lurched over the side of the mountain road. Observing this action on the part of so experienced a driver as Sage Collier and knowing full well that a driver never jumped from his seat unless the danger was imminent, without a moment's delay I threw aside my blanket and with a sudden impulse jumped out as far as I was able, into the darkness and blackness of the night, down the mountain side. I remember being impressed with the idea that it was imperative to leap as far out as possible so as to avoid being caught by the tumbling coach. I also remember striking the mountain side and rolling down over and over until I struck, with a sharp pain in my right arm, against a big rock or boulder that lay across my path. I was senseless for a moment but instantly recovered on feeling a sudden but tremendous weight or pressure upon my body. Close beside me lay the body of a man; I arose and looked at him. It was my companion upon the high deck. I spoke to him, but he answered not. I shook him with my left hand and he gave no sign of life. I said to him finally, "Are you alive? If so, answer me!" It was very dark and I could not see his eye; but I heard him say in a low tone. "Yes, I am alive." "Are you badly injured?" I asked. With the utmost gravity he replied: "No, I am not much hurt—but the whisky's gone, Judge!"

Notwithstanding the smart of my injured arm, and the danger and uncertainty surrounding us, I could not repress my mirth but laughed immoderately at the ludicrous remark. We proceeded up the hillside to where the overturned coach lay, and found Murphy there engaged in disentangling the horses from their gear, and the prostrate coach, which in its fall had been caught on the bed of the "washout" and lay on its right side. Murphy had clung to the upper side of the coach as it went over, the side on which he was seated, and escaped injury. The inside passengers likewise, although much shaken up,

were uninjured. There was a universal cry for release, from the confined travelers, as we approached and spoke to Murphy. To add to their discomfort we found that the only means of egress from the coach estopped by the big Baptist preacher who, attempting to escape through the window of the coach, the door having been so sprung by the accident as to prevent its opening, was too large in his girth to be safely delivered, and in the effort to force himself through, had but still more tightened the grasp of the window about his bowels, and he hung like Mahomet's coffin—'twixt heaven and earth.

It was with considerable difficulty that we finally released him from his unpleasant predicament and with his aid rescued the others from their painful position.

When all were out of the coach we attempted to elevate it, but found that our strength was inadequate. We knew however, that if the east-bound coach was on time it would pass us within an hour, and by their aid we might be enabled to resume our journey.



"I'M NOT MUCH HURT, BUT THE WHISKEY  
IS GONE, JUDGE."

Of course we could do but little without our driver, and so we began to look for him. We called his name and begged him to return to our assistance. We sent men out into the thickets surrounding us to search out if possible his hiding-place and induce him to come to our aid. We believed that his absence could alone be accounted for on the supposition that he conceived he had, by this mishap, killed or severely wounded some of the passengers, and that the survivors, some of whom were returning from the engagement at Bear River with

their arms, might be so incensed at the act as to shoot him, to escape which he had taken flight to the thickets on the mountains. But Sage Collier did not return. No voice reached him on the hill-side, no hand drew him forth from his hiding-place in the mountain cedars, and he came not of his own accord to aid us in our efforts to regain the road.

As it continued cold and chilly, and the coach was no longer a refuge for the lady passengers, we were forced to gather materials for a roaring bonfire, and soon around this midnight camp the coach load of wrecked travelers sat and stirred the fire and watched the sparks fly upward to the clouds, wondering what had become of our lost pilot and captain, and when the east-bound coach from Salt Lake City would make its appearance.

It was not long before we heard the welcome sound of the wheels of the coach grating on the hard frosty road, and soon its lights were seen, for like the wise virgins of old they had oil in their lamps, and burning. On arriving at the scene of our accident all alighted from the coach and gave a willing hand to help us out of our difficulties. By the aid of lanterns we were enabled to comprehend the extent of the disaster and provide the means for its repair. By means of logs and stones and the leather mail sacks from both coaches we managed to construct a rude inclined plane on which to roll the coach from the "washout" where it had fallen, to the "dugway." After its completion, the next step was to right the coach, which lay on its side, and begin the work of transferring it to the road above. All hands now being ready, the word was given to "lift altogether" and the coach began to rise. On placing my hand beneath the iron rim of the Concord coach, I felt something wet and clammy, and as it had been elevated about two feet, a treasure box was placed thereunder to preserve the elevation while the parties rested a moment and renewed their hold. Upon holding my hand to the light I noticed that it was discolored, and a further inspection proved it to be blood. Returning instantly to the side of the coach with a light, the body of the driver was seen lying beneath it, and the wet, clammy substance on my hand was the blood and brains of Sage Collier. We gently drew him forth and laid him on the ground by the campfire where the physician from Denver made an examination which disclosed the fact that he was killed by the falling coach, the iron band of the rim having crushed his skullbone

from which his brains exuded. Poor fellow! No wonder he did not hear our voices and appeals to return to our assistance. No wonder he was not found by our searchers in the thickets of cedar. No wonder he did not again return to be our captain and our guide. He had passed over the mountain into the valley of shadows and was resting where it was pleasant and warm amid the songs of birds and the scent of sweet flowers! It must have been that he had fallen from his seat before the coach turned over, having been seized by sudden illness, or that he was caught by the falling coach as he jumped from his box, and was killed instantly by the sudden blow. His body was cold when we laid it beside the campfire, and the doctor remarked that his death must have been instantaneous. His last words were prophetic. He had indeed taken his last ride on the stage coach. His premonitions of danger before starting from Bear River City were all fulfilled. He would drive no more.

We strapped his body to our righted coach and resumed our journey on the winding road around Bear Mountain. All the next day his blood that oozed from the ghastly wound dripped with the rain and the sleet and spattered the door knob and window-panes of the coach he had once commanded, and trickled on the garments of those who but yesterday were no fuller of life than this dead brave boy!

Although we were again on the road with our faces set toward the valley of rest, our troubles and our dangers were not yet at an end. It is true we had mended the *brakes* in an indifferent manner and obtained a little oil for our lamps, which, however, did not last very long. Still we descended Bear Mountain safely, and soon stretched away for Echo Cañon. Our trouble, however, arose from the ignorance of the driver of the mountain roads. Our driver was Murphy, the companion on the box with Collier before his death, who had kindly volunteered to drive the coach into Salt Lake City. We were totally unacquainted with the powers of Mr. Murphy in this new *rôle*, but as our choice was that of Hobson's, we were compelled to proceed under his care and protection. To add to the difficulties of our situation, a severe snow storm set in just after we got upon the road again, and a snow storm in the mountains is no ordinary affair. Every one who has encountered such a storm will bear testimony to the fact that a foot and more of snow will fall in an hour. I have beheld snow-flakes as large as the palm of a man's hand, and such a fall of

snow soon obliterates all traces or outlines of a road. Dependence must now be placed on the knowledge of the driver and the natural instinct of the animals, and it is frequently better to trust entirely to the animals.

Our progress was slow and toilsome, and the driver's only guide, as we ascertained afterward, was the ruts of the road. I had temporarily exchanged seats with one of the inside passengers and was dozing away, dreaming, perhaps, of a warm bed and good cheer, when I was suddenly aroused by the stopping of the coach and a call from the driver for volunteers to go out into the snow and "tramp for the ruts!" Murphy informed us that he had lost the road and was wandering on dangerous ground, and the only way now before us to regain it was to tramp around in every direction until we found it. As no time was to be lost in making the attempt, the snow growing deeper each moment, a number of us immediately alighted and began the arduous task. I found the snow at least three feet deep, but, as it was dry and light, we were enabled to move about in it much easier than I anticipated. Still it was very hard work, and made the sweat roll from my face. The white snow had given a tinge of light to the earth, and we found, by comparing notes, that we were about to enter on the dug-way of Echo Cañon. The driver had lost the road, and wandered to the right of it for some distance. Had he continued on we would shortly have been pitched into a gulch, from which there would have been no resurrection. After wading around for some time, perhaps an hour, a voice rang out upon the frosty night air, "Here it is!" We hastened in the direction of the sound, and, sure enough, there it was. He had been the lucky one to first find it, and we voted him a hero. He bore his honors meekly, and was glad to resume his seat in the coach, which had now returned to the track. The driver, however, fearful of again losing his way, insisted that two of us should go ahead of the coach and keep tramping for the ruts, and give the signal for him to halt when we could no longer feel them beneath our feet. The first lot fell to myself and a passenger, whom I did not know, and we kept it up for an hour until, all wearied out, we sought rest in the coach. Two others took our places and went on with the weary work. We were now in Echo Cañon, and soon we would strike the dug-way on the sides of the mountain, more dangerous in winter than any other point along the whole line of the road we had traversed.



LOST IN THE DEEP SNOW.

Flora Engr. Co. N.Y.



There was a particular spot, also, on this dug-way more perilous than any other. The vertical cut was faced with solid rock masonry laid by the convulsive hand of nature when she fashioned that lofty range.

The roadbed had been washed by successive storms until it was just broad enough for a coach to pass successfully. When, however, the road was ice-bound and slippery with frozen sleet the danger of sliding into the cañon's depth was increased manyfold. The spot was well known to most overland travelers, as several coaches had been hurled into the cañon's depths and dashed to pieces on the flinty rocks in the stream below. When we reached the neighborhood of the perilous spot some in the coach began to narrate the story of its danger and the loss of the coaches on previous occasions. This served to sharpen the fears of those unaccustomed to such dangers. The little wife of the ponderous Baptist minister was greatly terrified as we reached the spot and some one cried out: "If the road is slippery we are bound to go over!" "If the road was slippery? How could it be otherwise?" some one exclaimed. With a margin less than a foot between the off-wheel and eternity, and the hard frozen ground covered with dry snow, how could it be otherwise than slippery and perilous? And so the little wife of the preacher cried out amid her tears and her fears: "O what shall we do? What shall we do?" Her magnificent looking husband replied: "Well, my dear, we will take every precaution, and the balance we will leave in the hands of Providence!" These were brave words, quite suggestive of the truly Christian character of the great *divine*. He concluded his impressive reply to the fears of his little shivering wife with the rather pointed request directed especially to me: "Colonel won't you get out and hold the coach down?" Now, one would naturally suppose that a man of his great weight would be much better calculated to "hold a coach down" than one who weighed nearly 100 pounds less, for while my weight was a little over 200 pounds, his was nearly 300. Still he was generously inclined as well as brave and orthodox. He was willing to exchange places with a layman. In fact, he was willing to bestow all the honors on me, although acquainted but a few hours. Nevertheless I accommodated him; went out from my sheltered booth in the coach into the storm of the elements to aid the *center of gravity* in "holding down the coach." There was, however, one consolation. If the coach

slipped over the edge of the road into the abyss below, there was no reason why I should go with it, being on the outside. I feel confident that I should have let go my hold on its side and remained above. However, no such sacrifice was required. The coach wheels may have passed uncomfortably near the crumbling edge, but they remained on the roadbed and we rolled safely on. By the early dawn we reached the home station at the mouth of Echo Cañon, where a rude breakfast awaited us. I was so worn out with the severe labor of the night that I could only swallow a cup of black coffee to break the long fast. The storm had ceased, the winter sun had again shone forth, and all that day we journeyed slowly through Parley's Cañon, and in the darkness of the succeeding night we reached Salt Lake City, greeted by its twinkling lights, thankful in our hearts that we had again escaped the dangers of the mountain journey and its storms, safe again in the arms of the loving ones who awaited our return with warm hearts and tears of thankful rejoicing.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

SHOSHONE FALLS—SNAKE RIVER NEAR FORT HALL—FISHING FOR TROUT—THE WONDERING DUCKS UPON THE WATERS, WHO HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN THE FACE OF A WHITE MAN—BELL'S LANDING ABOVE SHOSHONE FALLS—STORY OF THE LONE MINER ON THE BANKS OF THE GREAT FALLS—DASHED TO RUIN OVER THE FALLS.

WHILE briefly sojourning at Fort Hall, on the banks of Snake River, in Idaho Territory, on my way to the famous Shoshone Falls, I engaged for a few hours in the diversion of fishing for trout in that tortuous stream. The river flows through a cañon far below the surface of the earth, and its banks rise almost vertical from the water's edge. Rocks project from either wall, and at intervals a stunted growth of mountain cedar springs therefrom almost at right angles.

The cañon through which the river runs is deep and narrow, appearing as if the lightnings had cleft the mountains and an ancient thunderbolt had ripped open the dry, barren earth to form a pathway for the winding stream.

With rod and line I clambered down the rocky wall, clinging to flint and tree, and cast my line upon the still waters with the hope of capturing a mess of trout for our supper. Nothing is more palatable than the delicious yellow trout that abound in mountain streams. Their fame is world-wide, and the fiber of their meat so delicate as to excite the praise of the epicure. I did not tarry long before landing a splendid specimen of the tribe, and others followed in quick succession. Then there came a pause in my piscatorial labors. While thus awaiting their reappearance, my rod overhanging the stream, I noticed, approaching, a large flock of wild ducks, borne lazily on the bosom of the tide. All the surroundings were as quiet as a cemetery. In fact, it seemed as if it was a vast grave dug within the depths of the earth, in which nature itself was buried. Man, the atom, was but a flyspeck on its incorporeal body. Not a sound disturbed the silence that rested like a shroud on the earth and air. In this voiceless temple of the gods the devotees were dumb. Not a wave of tremulous air disturbed the equilibrium of the atmosphere. No note of bird or

bee or buzzing fly smote the air to echo forth a fretful sound. No rippling of leaves upon the boughs of overhanging trees wafted a tremor along the connecting lines of sound. It was as perfect and complete as if the silence of everlasting eternity rested upon the wild, unbroken spot. It was a wilderness of the solitudes that cast its speechless shadow on the tomb of eternity. The mountain stream, at other points so rough and rugged, here was as placid as an infant's dream. The silence was broken only by my thoughts and the flecking of my trout line. Seldom, indeed, perhaps never before, had the hand of the white man cast a line upon its waters at that spot.

The ducks, floating silently on the stream, passed near the shore line. I thought, of course, upon beholding the intruder, they would either move toward the center of the stream or rise on swift wing and flee from his sight. Strange to relate, they did neither, but kept straight on their way close to the shore, where I sat perched on a rock with the rod in my hand. Without the least exhibition of fear they passed under the rod, and as one of the last was floating beneath it, I could not resist the temptation to lower the rod and gently pat it on its back. If a red flame had shot suddenly before it from out of the water it apparently could not have been more astonished. It did not fly nor dart swiftly away; it seemed to rise up out of the water and stand on its feet; to open wide its eyes in wonder at the sudden movement and touch upon its back, and to peer with an inquiring look at the object that had moved upon the waters like unto its own life motions, and ruffled its shining feathers. A few ripples broke around it and then it passed on to join the flock that had floated some yards beyond. It was to me an interesting study. It had no fear of man, its natural enemy, because it had never before in its wild haunts beheld his face or form, or felt the touch of his wand of power. It felt no danger because it knew none, and was therefore sociable in its wild innocence and ignorance.

Continuing our journey toward the falls, we soon left behind us the more placid portions of the stream and the little feathered flocks that floated on its bosom. Passing over that broad interminable waste of dead land where nothing of vegetable life is seen, save the sage bush and the still ruder growth of grease wood, a dreary solitude of barren earth that stretches in every direction far beyond the utmost vision of the human eye, in whose domain no spear of grass or shrub,

or tree of living green ever gladdens the eyes of mortal man as he wanders through its trackless withered waste, we approached in due time the object of our journey. Surrounded by this weary desert, this treeless, grassless, dreary waste that can alone be likened unto the lifeless sandy waves of Sahara, imprisoned on all sides by precipitous cliffs and unsurmountable walls of rock that loom up like solid masonry, rock piled on rock within the shadow of nature's wildest scenery, where lofty pinnacles of glittering sandstone and minarets of flint and rocky basalt towers rest on buttressed walls of granite, where the eye grasps the territory of wild grandeur, and the mind becomes absorbed in nature's marvelous works, there we found Shoshone Falls.

Standing on the grim edge of Shoshone Cañon above the falls, you gaze down into a broad, round chasm, more than 700 feet deep, and nearly a mile in diameter. Far beyond you, for many miles, stretch the Snake Plains just described, and in the distance loom the blue outline of mountains that form one of their boundary lines. The cliffs of the gorge descend nearly perpendicularly from our feet to the level of the stream that flows beneath its battlemented walls, smooth and unfretted, until it rolls into the labyrinths of rocks and lava, ere it finally plunges over its steep precipice. It is a wild, barren yet picturesque scene. Desert, frowning walls and green waters encompass your vision. Barren cliffs, broken only by clumps of stunted trees clinging to the walls, and dark gray shadows upon river and rock, make the scene at this point one of almost sullen gloom, unrelieved save by the blue and white foam that flashes in shining spray, as the waters strike the rocks and boulders that intercept its pathway to the cataract.

The descent to the level of the stream above the falls is made through a narrow tortuous trail among rough blocks, and ledges of lava, and along which you must carefully lead your pack-mule if you would reach the river's edge in safety. Here you pitch your tent beneath the overhanging cliffs that shadow the rapids of the lower falls of Shoshone. You hear constantly a dull throbbing sound, the same that greeted your ears long before you approached the cañon's edge, and which seemed to proceed from the depths of the earth beneath you, a sound like that of distant cannon. You find that this sound is produced by the boom of huge masses of rock falling from above upon rock piled on rock below, that, by the action of the weather, have been loosened from their hold upon the cañon walls.

One of the remarkable characteristics of these falls is the congregated evidence of the vast flood of lava that during the period of desiccation flowed down upon and deluged the whole Snake Basin. Standing upon the edge of the chasm, above the first fall, you see the "Three Tetons" and the "Three Buttes," from whose convulsed depths in the ancient volcanic period poured for 300 miles the rivers of lava that overspread the once fertile plains.

All the placid stream above, far beyond the headlands and the distant mountains where it takes its rise in the myriad springs from melting snow fields and frozen lakes that burst and overflow their banks and gush in cataracts to the gulf below, where flows the winding stream; all the vast volume of uncurbed waters gather and converge at this point for the first mad leap over a precipice 100 feet high, and panting as if to renew its strength and increase its volume or, as if held in check by a mysterious hand, or hesitating to take the fearful plunge, finally makes its bound into the watery abyss 300-feet below.

What a scene for the student of wild untamed Nature! What a school for the artist hand to train its cunning! What a moment for the mind to dwell upon nature's marvel of majesty!

Thought, itself is lost in the profundity of the awful abyss that lies far down below, as you stand upon the summit of the mighty basalt wall and watch the descending torrent as it pours down into the yawning gulf; watch the mists of spray from the seething waters that form into clouds rolling against the walls of the mighty chasm and melting in the viewless air; watch the frail frostwork of silver and ermine blended with the purple and gold of the sunshiny rays that shoot down the chasm from the waves of blue above, wearing a coronet of prismatic beauty to rest upon the stormy brow of the roaring cataract; watch the waters of the great river regather their volume and hasten away from the wild scene and the deafening roar of the mad torrent on and away over rocks and boulders where the ages have left them in their deep repose, where the white foam melted into drops of peaceful water, mingling again with a placid stream such as we beheld ere it takes the first wild plunge over Shoshone Falls!

Lovers of majesty, draw nigh to these falls of the untrodden waste and wilderness of barren rock and soil! Worshipers of Nature's awful power, stand upon the summit and gaze upon your shrine below! Ye who reverence the mysterious and trace the image of God in the

awful outline of nature's works, come within the shadow of these towering cliffs and precipices, these minarets and shafts of mystery, these monuments of Time's untrodden depths, and worship the God of Nature! Nowhere else in the world will ye find its counterpart. Nowhere else on the globe will ye behold such overwhelming evidences of Nature's grand achievements, a gem of sublimity in the midst of savage scenery, a sparkling diadem on the brow of desolation, a coronet of nature's wildest grandeur glowing in the rude solitudes of an unbroken barrenness and continuity of sterile waste.

Niagara, pouring its mighty flood of waters in a giant torrent over a broad, rocky bed, and the Bridal Veil of falling waters in wild Yosemite stir the beholder with awe and reverence. Having once stood within the sublime shadow of Shoshone Falls man draws the comparison in his mind's eye, and those works of nature fade away into the spray of their rainbow mists beside the irresistible power and the overwhelming majesty of the rude and wild Shoshone, with its islands, rapids, cascades and rainbows!

At Bell's Landing the river is 600 feet wide, and below widens to 1,200. Three great rocks, the Three Sisters, stand like sentinels above the turbid water, guarding, as it were, the entrance to the rapids. Bell's Landing is a mighty rock which juts out into the river where the water is deep and smooth, and yet lies immediately above where the rapids begin and the cascades fall, before the great stream takes its long leap into the abyss.

Of course there is always a legend or romance hanging about such works of nature. In this case the romance deepens into the reality. Tom Bell was a bold miner, who could guide a boat and progress through adverse currents, which men of less nerve and courage would not undertake. One portion of the vast cataract, resembling its lofty prototype of the Yosemite, has been called the "Bridal Veil." One day, in his daring search for gold, he ventured to an island just above the brink of Bridal Veil Falls, and in true accord with his "eye of prospect" and judgment formed by long experience, he found on the lower side a good "pay" bar. He would take his little boat from the landing, shove out into the strong current, and by a few dexterous strokes of his oars, land on the upper part of the island. With pick and shovel and "rocker" he would pass the long hours of the day gathering gold, and when the declining rays of the sun fell behind the

mountains, warning him of the approach of darkness, he would pull his boat up stream and reach his rocky landing on the shore. His fame spread far and wide. Many came to witness his courage in tempting the waves, but none dared to follow his fearless example. He had built a little cabin on the south shore, where he lived the life of a hermit, noted for his industry, and where he dispensed his rude hospitality to those who occasionally visited his wild and lone retreat.

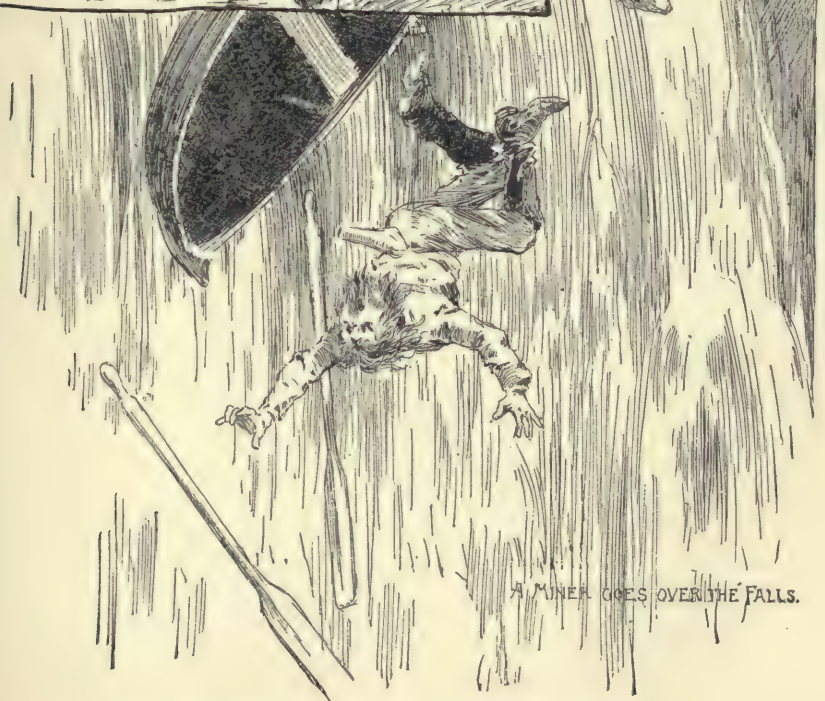
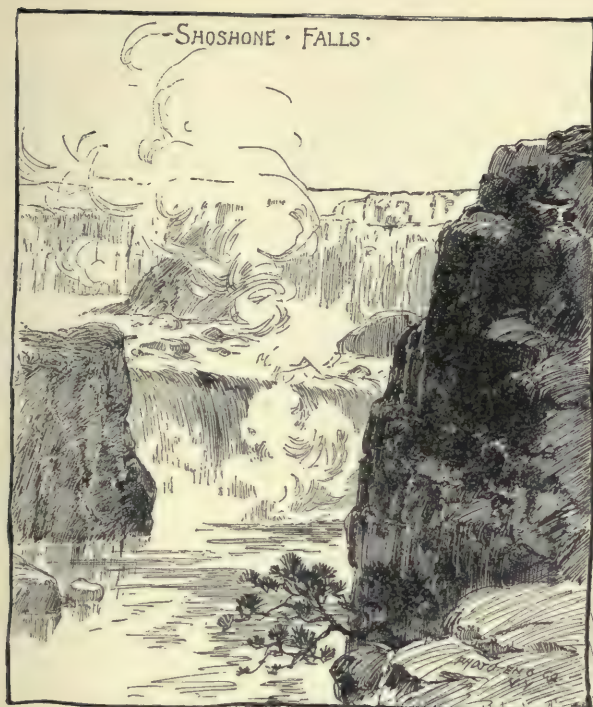
In addition to his labor at the gold bar on the island, he engaged whenever the opportunity offered, to earn a pecuniary reward in the occupation of ferryman, and safely conveyed those across the upper stream where business or inclination led them thither.

One day two confiding Chinamen entered his boat to be ferried to the opposite shore. It was his final effort. From the turbid stream he rowed within the mysterious realm that lies beyond "the Styx." Whether he became careless from long tempting the fates, or whether, in the supreme moment, when his giant arm was baffling the waves and the frail boat was rounding their crests, pulling its way to the opposite shore, an oar snapped in twain, and in an instant whirled him within their mad depths, no man will ever know. All that is known can be related in a moment. He and his boat and the yellow-skinned Orientals went over the falls, sinking to rise no more. But the great rock which was his landing place, the island where he strove for wealth, and the cabin wherein he passed his lonely hours, still remain, preserving his name and appropriately designating them as his own. Within the cabin are still retained his "rocker," fragments of the boat which took the fearful leap, and other relics, which were Tom Bell's sole companions, and to-day the only memorials of his lone and silent life.

"Night," says a distinguished explorer,\* "is the true time to appreciate the full force of the scene surrounding these falls. The broken rim of the basin profiled upon a mass of drifting clouds, whose torn openings revealed gleams of pale moonlight and bits of remote sky trembling with misty stars. Intervals of light and darkness hurriedly followed each other. For a moment the black gorge would be crowded with forms. Tall cliffs, ramparts of lava, the rugged outlines of islands slumbering on the cataract's brink, faintly luminous from breaking over black rapids, the swift white leap of the river, and a ghostly, formless mist which the cañon walls and

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\* Clarence King.



A MINER GOES OVER THE FALLS.

THE LONE MINER GOING OVER THE SHOSHONE FALLS.



far reach of the lower river, were veiled and unveiled again and again and then a mist of black shadow, where nothing could be seen but the breaks in the black clouds, the rim of the basin, and a vague white center in the universal darkness."

Such are Shoshone Falls by night; but the view by daylight is sufficient to inspire the loftiest feelings of reverence for the sublime works of nature which lead us, like a child led by the hand of its father from Nature up to Nature's God.

## CHAPTER XXX.

LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MONTANA—WANDERINGS—THE MINER'S CAMP—MY GUIDE—THE WILD BEAST IN THE JUNGLE—THE "PARD'S REGRET"—THE GOVERNOR'S SEARCH PARTY—THE TELEGRAM TO SALT LAKE CITY—RESCUE.

It was a bright morning, late in the summer of 1868 that I boarded Wells, Fargo & Company's mail coach at Salt Lake City for Helena, Montana Territory, on a mission of important Government business. The atmosphere was delicious, the air fragrant with the aroma of fruit and flowers which, with the sparkling dew and sunshine on tree and shrub and waving spear of grass, charmed the senses and gave new impulse to the blood bounding through our veins.

The road traversed by the northern mail-coach was at many points of picturesque beauty. Rolling gaily out of Salt Lake City, under the practiced eye and hand of an old-time driver, the clatter of the wheels broke the stillness of the quiet city. At the very base of the Wahsatch Range with its snows eternal, beneath the shadow of "Ensign Peak," which Brigham Young declared he had seen in a vision and was commanded by the Lord to halt his people and pitch his tent, the mail coach moved rapidly along at the rate of ten miles an hour. On our left and almost at our feet lay the shimmering waters of Great Salt Lake, remaining in our sight for nearly one hundred miles washing its crystals on the shore line.

The green spots that at quite equal distances for many miles rose before us and greeted our approach with offerings of ripe fruit and sparkling fresh water, were the various Mormon settlements, populated by the overflow from their main city and by the emigrants from foreign lands who had been assigned by the leaders of the Saints to certain labors tending toward the upbuilding of the church and its revenues.

Proceeding swiftly through Cache Valley and crossing the cañon wherein General Conner had surprised, in the dead of winter, and slain the savage tribe that for years had menaced the peace and security of the settlers of that region; thence from Utah to Malad Mountain

Gap, in the southeastern portion of Idaho, the initial point of John Hailey's line of stages to Boise City and beyond; thence through Port Neuf Cañon, the scene of the terrible murder of a coach load of miners returning to their homes in the East, by the bloodthirsty band of robbers, styled for pirate dignity, road agents, past Fort Hall, the scene of many an Indian council, and over the tortuous Snake River; thence over the Bannock, the swift mountain stream on whose banks the first gold discoveries were made in Montana, and which proved but the beginning of the far famed wealth gathered in millions from the dry beds of streams that once as mountain torrents had washed for ages the riches of the rocks from their mineral beds; thence ceaselessly by day and night, halting only at the home stations for food, and the stock ranches for change of horses, we hastened over the mountain roads and through the defiles of the rocky boulders that lay in huge masses at many points on the upland heights, until finally, on the morning of the fourth day we rolled into Virginia City, at that time the capitol of the Territory, nestled in the heart of the Big Horn Range.

It was small, now, both in population and business, compared to the days when Alder Gulch was pouring its long-hidden wealth into the lap of the thousands of gold-seekers who had flocked there from all points of the country where the fame of its riches had reached. It was, however, the seat of government and the Territorial officers, and the Supreme Court was located there, and many lawyers and business men remained. Still it was but the ghost of its former prosperity, and a relic of the past. The vast wealth, amounting to many millions had been gathered; the stream was exhausted, and the tireless tide of humanity, whose lives were consumed in their adventurous search for gold, had passed on to other and richer fields. Here and there I beheld bands of Chinamen washing over the tailings of the famous gulch, where but a little while before, the white man swarmed and gathered his gold dust daily, measured by hundreds and thousands of dollars. As I walked over the bed of this historic stream in company with the United States marshal, he pointed out to me the various spots of interest within its borders. Here, a lucky man gathered in a week a fortune that many years of patient industry could not acquire by the slow process of ordinary business. There, a vast nugget of solid gold was washed out as the reward of a few hours' labor. At this point and that, marvelous

deposits were found, and, at others, men slaved without reward and toiled for weary months without recompense. Here, a poor soul worn out with continuous disappointment, while his more fortunate neighbors gathered the rich spoils of the ages, overcome by his ill success, blew out his brains in despair. There, a man having gained great wealth was robbed and murdered by thieves who lay in wait. At another point, just below the town, where the richest deposits were found and the discoveries claimed by two adverse parties, the marshal disclosed the spot where, as a peace officer, he was compelled to shoot down six men while quelling a riot that threatened to engulf the whole town in battle.

This officer was a remarkable man in many respects. How gentle was his manner and quiet his speech! How soft his tones and how musical his voice! How magnanimous to foe, how faithful to friend! In a great city filled with the rude elements of society, where knife and pistol were the prime agents for the enforcement of individual will and command, and a steady nerve and quick sight the pre-requisites for success and obedience, where violence was the rule and murder was a pastime, who, unaware of his dauntless courage, would have chosen this quiet gentle spoken man as the one man who could stem the tide of lawlessness and command universal obedience to his will and dictation? Yet such was his fame. When aroused, no ruffian ere withstood his lightning glare or the quick hand that sped the bullet to his brain. His blood was the coolest, his nerve the steadiest, his hand the surest and his courage the most undoubted of all the mountain men who trod the dry bed of Alder Gulch. Neil Howie sleeps in a grave far distant from the scene of his wonderful deeds, but his memory is green among the hills and valleys of the Montana. He was my personal friend and I feel proud of this privilege to record the grandeur of character of this hero of border life.

After a sojourn of a few days in Virginia City, I joined a party of ladies and gentlemen who proposed to visit Bald Mountain, one of the loftiest peaks in the Big Horn Range, adjacent to Virginia City. I intended to ride with them to a certain point on the way, and then diverging, proceed to a mining settlement a number of miles beyond, with a view of obtaining some testimony very important in a matter of public interest I was then engaged in prosecuting. The day was charming, the sun shining brightly and the mountain air pure and



STANDING ROCK.



invigorating, as our gay party wound in and among the foothills that surrounded the base of the lofty range. After lunching by the side of an icy spring, within the shade of some mountain monarchs, I bade the party adieu for a while, promising to rejoin them on my return at a later hour in the day. Although it was my first visit in that section and I was but little acquainted with the topography of the country, yet I felt confident of my ability, from what knowledge I possessed of mountain craft, to go directly to the objective point from the directions already given me, without subjecting one of the party to leave his comrades to act as a guide. Besides I had important reasons for going alone, connected entirely with the public matter I then had in hand. And so I struck out in the full hope and assurance of soon accomplishing the objects of my visit and rejoining the gay party of Government officials and leading men of the city with their wives and sweethearts. Schiller has told us that "Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulse." I am sure, however, that the fate which was in store for me had no voice from the impulses of my own heart. The day was so warm and pleasant that, on starting forth I did not encumber myself with an overcoat, and consequently was thinly clad for the exposure that awaited me ere my return. I proceeded on my way in accordance, as I supposed, with the directions given me as to the location of the little mining town nestled among the mountains, which, unlike the cities on the plains, can not be distinguished afar off by tall spires and church steeples. \* \* Pursuing my course without road or trail or blaze to mark an approach to the civilized abode of man, I wandered on amid its vast continuity of hill and valley until finally I determined within my own mind that I had failed to observe some point of instruction and had diverged from the route that led to the settlement. I then endeavored to retrace my steps, and looking toward Bald Mountain, I came suddenly upon the rim of a deep gulch or cañon that seemed to run toward that eminence. I descended at once its rugged sides, and on gaining the bottom found myself amid the solitude of a chasm where the gloomy cypress waved its spinous branches and its lofty sides obscured the sun and the surrounding country. Still I felt that my hope of extrication lay in pursuing the cañon, which I believed led to Bald Mountain. Daylight disappeared and stars came out and hung like lanterns in the skies. There was, however, no moonlight. Morning dawned, and

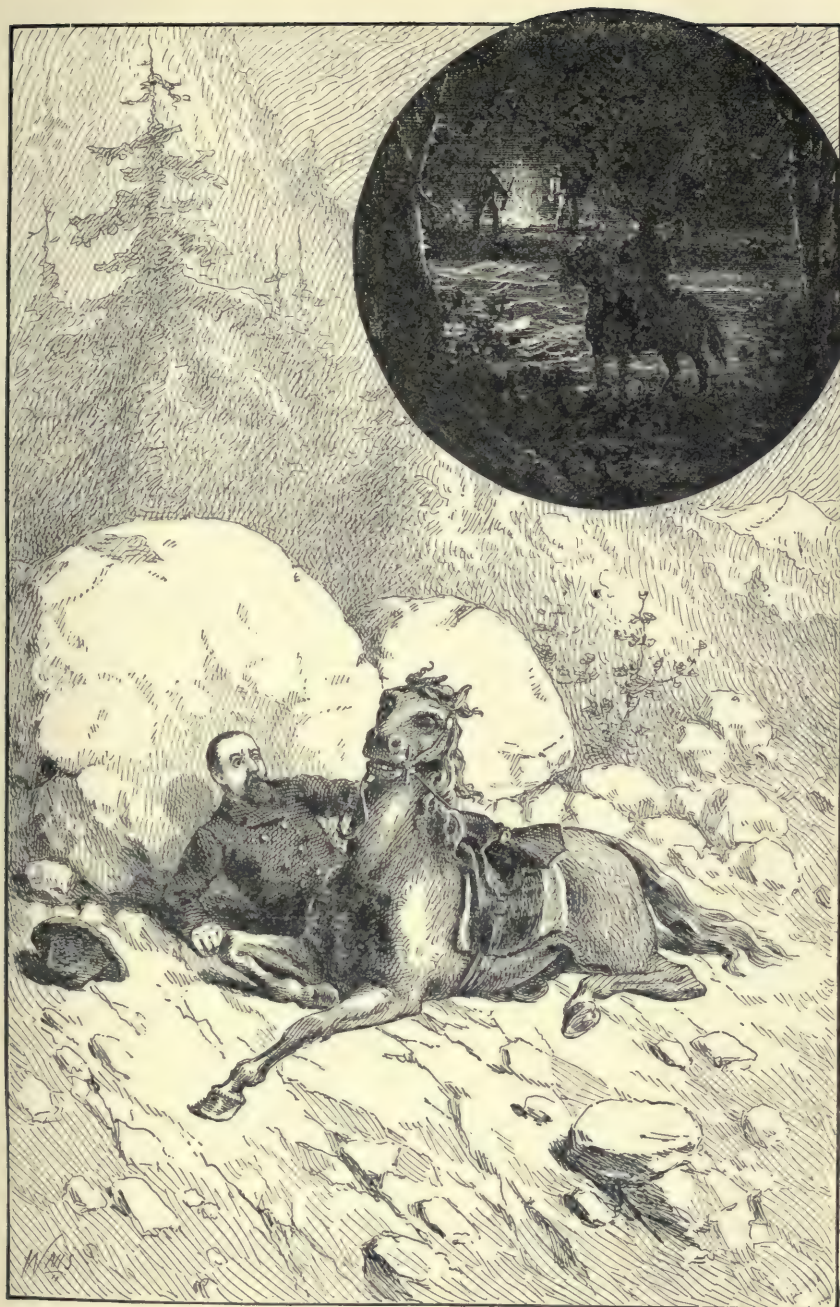
with its first faint light I clambered up the side of the cañon by a blind trail I happened to strike. I was in the same continuity of hills and valleys, with no familiar object in sight. Still I did not feel alarmed. I could climb the *divide*, and from its lofty height would be enabled to behold a vast stretch of country and shape my course. On reaching its summit, however, I beheld nothing but innumerable peaks rising one above another, and long ranges of foothills, interspersed with innumerable valleys. Away off in the distance, I thought I caught a glimpse of the *Madison River*, and once on its banks, I felt assured I would be enabled to escape from my perilous condition, for now the cravings of hunger, intensified by an interminable thirst, beset me and added to the extremity of the hour. So I passed down the wrong side of the *divide*, and each step I took, thinking to escape from the wilderness of mountains, but carried me deeper and deeper into its mysterious depths. After wandering aimlessly about in search of water, not a drop of which had passed my lips since I parted from my friends in the cool shade beside the icy spring, I arrived at the conclusion that I was *lost* amid the intricate profundity of an almost endless range of mountains, and wandering far away from the footprints of civilization in a country given up to wild beasts, savage Indians and still more savage white men who had escaped retribution for their crimes by flight to the unpeopled wilderness. Only those who have shared a similar experience can know the feeling that takes possession of the mind when fully awakened to the fact that you are wandering through trackless mountain wilds without guide or companion, the end of which is death, after days of pain and starvation, and perchance insanity, unless rescued by a timely hand or circumstance. Oh, the feeling of utter loneliness amid the vast expanse of mighty upheaval—this wide, wide range and continuity of rock piled on rock until the bending heavens stoop to kiss their crowns! So lone and pulseless that God Himself seems not there to be; and yet withal “the visible garment of God!” Oh, the awful stillness that each moment deepens around you! Oh, the terrible grandeur of untouched *nature*, appalling you in your utter insignificance—that emblem and shadow of Omnipotence; the veil in which He shrouds His majesty! ’Tis at such a shrine and altar that we lose thought, even of our own miseries and anxieties and kneel in humility and adoration.

I wandered on and on with my faithful animal, which, like all mountain horses, had been educated to climb these rugged heights

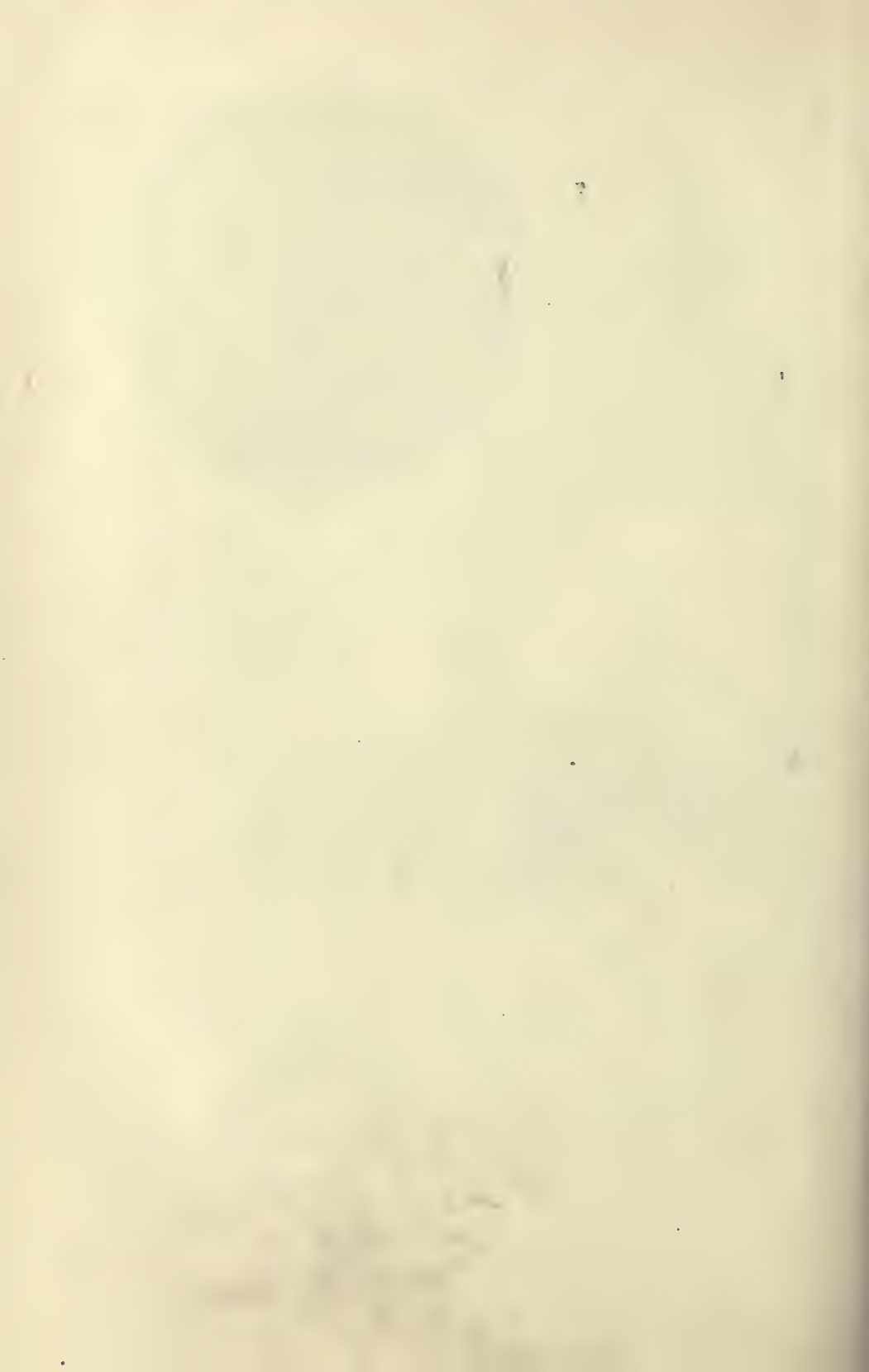
and cling like goats to bush and jutting rock. It had fared somewhat better than I, though neither had tasted water since the day before—it had, however, browsed on the way and picked up considerable of a meal, while I had neither food nor water, but the thirst became so intense as to absorb the desire for food, and now my whole wish was for water. I felt that I must have water or perish! About 4 o'clock in the afternoon I had climbed a high range of foothills and saw above me the frozen sheet of snow on the mountain summits. I determined at once to reach the crest and obtain the ice, which, melting in my mouth, would partially assuage the thirst. Setting my horse's head in that direction I began the ascent, inspired with the hope of temporary relief, at least. When within a few hundred feet of the frozen snow-fields, my animal trod suddenly upon a piece of shale rock, and, worn with fasting, was unable to respond quickly to the natural instinct or to hold himself to the hillside, and, losing balance, fell with great force to the rocky surface, close by the side of a huge boulder against which my back and right side lay, with my right limb wedged under the horse's prostrate body. I thought I heard the bones crack as I touched the earth and felt the huge weight on my limb, and a sudden dart of pain from thigh to ankle-joint. As soon as it was possible the horse regained his feet, and I attempted to do likewise. The patient animal, with almost a mind, seemed conscious that some evil had befallen me and stood close beside me, with pitying eyes that seemed to say: "I am sorry for what I have done, but I could not help it; for I, too, am weak from want of food!" I finally, by the assistance of the boulder, raised myself from the ground and found that my thigh and knee-joints had both received a wrench, and my foot and ankle a severe sprain. But, notwithstanding the great pain which had so suddenly convulsed my frame, the pain of the thirst was still more terrible, and so I started on my hands and one limb, dragging the wounded along, to gain the frozen snow. After what seemed an age of agony I reached its rim and broke off and swallowed pieces of frozen snow, in which mud and bits of leaves were mixed. As I expected, this gave me partial relief and assuaged the burning thirst for a little while—but a little while; for, after painfully reaching the horse and as painfully, by the aid of the boulder, remounting, I again descended the mountain. Before reaching its base, the thirst returned with renewed severity. For the first

time a feeling of despair stole over me. My limb began to swell and it was with great difficulty I retained my seat in the saddle. Night was approaching and its antecedent shadows swept over the foothills, and in tremulous waves rolled down to the broad valley beyond. There was nothing to guide me; no human footprint, no blaze on rock or tree, no landmark or signboard in the vast wilderness to silently say, "Go this way or that!" Of course, it was a mere question of time in my present condition, unless rescued, when both lone horse and rider should furnish food for the fierce mountain lions whose homes we had invaded. These mountain lions are so strong and powerful, that, having killed a mountain sheep weighing 300 pounds, a single one would bear it many miles to its den in some cleft of the rocks or chasm in the lofty mountain side. What defense could I then make if pursued and overtaken?

Should I escape wild beasts might I not fall into savage hands?—for at that time the settlements were constantly raided by roving bands of Indians bent on murder and robbery. And if such a fate should not befall me, was it not probable that under cover of darkness, attracted by the glare of my midnight fire, the white foe might steal upon me and shoot me down all unconscious of my fate? These were not pleasant thoughts that obtruded themselves as I entered the shadows of the broad valley that lay at the foot of this lofty range. As I had no where to go and as each jar of the animal's tread caused additional pain, I permitted him to follow his own inclination and he browsed slowly along, here and there picking a mouthful of rude mountain vegetation. And thus we journeyed on until about 9 o'clock in the evening, when suddenly my poor beast that oftentimes had appeared as if inclined to lie down and rest after our long, weary tramp of daylight and darkness, suddenly raised his head, pricked his ears and, as if belabored with the lash, started forward on a brisk trot that racked my wounded limb to the very marrow. I restrained his impetuosity as well as I was able, but it was not of much avail; onward he would go in spite of all I could do. I do not remember at this day how long we thus traveled. Racked as I was with pain it seemed an age. It may not have been an hour. It was very dark. Neither moon or stars were shining. I thought it a race in the dark with a phantom, and for aught I know this noble beast, destined to preserve my life and restore me to my friends, may have been safely led by some spirit



LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MONTANA.



horse along this path of darkness, that which we ascribe to the occult force of instinct. True it is, however, he brought me to the banks of a purling stream, whose bright ripples, breaking over rock and granite boulder were flowing eastward in the dark. Down to the river's edge we went, and horse and rider drank from the white waters of the Madison at the same instant with bowed heads.

After quenching my thirst the desire for food returned, and would have proved insupportable had not the severe pain of my swollen limb claimed the greater attention. One thing I determined upon—not to lose sight of the river.

My animal remained in the water sometime, and it was with difficulty I urged him forward. On gaining the opposite bank at a little distance from the edge of the stream my horse struck into what seemed to be a "blind path." As it was impossible for me to alight and gather the materials to build a fire and make a night-camp, I concluded to move slowly along until daylight when there would be less fear from wild beasts, and then give my horse and self a rest. I felt assured that if I followed the stream I should find some way of escape from the solitudes. We had proceeded some distance when suddenly there broke upon my ear, on the opposite side of the stream which at this point was quite narrow, a most unearthly sound. It seemed to be a cross between the bay of a bloodhound and the roar of a lion. That it was the voice of a wild beast I did not doubt. My horse stood still and I breathless, not knowing what to do. And thus we awaited, I cannot tell how long, until hearing it no more I concluded that whatever it was it had disappeared and we had escaped. Gaining courage I again moved forward and had proceeded perhaps two hundred yards or more, when the same terrible sound proceeded from out of the darkness just across the stream and much nearer than before. My horse stood still and trembled with fear from natural instinct of danger. I expected each moment the bushes to part and a wild beast to spring upon us.

With that hope which never dies in the breast of man, no matter how forlorn may be his condition, the hope to escape the imminent danger and prolong my life in this world, I thought to escape by sacrificing the horse, and so I concluded to move close up to a tree and should the beast appear, to alight from my animal's back into the branches. Of course in my condition I should have died of starvation

in the tree or fallen from weakness to the ground and thus become an easy prey to the cowardly coyote. But what will not man attempt in such an emergency to prolong his life? Unable to walk, destitute of food, unarmed save with a pair of *derringer* pistols, many miles indeed from a base line of civilization, with no outstretched human arm to save me, with no possible hope of escape from death in my present condition—yet I still clung to life and hoped to escape the teeth and claws of the wild beast by gaining the branches of a tree! Such was my perilous position. It was death to go back into the wilderness; it was destruction to go forward, as it then seemed. What was I to do? At this moment of intense anxiety, I caught sight of something that instantly set my blood on fire—that thrilled my very soul, that put hope in my heart and a song of rejoicing in my mouth! An ecstasy only to be felt once in a lifetime; only once, when the uplifted arm of death is averted by a friendly hand. Across the stream, 300 yards beyond, I saw sparks ascending upward beyond the tree tops! It was a voice that said to me: *Humanity is at hand!* There is a human being in this vast solitude beside yourself! He may be friend or foe—what matters that? The hand that kindled that fire in the wilderness may be that of a savage Indian or a still more savage white man. What doth it matter? It is the hand of humanity! I will go and seek it! And so I did, riding noiselessly in the dark, until I came opposite the fire. I saw two men dozing before it and smoking their pipes. From the articles lying around I concluded that it was a permanent camp, but who the men were, whether they were cut-throats driven from the pale of border society into this wilderness to escape punishment for their murderous deeds, or, whether they were honest men engaged in the lawful pursuits of business, I could not tell. I did not, however, stop to consider that question in my present condition; any fate was preferable to starving in the wilderness, or being devoured by wild beasts. I hailed them at once. I cried in as loud a voice as I could command: “Hallo there!”

If I had fired a rifleshot at them they could not have been more suddenly or completely aroused than by that unexpected voice from out of the dark. Of course they could not see me as I stood within the shadow of the night on the other side of the stream; but they both seemed to reply at once: “Who are you?” “What do you want?” I had resolved to tell the exact truth and face the consequences,

and so I replied: "I am a United States official; have been wandering for two days and nights, lost in the mountains without food or water until I struck this stream an hour ago, and I am likewise severely injured from a fall of my horse this afternoon. Can I come into your camp?"

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Yes; I am speaking the truth."

"Are you alone?"

"I am entirely alone."

"How are you *heeled*?" which translated into pure Saxon meant, "How are you armed?" I replied.

"I am entirely without arms save a pair of *derringer* pistols!"

They still seemed to have some doubts in their minds, so they asked:

"What are you doing in this part of the country anyway?"

I explained as briefly as I could how I came to be lost after parting with my friends, and again remarked about my weak and wounded condition, and asked if I could enter their camp. They consulted together in a low tone of voice for a few moments and then said:

"If you have told us the truth you can do so; but if you have lied to us, you had better not come!"

I asked if I could ford the stream at that point, and they replied I could, and so I plunged into the water that was not more than three or four feet deep, and was soon in their presence.

Observing that what I had spoken was the truth, they bade me get down from my horse, assisted me to a seat by their fire, staked my animal a little way off, where he could browse, and prepared some food for me from the remains of their supper, which I disposed of with as great dispatch as the severe pain of my limb would allow. I felt, however, that it was necessary for me to get to a settlement as soon as possible, where I could lie on a bed and receive surgical aid, and that it was equally imperative that I should go at once as, perhaps, should I linger till daylight, my limb would be so swollen that I could not sit astride of a horse. So I inquired of them where I was and the distance to the nearest settlement.

They informed me that I had entered the untrodden wilderness, and that Summit City, a small mining village, was the nearest settlement and distant fifty miles from that point, but that there was no

doctor there and none nearer than Virginia City. I stated the necessity of my immediate departure in search of surgical aid, and told them I had but \$20 with me, but if one of them would guide me to Virginia City and would be willing to start immediately, I would give them \$30 more.

They went off a little way and entered into an earnest conversation, but in such low tones that I could not distinguish what was said. Presently they returned and taking two small sticks, one shorter than the other, proceeded to draw lots, as was the custom of the country, to determine who should go.

It fell to the lot of the larger man of the two to accompany me, and without a word he brought my horse to me, put the saddle on him and assisted me to mount, while the other went out somewhere in the dark and brought in a small rough animal with long ears and a short stumpy tail, likewise saddled and bridled, which my companion mounted and bade me follow as he entered the water.

After leaving the bright light of the blazing camp fire, the darkness appeared intensified and I was compelled to keep close behind the little animal to distinguish my way.

I repeatedly spoke to my companion, but with the exception of a low grunt now and then, he did not deign a reply. I did not like his style, and his actions once or twice aroused a suspicion in my mind that all was not right. I likewise remembered that his features revealed by the glare of the camp fire were anything but prepossessing.

Thinking perhaps it was his manner and that nothing was intended, and knowing full well that I was entirely in his power in my weak and wounded condition, I proposed to make the best of it, and, if possible, to make myself agreeable. So, riding close beside him, I endeavored to enlist him in conversation, but he was as dumb as an oyster. I finally, as a last resort, asked him what he and his comrade were doing in that part of the country, so remote from human society! I will not be sure, but I think his reply was that it was none of my business!

I relapsed into silence, determined to ask no more questions of such a gruff companion. I could not account for such a strange way, and, as a result, felt quite uneasy. Suffering great pain all the while, my mind was in a frame susceptible of peculiar emotions. In spite of my determination to believe otherwise, the thought would enter:

"Perhaps he is leading you away from, instead of toward the nearest settlement! Perhaps he thinks you have a large sum of money about you and proposes to lead you to some lone spot still farther within the depths of these unknown mountains and murder you, to be devoured by wild beasts, to remove every trace of the deed." But then I would say to myself: "These are not the thoughts of a brave man and you are but adding to your pain and anxiety to entertain them for a moment!"

Thus we journeyed on in silence in that moonless and starless night until we came suddenly upon one of the wildest and weirdest spots it was ever my fortune to behold. It was a thick grove of tall cypress trees, at the base of lofty mountains, through which the wind was sighing mournfully and in which the darkness of the night was deepened tenfold by its sombre gloom. If a murder was to be committed this was the time and place, and at this spot that man dismounted from his animal. Again the human instinct of self-preservation led me to think quickly, and in an instant I resolved that my only hope, if he meant to slay me, was to kill him ere he could reach me. So, drawing, both my *derringers* and softly raising the hammers, I bent over the head of my horse, straining my eyes to discern his slightest movement, fully determined to shoot him if he but turned toward me. I have often thought upon what a slender thread hung that man's life and how utterly foolish my resolve. However, he did not turn upon me or toward me, but compassionately taking his jenny by the bridle, began the toilsome ascent of the mountain *divide* which I had crossed the second day before at a distant point beyond.

If I should live a thousand years I do not believe I should ever forget that midnight ride up the side of that mountain range in the Cimmerian darkness that shrouded horse and rider, tree and shrub, rock and granite boulder. Nor could I fail to remember the thoughts that occupied my mind. Memory bells were ringing in my ears. Long forgotten scenes of my boyhood days passed in happy review. Beautiful stories of childhood come with their flowery recollections; fragments of songs whose strains had died away in the long vista of years; sweet voices, violets in the memory, of loved ones long since silent to the listening ear; voices of wife and baby so far away from their wandering loved one; little notes of babyland sung to cooing infant on its way to dreamland; every thing gentle, tender and sweet in the

lowest musical tones of the soul, soothing the weary-hearted on the lonely mountain side in the darkness of that long and perilous midnight tramp over the jagged rock and slippery shale in the arms of unceasing pain. All else was lost; not a single martial strain from the great march and battle of Life came to crowd out the tender, pure and gentle thoughts that with the voice of inspiration soothed the mind and smoothed the way over that long and perilous road up to the summit of the great *divide*.

If that midnight pathway to the clouds had been glorified by the songs and voices of troops of angels, it could not have been more laden with beautiful shining angel thought. And who shall say they were not angels, all invisible to the human eye, yet in their shining robes sent to greet the wanderer in the vestibule of danger as they came with their fondest love to meet the child in the vestibule of life?

True it is I felt no more danger, no more fear. A perfect peace possessed me and I went wearily on to the lofty summit. When that was reached my companion waited until I also gained it. Then he began a transverse journey along the crest. My horse moved so wearily and withal so carefully that it was impossible to keep up with the little animal ahead, and it was so dark that I could scarcely see my own animal's head. After journeying this way for some time, directed entirely by the sound of the footsteps of the preceding animal, I came suddenly upon my companion who, for the first time, seemed to have a voice. He spoke very clearly and well to the point. He said: "We can go no farther to-night. There is a great gulch or chasm beyond and I don't know where we are. If there was moonlight or if the stars were shining I expect I could tell; but as it is I won't go any farther till daylight. I will make a fire, picket the animals and we can lay down and rest." And what a ghost of rest for me! I had to be helped down like a child and each movement was torture. To crown our difficulties, suddenly a high wind arose and the cold increased ten-fold and cut through my thin flannel coat like a knife. This rendered the fire of but little avail, as we were compelled to sit on the side from which the wind blew, to keep the smoke from blinding us. It served, however, to keep off the wolves we heard howling at some distance. My companion grew more communicative—at close quarters. The fire seemed to thaw out his close nature and I soon found he could prove an agreeable acquaintance if he chose.

Reticence is characteristic of the mountaineer. He seldom speaks when in action. But now he answered a question which, hours before, I had asked only to be refused. He told me that he and his "pard" were miners. That he had been told by Indians that this wild country contained streams filled with gold dust just like Alder Gulch, and that they had been since spring opened, prospecting along the dry beds of streams, but with very limited success. Still he believed they would ere long "strike it rich." He further said he believed they were the only two white men in that country. When I mentioned the outlaws supposed to be there, he said he did not think of them as "white men!" He also told me that he and his comrades were "forty-niners;" went to California with the first rush and, with varying fortunes, had pursued the *ignis-fatruus* ever since; had dug gold in California, mined in Nevada, prospected in Utah, Idaho and Montana and believed that now, after twenty years of ceaseless labor in search of the precious metal, their fortune was soon to be made and that it would prove immense.

And such is the weary tramp of the gold-seeker! From State to State, from Territory to Territory, from one *discovery* to another he flies, in storm and sunshine, in poverty and rags, in hunger and want, braving those perils that would make a god of man on the battlefield; possessed of that determination of purpose which, if displayed in field, camp, or cabinet, might create kingdoms or change the boundaries of empires—merely to gain that which he seldom finds, but if once found forges fetters for the soul and mind, barter honor, affection and the crown of eternity!

My companion, for whom I began to feel quite a regard, then asked me many questions concerning myself, and when I told him that I had lived and practiced law in the city of Washington for some years, suddenly exclaimed, "My God! My *pard* will feel pretty d——n bad, when he hears that."

I remarked "why so?"

"Well, you see," he replied, "my *pard* went to California in '49 from Washington, and has never been back since he left, and he's been looking for a long time for some one who lived there so as to give him information of his people. Not having made his pile he has not written home for a long time, and I suppose they they think him dead. He has got a brother in Washington who is a preacher!"

I inquired the name of his "pard's" brother.

"Holmead," he said.

"O, yes," said I, "I am well acquainted with him, and but a few summers ago spent some very pleasant days in his company in the beautiful Wissahickon Valley of Pennsylvania."

After asking many questions concerning his "pard's" relations, and obtaining what he thought was sufficient to enlighten him, and after again remarking that it was a d——d shame that his "pard" should have missed "the short straw," he dismissed the whole matter by saying he would "bundle up and put in his pocket for his comrade" what I had told him concerning his relatives.

After alternately freezing and burning for two hours, I should think, the streaks of the morning began to gleam over the mountain tops, and soon the light gushed upward, sheaf-like, with its ten thousand rays, and shed the shining day on rock and hill and towering cliff and silvery streams that rippled over their granite beds.

As soon as daylight dawned we beheld the perilous attitude of our camp. Only a clump of bushes five feet wide separated us and the edge of a chasm a thousand feet deep. Even the prospector, hardened by many such scenes and used to constant and instant peril, was moved by our unconscious proximity to such immediate danger. Again assisting me to mount we proceeded about 500 yards, when we reached the great gulch that his practiced eye had discerned in the darkness of the previous night. It was very deep and its sides well nigh vertical. How we were to descend I knew not. Leaving me and the two animals at this point, he went in search of an easier descent. After a little while he returned with the information that he had discovered what he believed to be an Indian trail. Moving as rapidly as possible to that point, he began the descent first by leading his trusty little animal safely to the bottom. Returning, he proceeded in the same manner with my horse, and had passed safely down two-thirds of the way when the unfortunate animal, losing its foothold, fell and rolled over and over to the bottom of the cañon. I did not for a moment believe that a breath of life could possibly remain in its body after such a terrible shaking-up, and consequently bemoaned my own sad condition bereft of the animal that had so patiently borne me thus far.

However, on reaching the bottom of the gulch and giving forth a few vigorous kicks he suddenly bounded upon his feet and stood

upright, shaking the dust and *debris* of loosened hair, grass and dirt from his body. He was scarified from head to heels, but I rejoiced to find he was alive and no bones broken.

After mending, and readjusting the broken saddle upon the animal's back, the miner returned to assist me in descending the trail to the bottom of the deep gulch. This I accomplished by slow degrees with my hands and one limb, the other being upheld by my companion. We lost no time in pushing our way along the cañon, which he declared led directly to Summit City. After traveling for some time we passed a dry and blackened spot of earth which the practiced eye of the miner declared to be the first sign of civilization he had yet beheld since leaving his camp. He declared it to be the long worked bed of a charcoal kiln and that *Summit City* could not be many miles away. And so it proved, for the evidences became plainer at each step, and it was not very long ere we came directly upon the little mining village of half a dozen houses dignified with the title of *Summit City*.

I inquired eagerly for a resting place and a physician, and was told neither were to be found there. My condition was such that I knew that, although possessed of a frame like Hercules and a will of iron, it could not endure forever, and unless I should soon obtain relief, I would fall by the wayside or a permanent injury ensue. I therefore concluded to push right on for Virginia City, distant sixty miles.

It was a beautiful Sabbath day and the bright sun warmed my blood and seemed to renew my fast-departing strength. My spirits rose with the ecstasy of hope that I should soon obtain rest and relief. I therefore said to the miner. "It is imperative that I should reach Virginia City to-day, and to do so before midnight we must begin our journey immediately." The miner said: "The road is now a straight one from here on and does not leave the small stream that runs through this gulch. You no longer need my aid, and so if you will now give me the \$20 you promised, I will not go any farther with you, but buy a few things here and return to my *pard*."

And so we parted. I never saw him afterward nor heard of his fortune or fate. He may have "struck it rich" and gathered the immense wealth that glowed like a prophetic vision in his mind's eye, but I doubt it. Rather do I fear he still forms one of that band of restless and adventurous men who flit like gaunt specters from one

gold field to another, ever on the search, still and silent and ghost-like, that, like apparitions, spring up as if out of the dry leads of gold gulches with the implements of their trade, those wands of power, the *open sesame* of the unlocked earth that holds within its flinty jaws the peerless wealth of the goldseeker's highest hope and joy. Or it may be that, "after life's fitful fever," he sleeps in a quiet grave by the side of a singing stream, like that where I first beheld him; delivered at last from the bondage of a gold slave, released by the jailer of his soul from the demons that scourged him to his rest like a quarry slave into the freedom of the soul and the kingly reign of a kind and generous nature.

I traveled all that day at a slow pace, and night again fell on mountain and valley ere I reached the vicinity of Virginia City. In fact, the moments approached midnight when I rode down Main Street of the capital city, toward the governor's residence, where I was stopping by invitation. My tired beast which, however, had been well fed since its morning meal at Summit City, was soon stalled, and as comfortably fixed as its sore back and sides and limbs would permit. I lay down at once upon my bed, but, from the long strain of the day's ride upon my aching limb, in the unchangeable position on the saddle, it seemed to grow worse and worse as the night advanced, until the pain became well-nigh unbearable. I found that the only physician remaining in the town was a homœopathist and not skilled in surgery. The nearest town was Helena, the present capital of the Territory, 120 miles distant, and I determined to proceed on the morning coach to that point. Of course, it was easier traveling by coach than horseback, and although rocked considerably by its jolts over the rough portions of the road, nevertheless, sustained by the hope of early relief, I reached the town in much better spirits and condition than I had hoped for. I had been informed that there were several doctors there, two of whom had been army surgeons, and I felt that in a short time under their care and the attention of my friends, I would be fully recovered.

To my dismay I found on arrival that not one was there. An Indian raid had occurred but a short time previous and a large amount of stock had been driven off by the savages. The citizens had organized a force to pursue them and recover the animals, and as a severe brush was anticipated, the physicians at home had volunteered to

accompany them, and thus that town was also for the time being without a doctor. It was not known when the party would return, and as I feared the worst, I concluded after resting a day, to take the coach for the south and return to Salt Lake City.

I will not undertake to relate the sufferings and extremity of that long ride in a mountain hack to the Valley of Rest. It was a continuous journey of 600 miles over an almost continuous mountain road without rest or relief, save at the stations where we stopped for a few minutes to change the horses, and at the "home stations," fifty miles apart, for food. As I approached the beautiful city of Salt Lake which the hand of Mormon industry had made to blossom as the rose, its valleys never looked greener, its streams of living water more sparkling, its gardens more inviting, the odor of its flowers sweeter, its mountain peaks more lofty, its blue skies more tender, its soft air more refreshing, and its wealth of health-giving atmosphere more generous, than on that summer morn that restored me to my waiting loved ones. For five weeks I was under the doctor's care, but, thanks to a good constitution and kind attention, I was fully restored to my accustomed health and vigor.

I had forgotten to mention that on arrival at the Governor's quarters in Virginia City and upon meeting that official, he remarked: "Well, where have you been for the past three days? We concluded you were lost in the mountains, and a party of fifty men are organized to start at daylight to-morrow morning to search for you!"

When it was known in Virginia City that I was lost in the mountains, a telegraphic dispatch was sent to Salt Lake City. My wife and infant child were there awaiting my return. Mr. Saul, the editor of the Salt Lake paper to which it was sent, suppressed its publication, being aware of the fact that it would immediately be made known to my wife, and fearing injurious effects. When, however, my escape from the mountain wilderness was likewise made public by telegram, the kind and considerate editor then published both telegrams, thus revealing to my family and friends my adventure and providential escape. This considerate act cemented our friendship, and it afterward became possible for me to perform a great favor for him in the most critical period in his newspaper fortune. If he be still in the walks of life and these lines should meet his eye and recall the recollection of those days, let it be a further token of gratitude for his considerate action.

I have often thought how different the life of a pioneer from that of one reared within the paths of civilization. If a man fall from a ladder on a building in process of construction in a great city and sprain his ankle or dislocate his arm, or meet with an accident of some severity, how tenderly he is borne, if but a few blocks, to his home, or to the kind treatment of a hospital. Sympathy is the expression of the multitude and the outpouring of the better portion of our humanity. Without it we are no *better* than savages, and that is what distinguishes civilization from barbarism. The nearer we approach civilization the closer we get to man's sympathies and tenderness—all that is beautiful and best. But there must be a starting point somewhere. Civilization is the offshoot of labor, and the pioneer is the right arm that smooths the way and plants the blossoms that ripen into the full measure of wealth and refinement. He plows and plants and delves amid earth's treasures and unlocks its mighty secrets in the wild, untamed border life, but little removed from that of the semi-civilized. Yet the seeds he plants ripen into the harvest of Society's development all along the great highways of civilization. They are sown in the wilderness, but their fruit falls into the lap of civilization. The nation grows stronger for the sacrifices and endurance of the race that carves the early path of empire. Its pillars rest securely upon the foundations built broad and deep by its courage, resolution, endurance and patriotism.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM MASSACRE BY INDIANS IN ARIZONA — COLONEL STONE — DELEGATE McCORMICK OF ARIZONA — MEETING IN WASHINGTON CITY — ON MY WAY TO JOIN THEM — ARRIVAL AT SACRAMENTO — TELEGRAPHIC ORDER FROM WASHINGTON DIRECTING ME TO RETURN AND PROCEED TO MONTANA ON IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT BUSINESS — COLONEL STONE AND WHOLE PARTY MURDERED BY INDIANS.

Early in the year 1869 I left Salt Lake City for the Federal capital on important business connected with the overland mail service. A congressional committee of the House of Representatives of the Fortieth Congress was engaged in the investigation of the overland mail system. At the termination of the annual contract of the previous year, made by the postoffice department with the express company of Wells, Fargo, & Co., there had occurred a temporary suspension of the overland mail service, which involved an increased expenditure on the part of the Government of several hundred thousand dollars in the reletting of the contract, and this act of the department, as well as the general service of the Overland Mail Company, was the subject of congressional investigation. This temporary suspension of the service and increase of pay in the reletting was occasioned by the following circumstances. Upon opening the bids for said service at the postoffice department at Washington it was found that the lowest bidder was T. C. Spaid, of Chicago, who offered to perform the service for \$650,000 in accordance with the requirements of the postoffice department. The next lowest bidder was the firm of Wells, Fargo & Co., who agreed to perform the same service for \$850,000, a difference in favor of Spaid's offer of \$200,000. Mr. Spaid was immediately notified of the acceptance of his bid by the postmaster-general, and the required bond was filed by Spaid and approved by the department. Shortly thereafter Mr. Spaid made a trip over the road, and doubtless arrived at the conclusion that his bid for the service was inadequate and secretly determined to abandon the contract, taking advantage of a flaw in the same, to protect his bondsmen. At any rate he made no provision for stocking and equipping the road preparatory to entering upon the service.

The wild nutritious hay which could be gathered at certain places at a certain period of the year, with which to feed the stock had been neglected and was in the sole possession of the agents of Wells, Fargo & Co. Not a station had been erected, a ferry established, or a horse or coach placed upon the road, nor an agent or driver employed upon the line. Consequently, on the day that the contract with Wells, Fargo & Co. expired, the mail service ceased absolutely. Not a letter, newspaper or package was transported, but the United States mail sacks arriving daily at the end of both lines of railroad in course of construction, were thrown aside on arrival and soon grew to huge piles. This of course occasioned great annoyance and inconvenience to the Government as well as the merchants and business men of the Pacific slope and the Territories who were so suddenly bereft of mail communication, and protests and complaints by telegraph and letters from all parts of that section flooded the office of the postmaster-general. In this dilemma the department did all that it could to remedy the evil. I was telegraphed to seek an interview with Brigham Young and endeavor to prevail upon him to undertake the business. He, with the aid of the Mormon people, was the only party besides the express company who could safely be entrusted with the contract. On presenting the matter, he agreed to contract to carry the mails for a very fair consideration from the end of the Union Pacific Railroad to Salt Lake City, but positively declined to contract to carry them beyond that point. As there was no other party able under a month or perhaps two months, who could arrange for the transportation of the same, from Salt Lake City to the end of the Central Pacific Railroad, I telegraphed the postmaster-general the situation, and no other recourse remained than to make a contract with Wells, Fargo & Co. to perform the service. Their road was in excellent order, their stage-coaches running daily with passengers and express matter and their whole line stocked and equipped for the service, and their barns and storehouses filled with hay and feed for their stock for the long winter months ahead. Under these circumstances the department at Washington was compelled to accept their terms or let the service perish and arouse the indignation and anger of the whole Western slope of the country. Such a thing would cast odium upon the whole administration and was not to be thought of for a moment. Wells, Fargo & Co. were the masters of the situation and dictated the

terms. Their former bid as stated was \$850,000. They now demanded \$1,350,000 for the performance of the same service; an addition of half a million dollars. This clause, however, was inserted: "On the completion of every additional twenty-five miles of railroad by each of the railroad companies, the amount was to be reduced *pro rata*, and I was instructed to notify the department both by mail and telegraph on the completion of each twenty-five miles.

Such were the conditions of the overland mail contract entered into after the failure of Spaid to execute his contract. The mail service was immediately resumed. The mountains of mailsacks at each end of the railroad began to move. Coach after coach dashed along the road, filled inside, outside, on the top, in the boots and tied to the running gear underneath, until finally the last were removed and the service resumed its former proportions.

Those who were unaware of the difficulties of the situation and who saw only the fact that the department had agreed to pay the same company half a million more than their former bid for the performance of the identical service, believed that fraud existed somewhere and induced Congress to order an investigation, which resulted in a complete vindication of the postmaster-general and his associates from any aspersion sought to be cast upon him and them. If ever an honest man filled the chair of the postmaster-general, that man was Alexander W. Randall, of Wisconsin, than whom a more devoted friend of true economy or a more watchful and careful officer of the Government never lived or held office.

The second assistant postmaster-general, George William McLellan, of Massachusetts, who had immediate charge of the mail service and who had long held that position with honor to himself and credit to the country, was a man of unimpeachable character, and the best evidence of his probity was the fact, patent to all, that when removed from his position by the arbitrary will of the President in the early days of the new administration, although a life-long and consistent member of the republican party, he did not possess \$100 above his current wants, and owned not a shelter to cover his head. And yet, when we reflect that opportunities were at his command in the same Star route service that afterward gave rise, in a subsequent administration, to so much scandal and such vast expenditure on the part of the

Government to establish the guilt of those charged with having corrupted the same and profited to the extent of millions of dollars—how well we may do to honor the man and revere the memory of one who, while living, remained true to his trusts and who died without a dollar of legacy to kith or kin, when great fortune might have been at his command had he chosen to prostitute his high office.

It was while in Washington, during the closing weeks of the Fortieth Congress, while this investigation was in progress that I met two gentlemen in official station for whom I formed a very high regard and with one of whom I was afterward to be in a manner associated in what proved to me a "circumstantial escape" if I may use the term and to him a dark and bloody end. The first of these gentlemen was the Hon. Richard C. McCormick, at that time and subsequently a delegate in Congress from the Territory of Arizona. A most affable official and educated gentleman, and a firm friend when once his confidence had been secured. Always a consistent republican in politics, he was never a bitter partisan, and when subsequently occupying a lofty position in the councils of his party, he was never known as an extremist. Early during the first administration of Abraham Lincoln he came to Washington as the correspondent of one of the great Northern papers, and was appointed chief clerk of the census bureau. Shortly afterward he was appointed secretary of the Territory of Arizona, and a vacancy subsequently occurring in the office of governor he was elevated to that position and so won the confidence and regard of the people of that remote Territory that while differing with him politically they nevertheless elected him as their delegate in Congress, to represent their interests at the Federal capital. He has since been assistant secretary of the treasury, commissioner of the United States at the Paris Exposition in 1878, and secretary of the national committee of the republican party. I do not know where he resides at present, or whether he is in this country. Having married for his second wife the daughter of a most distinguished democratic senator, I presume she has influenced him to cut adrift from politics and he has quietly settled down to the pleasures of domestic life. However, I have not seen him for many years, but I presume he is the same kind, affable gentleman, and the same untiring worker in whatever field he may now be laboring, as when first I met him as the ever vigilant and energetic delegate from Arizona, who, unsolicited, performed for me

an essential favor which I have never forgotten. Nor have I forgotten the story that fell from his lips of that long, sad journey of many hundreds of miles through a desolate region and a wild Indian country where the lurking savage was ever ready to spring upon the defenseless traveler, bearing to the home of her early girlhood the body of his young and beautiful wife, who had died so far away in the Western wilds, maintaining the sacred promise he had made her ere her gentle spirit fled, that her body should lie in the green valley of her Eastern home. If there is one thing in man's life more beautiful than another, to me it seems to be the devotion he entertains for those whom God and nature have allied unto him. To say with Avon's bard :

" Now, from head to foot,  
I am marble constant nor the fleeting moon  
No planet of mine.                     •

" I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament."

As remarked, the interests of Arizona were his own, and he often talked with me about the mail facilities of his Territory and urged upon me the importance of an extended tour through Arizona, with a view of making such an official report as would enable him to arrest the attention of the department and obtain the assistance of Congress in extending the service into the more distant portions of his Territory.

Upon one occasion, while seated in his room, talking over these matters, there entered a gentleman whom the delegate greeted warmly and introduced to me as the United States collector of customs of Arizona Territory. This gentleman was Col. John F. Stone, a man of most genial manners and the possessor of one of the finest physiques I ever beheld. He was fully six and a half feet in height, as straight as an Indian, with a touch of portliness that added grace to his magnificent form. Dressed in a very becoming garb, with a tall dress hat in his hand, as if, proud of his great height, he would rather add than detract from it, there was withal a touch of barbaric splendor about the giant, occasioned by the long, heavy, glittering, California gold chain he wore about his neck, falling down to the low cut vest pocket wherein resposed a magnificent gold watch. Have you never noticed that the further a man removes from civilization, the greater the distance he penetrates the wilderness, the more he approaches the savage idea of splendor of dress and accoutrements? Men who, in the crowded marts

of the East, would never think of clothing themselves in aught but the simplest garb, when removed to the wilder regions of mountain and plains, array themselves in gaudy dress, wear the brightest colors and adorn their persons with the richest jewelry. Such, indeed, is the fact; for here was a man of most courtly manners, whose conversation was entertaining, language chaste, and bearing that of a polished gentleman, adorned with a showy gold watch and chain, for which he had paid in San Francisco \$1,300 in coin of the same metal. Old Goldsmith tells us, however, that dress has a novel effect upon the conduct of mankind. That according to his dress are man's ideas of *address*; that processions, cavalcades and gay attire mechanically influence the mind toward veneration, and that an emperor in his night cap would not meet with half the respect of an emperor in his crown.

Colonel Stone had just arrived in Washington from Arizona. He had journeyed the long distance to be present at the inauguration of General Grant as President, and, I presume, to make himself solid with the new administration. He and the delegate were on terms of the closest intimacy, and being an official of great merit in the execution of trusts involving great courage and honesty, and withal much peril and privation, the confidence and friendship of the delegate were well bestowed.

After spending a pleasant hour with Governor McCormick, we returned to the hotel where we were both stopping, and I well remember the sensation produced when he entered the crowded lobby and walked leisurly toward the Clerk's desk. I am not a small man by any means, and I tip the beam at more than two hundred and fifty pounds, and yet I felt like a pigmy beside this giant. Everyone gazed upon him with mingled astonishment and admiration. We were Lilliputians beside this Gulliver from the mountains. He appeared to enjoy this admiration in a quiet way. There was nothing akin to bravado, nothing of the dashing style that usually characterizes the walks and ways of the wild western man, with his gaudy vest and broad sombrero, for one of his distinguishing traits was modesty, and when I came to know him well I found that this giant of Herculean strength, long accustomed to Indian warfare, bronzed by the storms of mountain and plain, inured to danger of every kind, and the hero of many conflicts, possessed a heart full of sympathy, warmth and generosity, and as tender as a woman when appealed to by some gentle impulse.

Our intimacy thus began, continued to grow apace during the many weeks we were associated. Finally, after the inauguration of General Grant, and the official matters that called me to Washington being adjusted, I prepared to leave for my distant post in the Territories. Before departing, however, it was arranged between us that I should join him at Tucson, Arizona, in the early part of July, and proceed thence on a tour of observation through certain portions of the Territory in which the people were especially interested with regard to the establishment of post roads and postoffices. This expedition was to be arranged for other purposes than the one just indicated; but I was to become one of a dozen men who would travel thus for mutual protection against the savages, who, at this time, were viciously inclined, and for the pleasure of a company of brave, genial companions who would do much to soften the asperities of a long, tedious journey over rough mountain roads and sterile wastes to points far removed from civilizing influences.

Accordingly after my return to Salt Lake City, I made the necessary preparations, and after witnessing the completion of the great transcontinental line of railroad, I started upon the long journey to Tucson by way of Sacramento and San Francisco. My purpose was to travel southward from San Francisco through San Luis Obispo, where I had friends whom I had not seen since my boyhood, and thence by the Southern Stage line to Prescott and on to Tucson, where I should meet my genial friend.

I was detained at Corinne and Promontory point a day or two on official business, and while at these points, the weather being quite warm, I unfortunately or fortunately as the reader may determine, drank a considerable quantity of the water strongly impregnated with alkaline properties. This acted seriously upon my system having failed to dilute it with a proper quantity of "Valley Tan," which, it is claimed, would have neutralized the effect of the alkali, and consequently when I reached Elko, I was not in a very pleasant condition. However, much against the protest of some friends, I proceeded on my journey in the hope that I would grow better as I went along. This hope was vain. On arriving at Winnemucca, Nevada, I was so ill that I was forced to abandon the train and endeavor to obtain the services of a physician. I shall never forget my experience at this quaint railroad town. I registered at the *only* hotel in the place, which

was still in an unfurnished condition, was shown to a room next the roof on the second floor and sent for the doctor, who administered a palliative of some sort which had the effect of temporarily quieting the intense pain which nearly consumed me. That night as I lay on the bed I gazed through the roof at the bright stars overhead, silent as if they watched the sleeping earth; those silver gems fixed in the great blue vault: "the words of God, the scripture of the skies." Presently I fell asleep, and when I awakened, the early morning sun was pouring over the hills a flood of light. I arose and came down stairs. All things seemed beautiful in the freshness of the early morn among the mount-



CHINESE COOK.

ains. I was weak from pain and want of food; I had eaten nothing for two days, and the odor of the food being prepared for breakfast was grateful to the senses. Wandering about the premises it drew me toward the kitchen. Ah, unlucky moment! Why did my steps lead me thither? Why could I not understand that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise"? I beheld a sight which robbed me of my breakfast. There was the omnipresent Chinaman, the cook of the mountain city as well as the desert camp. He was engaged in creating saleratus biscuit.

He was mixing the dough and from his yellow mouth and Mongolian gums was squirting water into a basin of flour, grease and soda. I was sick at the stomach and yet a spell possessed me; I could not move away. I watched his every motion with an intense earnestness akin to desperation. I saw him finish the job of mixing the dough and then cut it into cakes for the frying-pan; and then, ye gods! I saw him take the skillet from off the stove, hold it aloft and spit again within it, not water this time,

but his own Asiatic saliva sweetened by the moldering gums and decayed teeth born of opium joints, for he was an ancient heathen, and then I left with a curse on my lips for the whole race of sour-smelling filthy Chinese cooks.

My breakfast, alas, was gone! I had seen the "heathen Chinese" in every phase of life. On the great highway, building the iron road; among his dirty linen, scouring the monthly accumulations of filth and grease; down in the dry beds of deserted placers; in the opium dens where he lay like a corpse, beneath the influence of Hell's white flowers; and now finally I beheld him in the role of cook for Winnemucca's Palace Hotel and "I wanted none of it in mine." I took a drink of water and went to settle my bill, so as to be ready for the train when it should come plunging along the unit line of east and west.

I asked the proprietor the amount of my indebtedness. He figured a moment, "dinner, supper, lodgings and breakfast," and replied, "Ten dollars in gold!" All that I had received and enjoyed in his caravansary was the sleep beneath the shining stars.

I then turned to the Doctor, who was early on hand, and asked of him the same information. The Doctor was a bright man, and did not need to "figure." He kept his books in his head, and promptly replied "Fifty dollars!"

I was not sorry when the train bore me away from that "hospitable" town. I would be dead broke in a minute if I remained. But the end was not yet. The Doctor had not cured me, he had but patched the complaint. Do not understand me that I enter any complaint against his professional skill, for I do not. In all seriousness, I think he was a very capable physician, thoroughly understood his profession, and perhaps, if I had been two weeks under his treatment, as I was afterward in Sacramento in the hands of another, I have no doubt he would have done as well by me and cured me as effectually as the Sacramento man. But then he was too high-toned for me. I did not own the Central Pacific Railroad nor was I a millionaire—simply a Government official upon a salary of a few thousand a year, which would not go very far at those rates. I could not afford to pay him a thousand dollars for the job, when the Sacramento man underbid him by more than \$900. I think he mistook me for Governor Stanford. It was said that we looked very much alike in those days—I know we

both wore rather broad-brimmed white hats. But we have discarded them since. He has grown to be a senator, and it would not become our official dignity. I have often wished, however, that the Governor had paid that bill. But I lay in Sacramento for two weeks, chafing under the dispensation that held me in chains to my room at the Old Eagle Hotel, kept by mine host the genial Callahan. At length I was well enough to renew my journey and push on to Tucson. The delay of two weeks would shorten my visit at several points where I anticipated much pleasure of reunion with friends; but, then, I reasoned, I can halt on my return trip, and that will do just as well.

I had paid my bills and was all ready to move on in light marching order, and was on the eve of bidding my good friends a farewell until my return, when a telegram was handed me which had just reached the hotel. I opened it and read:

"Please go to Virginia City, Montana; important matters; do not delay; will find instructions there."

It was from the Department at Washington; had been sent to Salt Lake City and wired over the line until it finally reached me at Sacramento. It was like the cloud-burst in the Utah mountains; it took my breath away. What! abandon my trip to Tucson, after all this preparation and delay, now that I had proceeded so far on my journey, and withal so remote from Montana Territory? Two thousand miles lay between me and Virginia City, Montana, and here was a message that talked as if it said, "Mr. C., just run over to Baltimore from Washington; there is an important matter for you to attend to; you will find out all about it when you get there!" I was disconcerted entirely. I determined, however, that I would lay the facts before the Department and beg permission to proceed on my journey. And so I sent a ten-dollar telegram to Washington, explaining everything, and appealing not to be taken hence from the consummation of the trip that had cost me already so much pain, and that would cost me still greater by disappointing my friends at Tucson and breaking my word with the delegate. The reply came in due time. It was brief and laconic:

"Your instructions await you at Virginia City. Proceed at once."

There was nothing more to be said or done. Go I must, or resign. If I resigned of what account would I be as an official in Arizona? I would be a *functus officio*, of no earthly account so far as a

recommendation for a post route or a mail service was concerned. It was, therefore, with much sorrow and mortification of spirit that I prepared to return over the road I had but a short time before journeyed in anticipation of a long and pleasant trip through Southern California to my friend in Arizona. To him I made known the cause of my disappointment, and with a fretful spirit took my seat in the eastern-bound train that day for Salt Lake City.

How little do we know or dream of what the great future will unfold. How narrow the span of human vision beyond which our mortal eyes are permitted to gaze. Dryden spoke with the voice of inspiration when he said :

“ God has wisely hidden from human sight  
The dark decrees of fate,  
And sown their seeds in depths of night;  
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State,  
Where mortals search too soon and fear too late.”

Had I been permitted to pursue my end within a few short days, or weeks at most, I should have met with a horrible death at the hands of a savage foe. Old Chief Cochise and a large number of his band were on the warpath, raiding the lone settlements, intercepting the herders driving cattle from Old Mexico into the Territory, and murdering indiscriminately all who were so unfortunate as to fall in the lines of their bloody pathway. They crossed the old Butterfield Overland stage route, near Dragoon Pass, just as Col. John F. Stone and party, accompanied by a guard of five private soldiers of the Thirty-Second United States Infantry, were pushing on their way to Apache Pass, their first point of observation, where Col. Stone was part owner of a gold mine and new ten-stamp mill, which was about to make a “clean-up” of its first run. The rumble of the stage-coach fell upon the savage ear long before it came in sight with its unsuspecting occupants, and the wily foes secreted themselves in ambush to await its coming. Not dreaming of the danger and death and horrible torture that lay instantly before them, the coach-load of victims approached the Indian ambush, and immediately were assailed by a murderous fire from the secret foe. Not one of all the number escaped. Not one remained to tell the story of the horrible torture and death of his brave companions. They perished as hundreds of other brave pioneers, who fell in the pride and glory of their

lofty manhood in the wilderness of the far West while carving the paths of early empire. Fate reserved me for other scenes and events, and I continue to journey on while they sleep in their bloody graves.

When Cochise heard the rumbling of the stage coach he and his savages were in pursuit of five herders who were driving a band of 500 cattle into the Territory from Old Mexico. Immediately after the slaughter and robbery of the coach load of travelers, he proceeded again after the cattle and herders whose attention had been attracted to the massacre by the firing of the Indians. They alone witnessed afar off the bloody deed, and on the pursuit of the savages who captured their whole band of cattle, made their way to Camp Apache, and told the story of the terrible massacre. The commander of the post dispatched Lieutenant Barnard, of Company G, First United States Cavalry, with a strong detachment to visit the scene of the massacre and bury the mutilated remains of the unfortunate men. This duty he performed, and their lifeless bodies that so lately had quivered with the fiendish torture of the savage were laid to rest on the spot where they fell beneath the knife and bullet of the red-handed fiends. They were not, however, permitted thus to repose. Early in the spring of the year following, two citizens of Tucson, W. G. Ross and Charles O. Brown, while passing over this spot beheld a sad sight. The coyotes had uncovered the graves and dragged the corpses from their cements. Their bones lay scattered over the ground. Like the grave diggers in the play of "Hamlet," they too beheld a skull—no, not a skull—only a piece of skull that had escaped the ravenous jaws of the wild coyote. Within a part of the jawbone was found a solitary tooth filled with shining gold. It had in life belonged to that magnificent frame that once towered far above its fellows, when I had first beheld it in a distant city, not far from where the Atlantic laves its western shores. There in the capital city of the Union, it was the embodiment of perfect manly beauty. It was all that could be identified of that glorious form of manhood, once the cynosure of all eyes in the public place, the social hall, the crowded caravansary, the jostling street and the busy marts of trade. All was gone but the solitary tooth, the broken jaw, the shattered skull. No; not all, fain would I say! Only the semblance of the man majestic was gone. The casket in which reposed the jewel. The man himself, in all his grandeur yet remained in the true measure of his manhood, and some day I shall see him and

greet him as of old. But that which remained, these men with rough hands but tender hearts, as all brave men are, gathered and tenderly reburied, this time beyond the reach of the coyote and the clawing wolf, where, perhaps ere this, they have mouldered into dust; for many years have passed since then. A bloody glove was found, one of Colonel Stone's gloves; he always wore them, tho' a son of "the hamlet where the rude forefathers dwelt;" for he was a man of great refinement both of mind and person. Yes; there was blood upon the glove—perhaps he had attempted to stanch with it the life-current that was ebbing from the wound of a dying comrade. It would be just like him, within the barricade of the doomed coach, to forget himself in the hour of his dire peril to aid his brother-sufferer. It may have been the hand that first reached out across the confines of eternity, to grasp in loving embrace the hand of one who had passed on before.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### DESCRIPTION OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

YOSEMITE VALLEY is a gorge or chasm in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, near the headwaters of the Merced River, which runs through its entire length from east to west. Its elevation is 4,000 feet above the sea level; its length ten miles, its breadth one mile. It is enclosed on both sides by solid granite walls—precipitous and perpendicular, varying from two thousand to five thousand feet.

The sole entrance on horseback to this wonderful chasm is by the way of two trails, on the east side of the river, called, respectively, the Coulterville and Mariposa trails.

At the east end the valley terminates in three cañons, each bring a fork of the Merced, the middle being the most important. Through the great depression of the valley the waters of the vast surrounding Alpine region flow toward the center in numerous rapid streams of cold, clear water, and leap from the top of the walls to unite with the Merced, forming lofty cataracts and imparting life and vegetation to what otherwise would be but barren and gray walls of rocks, and an emerald green to the deep valley.

Mariposa is a splendid starting point for the tourist, who goes to view the wonders of the Yosemite and the mighty grove of Mammoth trees, half-way between Mariposa and the Great Valley, has become famous in the published journals of travelers. Beautiful vistas, formed by giant trunks of trees, stretch far away until lost in the dim distance, arched by overhanging branches of the tall Taxodiums and the white blossomed boughs of the abounding dog-wood. None, but those who have personally inspected these wonderful productions of the soil of California, can realize their stupendous magnitude. How can it be possible that a traveler on horseback could ride under a single tree, a distance of 153 feet? And yet, marvelous as it may appear, the note books of many such travelers record that fact. One tourist, on walking through a mighty tree that had fallen and been burned out, came suddenly upon the lair of a grizzly bear, who had

taken up its abode to rear its young. In the language of another, "The mightiest tree that has yet been found now lies upon the ground, and, fallen as it lies, it is a wonder still; it is charred, and time has stripped it of its heavy bark, and yet across the butt of the tree, as it lay upturned, it measured 33 feet without its bark; there can be no question that in its vigor, with its bark on, it was 20 feet in diameter, or 120 feet in circumference; only about 150 feet of the trunk remains, yet the cavity where it fell is still a large hollow, beyond the portion burned off; and, upon pacing it, measuring from the root 120 paces, and estimating the branches, the tree must have been 400 feet high. We believe it to be the largest tree yet discovered."

Estimates grounded on the well-known principle of yearly cortical increase, indisputably throw back the birth of the largest giant as far as 1,200 B. C. Thus their tender saplings were running up just as the gates of Troy were tumbling down, and some of them had fulfilled the lifetime of the late Hartford Charter Oak, when Solomon called his master masons to refreshment from the building of the temple. These big trees are at Clark's, five miles off the road to Yosemite. Our journey to this point was over many ridges, where cascades of cold, clear water poured down in granite gaps, fed from lofty snow peaks.

For a distance of twelve miles from this point we traversed a series of uplands that would have proved fatal to an asthmatic patient, but we were rewarded by the view of a beautiful green meadow walled on one side by a snowy range on which the noontide sun shed its shimmering rays. We were now on a plane with the grim edge of the mighty precipice and embattled walls of the farfamed Yosemite Valley. A dense forest and wild profusion of leaves forming a deeper shade, obscured our approach to the brink of this wonderful gap in the heart of the mountain. We stood at "Inspiration Point" on the edge of a precipice 3,000 feet deep—a mighty granite wall whose vast distance along a perpendicular line, "sheer as a plummet," shot from our feet into a chasm that baffled our vision. Beyond, there was another wall similar to that over which we stood, forming the tremendous battlements of the mighty chasm far down below. In the beautiful language of a writer describing this inspired scene: "Our eyes were spell-bound to the tremendous precipice which stood smiling, not frowning, at us in all

the serene radiance of snow white granite, broadly burning, rather than glistening in the white-hot splendors of the setting sun. From that sun clear back to the first trace of purple twilight flushing the eastern sky rim. Yes, as if it were the very buttment of the eternally blue California heaven, ran that wall, always sheer as the plummet, without a visible break through which squirrel might climb or sparrow fly, so broad that it was at first faint-lined, like the paper on which I write, by the loftiest waterfall in the world, so lofty that its very breadth could not dwarf it, while the mighty pines and Douglas firs along its edge rose mistily from the granite lid of the Great Valley's upgazing eye."

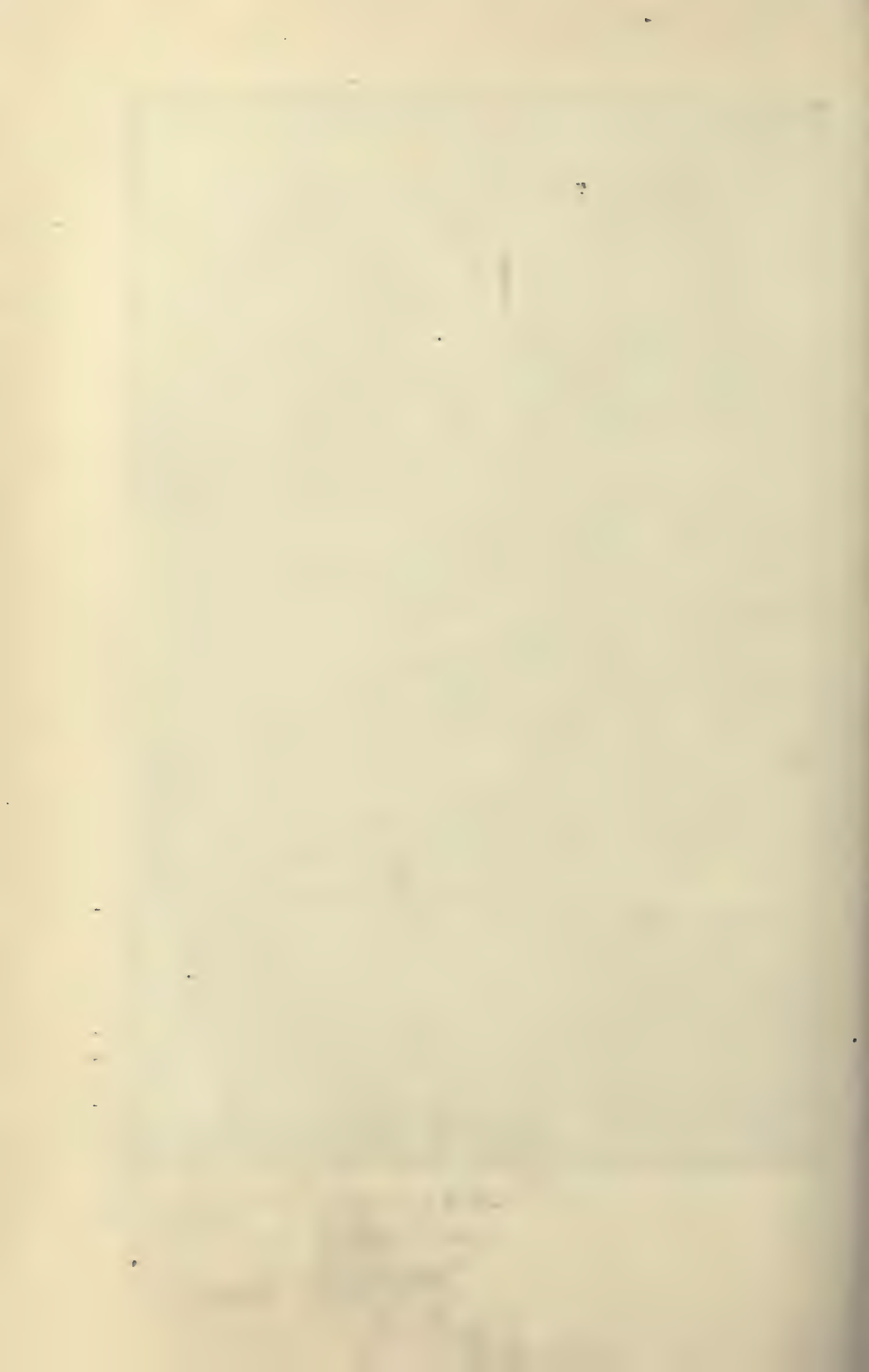
It is difficult for the mind to grasp the magnitude of the wonderful formations upon which the eye was fixed, much less to portray them as they are. Projecting boldly into the valley from the prevailing base line, a vast square stupendous tower appeared as if hewn out of the solid rock by an army of sculptors. A battle might have been fought on its level top, a town built above its granite walls, on whose spires and domes would have fallen as on its flinty surface the undulating waves of light and shadow from the golden sun of the Occident.

Far to the eastward and 5,000 feet above this valley rose a mighty granite hemisphere, the Great North Dome, *El Capitan*, unobscured by tree or shrub, its pinnacles, minarets and towers reflecting the radiance of the fading sunlight. The eye now rests upon the Great South Dome, and you recall the beautiful Indian legend of Tis-sa-ack.

Tis-sa-ack was the tutelar goddess of the valley, as Tu-toch-anula was its fostering god, the former a radiant maiden, the latter an ever young immortal. Fascinated by his fair companion, Tu-toch-anula spent in her arms all the long days of the occidental summer, dallying and embracing until the valley tribes began to starve for want of the crops which his supervision should have ripened, until a deputation of venerable men came from the dying people to prostrate themselves at the foot of Tis-sa-ack. Filled with anguish at her nation's woes, she arose from her lover's arms and cried for aid from the Great Spirit. With a terrible thunder sound, the mighty cone split from heaven to earth, its frontal half falling down to dam the snow waters back into a lake, whence to this day the beautiful valley stream takes one of its branches, the remaining segment to stand through all time as the Great South Dome, under the immemorial title of Tis-sa-ack. On its



GLIMPSES OF THE YOSEMITE.



brow Tu-toch-anula carved the image of the divine maiden, as he had carved his own on El Capitan.

Concentrating your gaze upon the mystic depths of the vast emerald amphitheater below, your eye rests upon a sweep of green, that, broad and beautiful just beneath, narrows to a mere strip between the abutments that from the foundation of the great domes, "far to the westward, widening more and more, it opens into the bosom of great mountain ranges, into a field of light, misty by its own excess into an unspeakable suffusion of glory, rising from the phoenix-like pile of the dying sun. Here it lies almost as treeless as some rich old clover mead; yonder its luxurious, smooth greens give way to a dense wood of cedars, oaks and pines. Not a living creature, man or beast breaks the visible silence of this inmost paradise, but for ourselves, standing at the precipice, the great world, petrified as it were, rock on rock, might well be running back in stone and grassy dreams to the hour when God had given him as yet but two daughters the crag and the clover. Earth below was as motionless as the ancient heavens above, save for the shining serpent of the Merced, which silently trailed along the middle of the grass, and twinkled his burnished back in the sunset wherever for a space he glided out of the shadow of the wood."

We did not descend into the valley until we had beheld the sublime vision of the morning sunlight on the mountains, those mountains, with their lofty domes and pyramids, pinnacles and minarets, bathed in the glories of the rising sun, keeping ceaseless watch and ward over the hidden mysteries of their vast depths below.

That night, as we lay by the side of our camp-fire, we saw the stars one by one come forth in solemn beauty and pin the veil of heaven to its lofty vault. And the moon, "an orphan orb," rode slowly through the cloudless sky, lighting the distant turrets with its silvery rays. Its soft beams mingled with the ethereal snow that crowned their tall summits, and, as if an angel's wing had gently stirred the peaceful summer air, we felt the soft breezes from their distant heights as our eyelids closed in slumber, their last gaze fixed on their ermine tops bathed in the soft glories of "snow and moonlight."

The descent into the valley is about three miles long. Only those who have accomplished the journey can fully understand and realize the dangers, perils and discomforts and the amount of real hard labor involved in the undertaking. In some places the road is frightfully

steep and almost impassable, but not impracticable to the California "bronco," provided you possess the courage to retain your seat upon his back over the painful and circuitous way where each moment you fear his impetus will tumble you headlong over the steep of terror that face you at each step. The descent in a direct line would be impossible, and the trail is as tortuous as a spiral.

On reaching the banks of the Merced, we beheld the frowning walls of granite on every side, and although a midday sun poured down its flaming rays, far above us there was a sombre gloom within their silent depths. The solitude was profound. We were within the very heart of the bold and rugged Sierras, whose foundation stones were laid by the Eternal Architect amid the mighty convulsions of nature. We were, however, just standing within the portals of Majesty; we had not yet entered the nave of the great temple which nature had built for her worshipers.

There was the entrance right before us, an enormous gap formed by two perpendicular walls, starting up 3,000 feet or more, and standing like sentinels on guard at the approach of profane feet to invade the great Rock Temple, fashioned by the God of Nature. It was the morning sun, that spread a glory on the panorama around us. Ascending the blue arch, it threw long shadows to the rocky domes across the valley until they began to climb the face of the northern wall.

The first wonder you behold is the "Bridal Veil Falls" formed by a lateral stream that approaches from the south. Here dwelt Po-ho-no, an evil spirit of Indian mythology. The savage lowers his voice to a whisper and trembles with fear while passing Po-ho-no and the utterance of his name is the Indian dread. The fall descends in an unbroken sheet of 1,000 feet perpendicular and appears as a plaything in the wind; its filmy, silvery lace of spray being constantly carried back and forth from the base of the wall. In the spring, when the volume of water is far greater than in summer, it is confined in a narrow trough before it takes its leap and forms a compact and graceful curve.

A little beyond is the great Yosemite Fall, formed by a stream of the same name. At this point the wall forms three courses with two shelves or benches, each of which receives the falling torrent which reaches the valley in three distinct leaps. The first fall is 1,600 feet, thence rushing with great fury it takes the second leap of 200 feet, and then the third of over 400 feet, altogether the entire height

of the falling waters is over 2,200 feet. Its amazing height and wildest character of scenery creates it one of nature's most sublime wonders, as it flutters and slowly unfolds itself over the brow of the mighty wall of light gray granite, swinging majestically in the breeze.

Close to the cataract the traveler finds himself in a deep, solemn recess of the granite wall, surrounded by scenery wilder and grander than he has ever before beheld. The rocks rise up to the heavens, the roaring waters pour down as if rolling from the blue vault above, the stern aspect of rock and massive boulder at his feet, and the wild turmoil of the falling waters make a scene fashioned only by the gods.

Travelers have instituted comparisons between Yosemite and Niagara. There should, however, be drawn no line of comparison, inasmuch as each possesses its own personality of rock, river and fall. They widely differ. They are indeed well nigh the opposite of each other. Both are mighty wonders, but of no quality in common. They are alike in but one essential. They are both waterfalls. Yosemite is remarkable for its height; Niagara for its breadth and vast volume of water. Yosemite is half a mile high; Niagara half a mile wide. Yosemite is cut horizontally into three different falls; Niagara remains perpendicularly one and the same. Niagara, projecting water with wonderful rapidity into water, creates the sound of artillery; Yosemite pours its flood of water upon rock alone, and the effect is the roll of musketry. Yosemite is vast in its surroundings; Niagara is mighty in itself. Both in common are the handiwork of Nature, whose continuations differ in continuity. Both are sublime because both belong to Nature in her most wonderful creations.

Eastwardly to the left and near the base of the Northern wall lies Mirror Lake, a crystal pool, a mile in circumference, reflecting within its transparent depths the lofty domes and columns rising overhead. Here the spirits of the mountains gazed upon their god-like forms from the brows of these Alpine heights.

Eastward we enter the cañon from which the main branch of the Merced emerges into the valley. Vast walls of rock loom up on either side, and on the south a long slope stretches from the base of the wall to the water, covered with massive boulders and huge piles of rock. Here the Merced fights its way with mad fury over its rocky bed, forming continuously a series of beautiful cascades. Two miles beyond this point the hand of Nature has fixed the barrier to man's further

progress. A perpendicular ledge appears, 600 feet high, over which the stream plunges, forming the beautiful Vernon Falls, which for grace and beauty compare with the "Bridal Veil." At its base is to be seen the beautiful phenomenon of sunlight in the mist and spray—the circular rainbow so magnificent at Niagara, but at this falls, instead of a bow, it is a perfect circle, with all the colors of the rainbow.

A mile beyond Vernon Falls are the Nevada Falls, a mass of foaming waters spread over the face of the precipice, 800 feet high. It is the first great leap of the Merced as it rolls on to the hidden chasm below, and presents the greatest volume of water of all the falls.

No scenery in the world surpasses in wildness and grandeur that which surrounds you between Vernon and Nevada Falls. Ascending the ladder that enables you to climb to the level of Vernon Falls, and surmounting the rocks that lie everywhere in your path, you gaze in fixed admiration on a perfect basin half a mile in diameter, whose sides rise 2,000 feet above and into which the river rolls over the precipice, dashing upon the rocks below in foaming rapids. Far above you are the Alpine heights, forever locked from the hand of man. Behind you are the rushing falls of the Nevada, and over all the clear blue sky of California, unfretted by cloud or mist. Turn where you will impregnable battlements encircle you, and you must descend the way you came, over the line of stupendous precipices formed by the convulsions of the ages.

"We are at the end of the wonderful series of Yosemite *effects*. Eight hundred feet above us, could we climb them, we should find the silent causes of power. There lie the broad, still pools that hold the reserved affluences of the snow peaks; there might we see, glittering like diamond lances in the sun, the eternal snowpeaks themselves. But they would still be as far above us as when we stood below on the lowest valley bottom whence we came. Even from Inspiration Point, where our trail first struck the battlement, we could see far beyond the valley to the rising sun, towering mightily above Tis-sa-ack herself, the everlasting snow forehead of Castle Rock, his crown's serrated edge cutting the sky at the topmost height of the Sierra. We had spoken of reaching him, of holding converse with the king of all the giants. This whole weary way have we toiled since then—and we know better now. We have endured all this pain only to learn still deeper life's saddest lesson:

"Climb forever, and there is still an inaccessible!"

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FIRST VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN CALIFORNIA AND THE GREAT VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN 1851—THE TOLLING OF THE FIRE BELLS—THE HANGING OF THE PROSCRIBED ON SUNDAY FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE VIGILANTES' HEADQUARTERS—SCENES AND EVENTS—NAMES AND DATES.

IN the month of November, 1850, there were eight primitive houses situated on the extreme point of a little peninsula for projecting into the bay of San Francisco. It was separated from the surrounding country by a rocky mountain range and a deep creek. The town itself was twenty miles distant. There were eight houses in the town, formerly occupied by five Irishmen who had gone. An American hunter now occupied one and a band of seven French fishermen, deserters from a French man-of-war, the others. On the opposite side, and nearly at the same distance from the town, there was another French settlement of five fishermen. All of the cattle owned by the two settlements was a single goat, the loss of which would have proved to be a public calamity. It had come with its master from France around Cape Horn. Besides the hunting and fishing people, there was beyond these settlements also a regular farmer, called the Irish Captain, although he was neither Irish nor a captain. By birth he was a Dane and by occupation a farmer all his life. He possessed a valuable stock of imported cattle, a rare thing at that period.

Farther into the interior, on the other side of the mountain range, was the Cornelia Rancho, a California manor-house constructed of rough beams and surrounded by mud and cattle instead of gardens, parks, green grass and flowers. Cornelia was a native grandee, and claimed the right to 400 square miles of territory. Although the invasion of her country by the gold-seekers had swept away the greater part of her herds, yet there still remained over a thousand head. In full dress, adorned with gold chains, pearls and jewels, she looked very magnificent, seated in a large wagon drawn by two oxen and sixteen mules, roughing it over a country without roads. This of course on occasions of state and rarely occurred. Her home dress, however, was an old broad-brimmed straw hat, her son's boots, a loose

white shirt and a short petticoat of coarse red flannel. She ruled over thirty Indian servants besides her son twenty-four years of age, and a homeless Portuguese adventurer, who, seeking a support, had drifted to that Eden before the rude gold-seekers dispersed the charm of silence, simplicity and ignorance that reigned complete everywhere.

The Irish Captain was not slow to perceive his advantage over the Marchioness. He, therefore, proposed to her to take charge of her cattle and sell it to the best advantage, on the condition that he should have one-half of the sum realized. Señora Cornelia very reluctantly accepted the proposition.

The Irish Captain now organized for the common defense by calling a general meeting, and binding each by a covenant to take care of his neighbor's property by armed force whenever necessary.

But a short time thereafter a boat laden with stolen beef from the Señora's herds was captured, and the cattle thieves taken prisoners by the Frenchmen of Low Point. The thieves were tied, put under a boat turned upside down, and closely watched. The Irish Captain himself escorted the prisoners, on the following morning, to San Francisco, where he delivered them into the hands of the civil authorities. The prisoners, however, instead of being punished by the civil authorities, were set at liberty, and retaliated upon the Irish Captain by butchering and carrying off all his milch cows. Thereupon a second general meeting was held, which was addressed by the leader in a very impassioned manner, declaring it foolish to believe that a redress of their grievances could be obtained from the judicial authorities. To be convinced they had but to examine the mode of operations. "A butcher short of meat lent a small sum of money, say \$15, to a native caballero. The caballero would not have troubled himself about repayment had he not wished to obtain some more money, losing, by gambling, the first sum in a few hours. He relates his misfortune to the butcher, and receives from the latter the proposition to repay him in beef instead of money. This liberal proposition is immediately accepted, and having been provided by the butcher with a boat, guns, ammunition, provisions, brandy, and a few more dollars, proceeds, with two or three friends, after the beef, which he obtains by killing and carrying away any cattle they can get hold of. In case they are taken prisoners, the butcher's lawyer, a man of great influence with the magistrate, defends them and secures their release. If, however, the plaintiff's case is more

serious, and the plaintiffs have friends disposed to push the case, then the butcher, already bound by self-interest, if not by greater ones, and all his fellow-butchers, being engaged in the same base work, and all their clients, come forth as one man to defeat the ends of justice. The authorities again yield, sometimes after a mock trial of the cause."

Under the inspiration evoked by this clear-stated speech, it was unanimously resolved that the residents of the peninsula should form themselves into a permanent committee and assume all the duties of police and courts martial. No suspected party should be permitted to land. Thieves and other criminals should be tried before the committee, and if found guilty, executed on the spot.

Thus was formed the first vigilance committee that ever existed within the limits of California. But two nights following they captured two strangers sitting before a great fire they had built to keep off grizzly bears, and the Irish Captain would have executed them on the spot, but for the interference of two American hunters who declared they must have some form of trial. They confessed themselves to be Australian convicts, but declared themselves to be innocent of any crime. They were sent away the following morning and ordered not to return. One, however, returned early the next day and wished to buy for *one real* provisions that cost one hundred. They were again sent away with a small portion of food and told that it would be madness for them to return.

"Madness!" exclaimed one, "I have been much more mad than I should be in exposing myself to be hanged. It is impossible to love and be wise; for whosoever esteemeth too much amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom." This was a blending of philosophy as taught by the ancient Laberius. "*Amare et sapere via deo conceditur*," and of the Baconian theory, which so struck the American that he at once invited him into his cabin to breakfast, in the hope that he would be more explicit with regard to his concluding remark — "I did so, sir, and have become the miserable wretch that I am. But the will of God must be fulfilled!" He did not, however, gratify the American but left with an excuse.

"The will of God" was shortly thereafter fulfilled. Within a week they again returned, and, in the absence of the Americans on a hunting expedition, who had previously saved their lives, they were hung to a tree and one other, a companion they brought with them, shot through the forehead. Regular executions had begun.

The state of personal safety was the same everywhere. Cattle thieves abounded, and retribution was swiftly meted out wherever the crime could be fixed by the logic of circumstances. Justice and injustice met on a common level. Small bodies of people took the law into their own hands with the same degree of conscious right as emboldened the acts of one, two or ten thousand. Sometimes a single individual became at once judge, jury and executioner. On the highway from San Francisco to San Jose was found a corpse shot through the body, and to the lower buttonhole was tied a placard, upon which was written in very legible characters, these significant words:

"I SHOT HIM BECAUSE HE STOLE MY MULE.

"JOHN ANDREW ANDERSON,

"ANDERSON RANCHO SANTA CLARA VALLEY."

He was not a murderer, but an executor of the law—the *lex non scripta* against all cattle thieves. If ten men could capture and slay him for the crime, the same right belonged to but one of the party, provided he alone could accomplish it.

Pressed by these vigorous methods, the thieves and robbers of the country retired to the larger towns and settlements to ply their vocation. Popular justice there was neither so swift or retributive. The law's delay saved many a neck that ought to have been broken according to the Mosaic law. Public opinion, however, opposed any infringement of the rights and modes of the civil authorities. Public opinion was ranged on the side of social law, though it differed in the theory of its administering. What five men could do in the country 500 could not accomplish on the plaza of San Francisco or Sacramento. Crime, therefore, increased instead of diminished in all the larger towns. It became bold and open-faced. An actor was shot on the stage while performing the character of King Lear by an enemy in the audience. A gang of ruffians known as the "Hounds" and "Regulators," who for a long time had committed assaults and robberies on the more peaceful citizens, one Sunday afternoon collected in force and made an attack upon the Spanish quarters, with a view of driving them forth because they were willing to work at cheaper rates than an American workman. So furious was this attack that the mayor, or *alcalde*, as he was termed, being without a police force to maintain order, was compelled to call upon the citizens to aid in dispersing the

rioters, which was alone accomplished by an armed force of 300 men. Great fires followed, caused by incendiaries, involving loss of life and vast destruction of property.

On the 19th of February, 1851, the store of a well-known citizen was entered about 8 o'clock in the evening by two men and its proprietor, who was alone at the time, was struck with a slung-shot and left for dead by his assailants, after plundering the store.

On the evening of May 4th, 1851, another great incendiary fire occurred in San Francisco, which caused the death of nearly one hundred persons and the horrible disfigurement of many more.

Sacramento was the first of the larger towns to organize a committee of its citizens for the protection of social order, and its executions became celebrated for the interest displayed by the people of the surrounding country. The first of these was at night on the plaza, in the light of a great fire, and in the presence of the assembled multitude. The office of hangman was conceded as a post of honor to the most respectable and wealthy citizen of the town. Two days after he paid the penalty of the honor by being himself shot.

San Francisco seemed loth to begin the exercise of this inherent power of the people, but the great fire of May, already alluded to, and the appeals of the *Alta California* and *California Herald*, which declared that nothing could disturb the culprits' equanimity but the extreme measure of hanging by the neck, caused a revulsion of feeling, and early in the month of June following, 200 of its most influential citizens formed an association which they named "A Committee of Vigilance for the Maintenance of the Peace and Good Order of Society, and the Preservation of the Lives and Property of the Citizens of San-Francisco."

Large placards affixed to the walls of public places in the city and private houses of the citizens, containing the rules and regulations adopted for maintaining the public peace of the city, and the manner in which public justice should be administered—gave notice of their organization. The tolling of the bell of the Monumental fire-engine house on the plaza was the signal for the members to instantly assemble, fully armed.

Thousands of citizens secretly joined the organization and their services were soon called into requisition. On the evening of the 10th of June, the shipping office of Mr. Virgin on the wharf was robbed

of a small safe containing a considerable sum of money, the thieves captured and placed in the custody of the members of the Vigilance Committee at their rooms. The property was identified and the prisoners convicted on the testimony of the boatman who had pulled out with the prisoners and their booty into the bay, where they were subsequently arrested. The chief of police now appeared at the rooms of the committee and demanded admittance and the custody of the prisoners. His request was refused.

After carefully deliberating upon the character of the punishment to be meted out to the prisoner, it was finally determined that, though not a capital offense, the necessity existed for his execution and that it should take place at once to prevent a rescue by the friends of the culprit or an armed interference on the part of the civil authorities. He was accordingly notified of his doom and given one hour to prepare for death. Shortly after midnight the condemned man was taken under a strong guard to Portsmouth Square and hanged to the cross beams of the gable end of an old adobe building which had been used in former times as a postoffice but was then unoccupied.

A coroner's jury of inquest on the following day returned the following verdict:

"John Jenkins, *alias* Simpkins, came to his death by being suspended by the neck with a rope attached to the end of the adobe building on the plaza, at the hands of an association of citizens, styling themselves a Committee of Vigilance, of whom the following members are implicated."

Then followed the names of the citizens who had been most conspicuous on the occasion. When this verdict and names were published on the day following, the Vigilance Committee ordered the names of all its members published likewise.

The committee, however, was strongly opposed by the civil authorities and the legal fraternity generally, and Judge Campbell, of the Court of Sessions, holding his assizes on the days appointed, charged his grand jury, "that all those concerned in the illegal execution had been guilty of murder, or were *particeps criminis*." The Governor of the State, McDougall, issued a proclamation addressed to the people at large, in which he referred to the action of the people as "the despotic control of a self-constituted association unknown to and acting in defiance of the laws in the place of the regularly organized government of the country."

In the month of August the committee tried two men named Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKenzie. They were proven guilty of very serious offenses, burglary, robbery and incendiarism. It was understood that they were to be executed on the 21st of that month. A writ was issued by Judge Norton, of the Superior Court, commanding the sheriff to bring the prisoners before his court at a certain hour, to be dealt with according to law. That night the sheriff and one deputy gained admission in some way to the rooms of the committee where the prisoners were confined, led them down-stairs and placed them in charge of police officers awaiting him below. No immediate steps were taken by the committee to remedy this interference with their purposes, but on the following Sunday, shortly after 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a carriage turned into Broadway from Dupont street, and halted a short distance from the jail. It was at this hour that the prisoners were brought from their cells to hear divine service from the chaplain of the prison. A preconcerted rush was made from the outside, the prisoners captured and carried off to the rooms of the committee. The fire bell tolled the signal for the assembly of the members of the committee, and along with them poured a stream of 15,000 people before their rooms wild with excitement, and yelling their approbation of their action in again obtaining control of their prisoners. Brought face to face with the civil authority they would stand or fall by that act. The prisoners were sentenced to immediate execution, and hanged at once from the windows of the rooms of the committee, in the presence of and by the approbation of the assembled multitude. Only seventeen minutes elapsed between the recapture of the prisoners and their execution by order of the committee. Public opinion and the press declared that the Vigilance Committee had redeemed their honor.

Having thus established their authority and vindicated their cause they arose to the full height of their power, and struck terror among criminals of every degree. Henceforth there was no more need of their services. Crime fled before their power of suppression, and they now left the execution of the laws in the hands of the civil authorities; retaining, however, their unaltered organization, and imparting to the officer as well as the criminal within his hands the knowledge that, at any moment when necessary, the committee would again ring the alarm upon its fire bell, and protect and preserve that social order

which, by their vigilant acts, they had rescued from a chaos of crime and placed in the hands of the civil authorities.

As far as known, but one woman died at the hands of the Vigilantes of California. She was a Spanish woman of remarkable beauty, who dealt the game of Monte in the early days of Downieville. Clothed in her gay attire, her dark lustrous eyes flashing with the excitement of the game, and a profusion of dark locks falling upon



VIGILANTES HANGING A DESPERADO IN SAN FRANCISCO.

her shoulders, together with a voluptuous form and superb carriage, made her the object of much attention from the rough miners and others who gathered around the table and sat beneath her spell at the fascinating game of Monte. Many, indeed, were her admirers who offered large sums for her favors, but apparently she remained true to one who had assumed the role of protector.

Among the miners was a young man of fine physical appearance who had come from Kentucky to the distant *El Dorado* to seek his

fortunes among its gold hills. Of a most genial disposition, warm and generous in his nature, and ever ready to do a good turn for his neighbor or perform some deed of charity and kindness to the suffering, and withal as hard a toiler as the rest, he became a universal favorite, and all the rough miners were his friends, looking upon him as the boy and pet of the camp. They seemed to possess for the fair-haired youth the tender affection usually bestowed upon the gentler sex, and each rude toiler on the bar or among the rocks, loved the sunny-faced youth as if he was his own, and stood ever ready to aid and protect him in the rough life and lot he had chosen among them.

Of course the sole places of amusement in those early days of Downieville were within the garish lights of the saloon and by the side of the *Monte* tables, over one of which the Spanish beauty presided. Like all others of his sex he was charmed by her fascinations, but it was not known that he had ever made any advances to her. On the contrary, it was claimed by his intimate friends and associates that he never did. Still it was not denied that he had often expressed his admiration for her many charms which, indeed, was not to be wondered at when handsome women were rarely to be seen in the rude life of the miners. Be that as it may, true it is that one night in company with some companions on his way home to his tent, after the game had closed and the Señorita Dolores had retired, passed the tent of the fair Spaniard, and while peeping for an instant through the canvas lappel of her abode, was suddenly, in a playful freak, pushed by his companions through the door into the darkness of her tent and fell prostrate upon its floor. Without a moment's hesitation or an inquiry as to the identity of the intruder she sprang upon him like a tigress in its lair and plunged her dagger into his prostrate form again and again until he lay a bleeding corpse at her feet. Information of the bloody deed soon reached every miner in the camp, and one and all hurried to the spot where lay the victim of her mad fury. The sight of his fair young face and sunny hair clotted with his life blood, and the innumerable ghastly wounds upon his body as it lay uncovered in the hands of the doctor, who hoped to find some spark of life remaining, so worked upon the sympathies of the miners that some cheeks, long unused to tears, were wet with weeping. The young life had gone out forever and the bright sunny eyes of the boy-favorite of the camp were closed in the unawakening slumber of death. The

rage of his rough friends knew no bounds. The woman was instantly seized and placed in the custody of guards while the Vigilance Committee should determine her fate. That decree was death by hanging and the murderess, with her hands yet reeking with the blood of her victim, was taken to the upper bridge of the Yuba and there hung until life was extinct. Such was the swift punishment thus meted out by the rude populace in the excitement of the hour.

It must not, however, be presumed that efforts were not made to save her from such a fate. On the contrary, the strongest appeals were made in her behalf by many who deemed the punishment too severe. To their chivalrous minds it was an equal crime to hang the woman. Besides they credited the woman's declaration that she was entirely ignorant of the identity of the person who had thus uncere- moniously invaded her abode, and was so thoroughly frightened at his sudden entrance as to be bereft of her wits, and that the deed of blood was unconsciously performed on her part. Some declared the act to be justifiable on the ground of self-defense. One of her warmest defenders was a physician, who declared publicly that the act of the Vigilantes was nothing short of murder and brutal in the extreme, as at the time of her execution the woman was in a pregnant condition. These remarks and others were so obnoxious to the Vigilantes that they prepared to visit punishment upon the doctor for thus defying their authority, but he escaped by flight and thus saved his life and the executioner another job.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE VIGILANTES OF MONTANA—THRILLING DESCRIPTION OF THE ACTS OF VIOLENCE ON THE PART OF "ROAD AGENTS," OR ROBBERS THAT LED TO THE FORMATION OF THE COMMITTEE—THE EXECUTIONS ORDERED BY ITS DECREES.

FAR to the northwest among the cañons and gorges of the Rocky Mountains and near the head waters of the Missouri, running up to the British line and forming a part of the territorial boundaries of the United States, is the young Territory of Montana, formerly a part of Idaho, but now a thriving, prosperous community of itself, traversed by railroads, filled with farms and gardens, workshops, factories, princely stores, inhabited by a brave, intelligent, self-reliant race, embracing all trades and professions in life, and almost ready in growth and population to take its place as an integral part of the Union as one of the sisterhood of States.\*

It was, however, not always thus. It was once but "the first low wash of the waves where now rolls a human sea." A city of mountain walls, of rude civilization, of tented homes, wild debauchery, robbery, rapine and mid-day murder.

Early in the spring of 1862 the rumor of rich discoveries on Salmon river flew through Salt Lake City, Colorado, and many other places in the far West. A wild rush to the "new diggings" was the result and a stream of human beings set in for the new El Dorado, by the toilsome way of Fort Hall and the Snake River. As their trains drew nearer the long-sought spot, they found further conveyance by wagons impossible as the rocky, mountainous roads were impassible for wagons. They were likewise informed that the mines were already overrun by a vast army of gold hunters from California, Oregon and all places on the Pacific Slope. They also learned that many of them who had been driven by adverse circumstances from Salmon River had spread far over the adjacent country and that new discoveries had been made at Deer Lodge.

The stream of emigration now diverged toward that point, crossed the mountains between Fort Lemhi and Horse Prairie Creek, and

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\* Since admitted by act of Congress.

taking a cut-off to the left sought to strike the old trail from Salt Lake to Bitter Root and Deer Lodge Valleys. A mining camp was also established with success on Grasshopper Creek, afterward called Beaver Head Diggings. They were the first to work the gulches east of the Rocky Mountains.

From these incipient labors flowed the great mining industries which in an incredibly short space of time gave to Montana her well-deserved reputation as the richest gold mining field discovered since that of California. A tide of emigration now poured in from all directions, and with it came the bad as well as the good, among them the desperadoes Henry Plummer, Charles Reeves, Moore and Skinner, all of whom suffered death at the hands of the honest men of the Territory, who, when they found they could not apply the forms of law in a community where the written law was a dead letter or had never existed, maintained the right with their own strong hands to subdue the brute force of violence and murder.

The wonderful discoveries at Alder Gulch of the almost fabulous wealth of placer diggings attracted a vast tide of rapid emigration—that which is known among gold-seekers as a “stampede.” It likewise attracted a large number of the dangerous class, who saw a broad and rich field for their lawless operations.

With acute skill they quickly organized themselves into a secret compact body, with signs, grips and with a captain, lieutenants, secretary, road-agents and out-riders, who became the terror of the whole country. A correspondence was inaugurated between Bannock and Virginia City, and a surveillance placed on all travel between these points. To such a fine point was their system carried that horses, men and coaches were in some intelligible manner marked to designate them as objects of plunder. In this manner were the members of the gang notified by their spies, oftentimes employed by the very objects of their plunder in times to prevent the escape of their victims.

They were armed with a pair of revolvers, a double-barreled shotgun with large bore, the barrels cut short off, and a dagger or bowie knife. Thus armed and mounted on swift and trained horses and disguised with masks and blankets they awaited their victims in ambush, from which, on approach of a conveyance, they would spring forth and, covering the inmates with their guns, command them to alight and throw up their hands. If this order was not instantly obeyed,

the result would be their murder. Otherwise they would be disarmed and made to throw their wealth upon the ground. Concluding their operations with a search for concealed property, they would permit the despoiled passengers, to proceed on their way while they themselves would ride rapidly in an opposite direction.

Wherever a new settlement was effected or new discoveries of the precious metals made, there followed the bandits, until their operations spread in all directions. They became the scourge of the mountains, and no man or class of men were safe from their attacks. Robbery was of daily, almost hourly occurrence, and murder followed in rapid succession.

To illustrate the class of desperadoes engaged in this nefarious work, we will take the case of Henry Plummer, a man of such smooth manners and insinuating address that he was termed "a perfect gentleman," although known to be both thief and assassin, and had once

filled the office of Marshal of Nevada City, from whence he fled to Oregon, and thence to Montana. He emigrated to California in 1852, drifted with the excitement to Nevada, and, while sheriff, murdered a German in cold blood, whose wife he had first seduced. Sent to prison for this crime, but finally released by pardon, he again returned to Nevada City, killed another man, was again consigned to jail, but through the connivance of his jailer, succeeded in escaping, and started



MASKED HIGHWAYMAN.

for Oregon in company with a companion who had just outlawed himself by plunging his knife into the heart of the sheriff of the county. On the road he distinguished himself by stealing a horse and murdering another man, and finally found his way to Montana, and was elected sheriff of Beaver County.

Plummer found his way to Bannock City, formerly Grasshopper Creek, in company with a man of the name of Jack Cleveland. In the winter of 1862-63 the fame of Bannock spread widely. It was the first camp of importance established east of the Rocky Mountains Divide, and a large emigration ensued, with the customary number of the ruffian class. But among them all Plummer was chief, noted for his desperation and his skill in the rapid handling of his pistol. His friend and old acquaintance, Jack Cleveland, who had killed a man on his way into the territory, was disposed to dispute his title as chief, and frequently boasted of his own skill and doings. In fact, he put on the airs of a "chief" in the rough element of the new settlement, and for this Plummer shot him dead one day while he was drunk and boasting in a saloon.

Shortly after that occurrence George Ives was conversing on the street with his friend, George Carhart, and not liking the style of his speech laid him prostrate with a bullet from his pistol.

Haze Lyon, afterward an eminent "road agent," owed \$400 to a citizen of Bannock for board and lodgings. One morning, after having won a large sum of money at a gambling table the night previous he was asked to settle his account. He answered by drawing his revolver and ordering the citizen to "dust out," with which gentle request he immediately complied.

Plummer was tried for the murder of Cleveland, and acquitted on the ground that his opponent's language was irritating. Charles Reeve and Williams who had fired into a camp of friendly Indians, just to see how many they could kill at a single shot, were also tried and acquitted of willful murder. Others who had likewise been guilty of heinous offenses were also acquitted, and the baser elements of society felt themselves secure in the performance of their lawless deeds, and murder and robbery went on unmolested.

Plummer, who had been chosen chief of the "Road Agents" Band, had likewise succeeded in having himself elected sheriff of the county and appointed two of the "band" his deputies. And all this

in spite of his well-known character. In the meantime an honest man had been elected sheriff at Virginia, and was informed by Plummer that he "would live much longer if he resigned his office in his favor." Fear of assassination compelled him to do as bidden, and Plummer became sheriff at both places; with his robber deputies to execute the law, the people of Montana were at the mercy of the thieves and bandits. One of the sheriff's deputies was an honest man, and becoming too well versed in the doings of Plummer and associates was sentenced to death by the road agents, and publicly shot by three of the band.

There was no longer any security of life or property. Men dared not go outside of Virginia after dark, nor risk their lives by informing upon those who had robbed or wounded them on the highway. Inhuman murders occurred each day; and compassionate citizens were afraid even to lift the hand of a dying man found lying in the street, murdered by the desperadoes, lest he should whisper the name of his murderer, and he himself be marked henceforth for the assassin's bullet.

A man sentenced to be whipped for larceny, to escape the sting of the lash offered to inform upon the road agents. He was met soon after by one of their number, George Ives, in open daylight on a public road within sight of two houses and four passing teams, and shot to death, and his horse carried off to the mountains. A Dutchman had sold some mules, and having received in advance the money went to the ranch to obtain them and take them to their purchasers, and while returning was met by Ives and murdered and robbed of both money and mules.

The sight of this man's body, brought into town in a cart, stirred the blood of the honest men of the community, and they determined to capture and hang his murderer. A party of citizens thoroughly armed scoured the country, surprised accomplices of the murderer, and obtained from them the unwilling confession that George Ives was the murderer. By the following evening he was captured and taken a prisoner into Nevada City. He was given a trial. The bench was a wagon; the jury twenty-four honest men; the aroused citizens stood guard with guns in hand while the trial proceeded, with their eyes fixed upon the desperadoes who had gathered in force to aid, support, and if possible to rescue their comrade in crime. Counsel was heard

on both sides, reliable witnesses proved the prisoner guilty of numerous murders and robberies. Condemned to death, his captors repressed every attempt at rescue, and held the prisoner with cocked and levelled guns. It was a moonlight night and the camp fire shed its glare on all around. Amid the shouts and yells and murderous threats of the assembled ruffians the condemned assassin and cowardly murderer was led to a gallows upon which he expiated his manifold crimes.

The next day the far-famed Vigilantes of Montana were organized. Five brave men in Nevada City, an adjacent mining town and, one in Virginia City, formed the secret league who opposed on the side of law and order, force to force and dread to dread, against the road agents' organization. Their work was sure; their retribution swift; their power prodigious. The Vigilance Committee became as terrible to the outlaws as they themselves had formerly been to the honest, order-loving and industrious part of the community.

Plummer, the sheriff, was seized, and before he could escape was executed on a Sunday evening, together with two of his robber deputies, on a gallows which he himself had erected.

The Vigilantes, to put an end to the long reign of terror, assumed the duties of captors, judges, jurors, and executioners. But they were not guilty of excesses. They sought alone to strike terror to those who had defied the weak arm of the law by sure, swift and secret punishment of crime. In no case, however, was a criminal executed without evidence establishing his guilt. How closely they hewed to the line in this respect is attested by the dying remarks of one of the last men hanged by their order, who exclaimed: "You have done right. Not an innocent man hanged yet!" But it was understood that the work they had undertaken to perform should be faithfully and thoroughly done; that there should be no half-way measures, no reprieves, the verdict having once been rendered. The thieves came to know and understand this in time, and found Othello-like, their occupation lost, together with their lives. Many of these hardened desperadoes died as they had lived, without fear or remorse. One, awaiting his turn on the gallows, at an execution of three, viewing the quivering body of his comrade, cried out in a loud voice: "Kick away, old fellow, I'll be in hell with you in a minute!" Another, while in the convulsions of a death struggle, performed all the movements of a personal engagement, drawing his revolver from his belt, cocking it and firing off

the six barrels at an imaginary foe, whose presence disturbed the equanimity of his fleeting moments. The living passion was strong in death!

Another, whose pseudonym was "Red," before his execution affirmed the justice of the acts of the Vigilance Committee and disclosed the names and guilt of a large number of his companions in crime. Likewise the mysteries of the road agents, their particular way of shaving, a particular tie to their necks and their password which was the euphonious term of "Innocence."

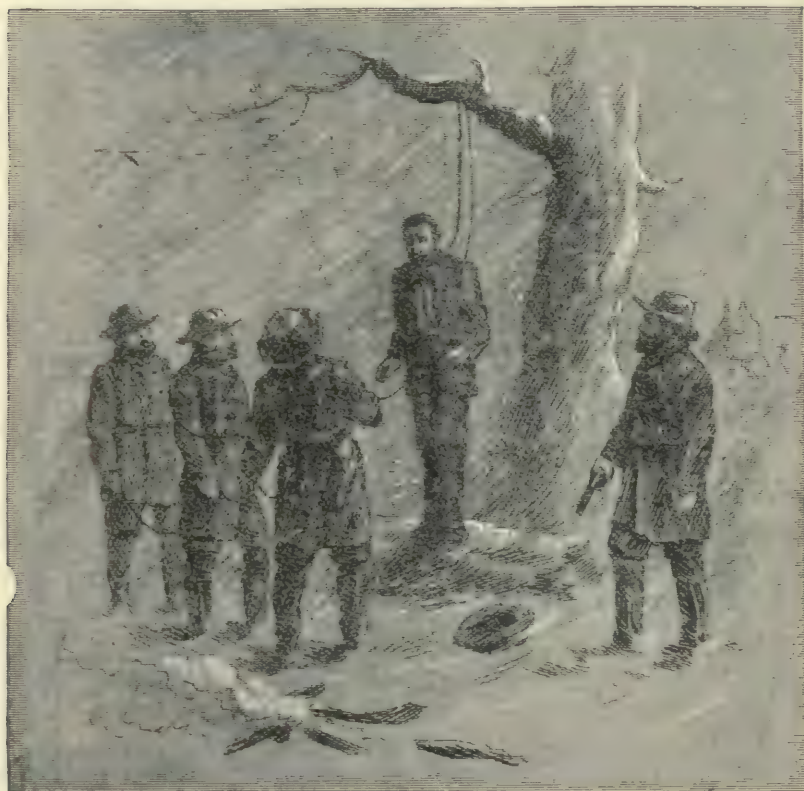
As an instance of the severe labor, exposure and real hardship encountered by these guardians of peace and order, we will take a single pursuit and capture as an example—that of the man William Hunter, whose tremulous motions and dying movements partook of the dark passions of his life of crime.

At the time of the execution of Boone Helm and his five confederates, Hunter managed to elude his pursuers by hiding by day among the rocks and brush, seeking food by night among the scattered settlements along the Gallatin River.

Four of the Vigilantes, determined and resolute men, volunteered to arrest him. They crossed the Divide and forded the Madison when huge cakes of floating ice swirled down on the flanks of their horses, threatening to carry them down. Their camping ground was the frozen earth and the weather intensely cold, and they slept under their blankets by the fire they built. One sleeping on a hillock, with his feet to the fire, slid into it and was startled out of his sleep. Next day their way led through a tremendous snowstorm, which, however, they welcomed as an ally. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon they reached Milk Ranch, twenty miles from their destination, obtained their supper and again proceeded after dark, with a guide who was well acquainted with the country. At midnight they reached the cabin where they learned Hunter had been driven to seek refuge from the severe storm and cold. They halted, unsaddled and rapped loudly at the door. On its being opened by a man they said "Good evening," and the reply came: "Don't know whether it is or not." On being admitted, they found in the cabin three persons, two visible and one covered up in bed.

The Vigilantes made themselves as comfortable as possible before a blazing fire on the hearth. They talked of mining, prospecting, panning-out and terms of that character, as if they were traveling

miners and not the armed officers of the law who had tracked to his lair the crime-stained desperado. Before going to sleep, however, they carefully examined the premises as to its exits, and placed themselves in such a manner as to command the only entrance and exit. They refrained from saying anything concerning their real business until early the following morning, when the horses were saddled and they appeared ready to proceed on their journey. Then they asked



EXECUTION OF HUNTER.

who the sleeper was who had never spoken or uncovered his head. The reply was that he was unknown ; had been there two days, driven in by the storm. Asked to describe him, the description was that of Hunter.

The Vigilantes then went to the bed, and laying a firm hand on the sleeper, gripped the revolvers held by him in his hands beneath

the bed-clothes. "Bill Hunter" was called upon to arise and behold grim men with guns leveled at his head. He asked to be taken to Virginia City, but he soon found a shorter road lay before him. Two miles from there they halted beneath a tree with a branch over which a rope could be thrown, and a spur to which the end could be fastened. Scraping away a foot of snow, they built a fire and cooked their breakfast. After breakfast they consulted and took a vote as to the disposition of the prisoner. That vote determined the execution to be instant. The perils of the long tramp over the mountain divide, the recrossing of the icy stream, the small force involved in his capture and the certainty of an attempt at rescue when his capture became known to his accomplices, all served to influence his execution as speedily as possible. The long catalogue of crimes he had committed was read to him and he was asked to plead any extenuating circumstances in his behalf. There were none and he remained silent. He had once been an honest, hard-working man and believed to be an upright citizen. In an evil hour he joined his fortunes with the wicked band who likewise had perished on the scaffold. His sole request was that his friends in the States should not be informed of the manner of his death. Thus died the last of Plummer's famous band of outlaws, executing in his last movements the pantomime of grasping an imaginary pistol, cocking it, and discharging in rapid succession its six ghostly barrels.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE EXECUTION OF SLADE—THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AND DEATH—HIS WIFE—A NEW AND CORRECT ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN ILLINOIS—HIS DIFFICULTY WITH JULES BENI—THE SUBSEQUENT KILLING OF BENI BY SLADE'S DIRECTION—SLADE CONNECTED WITH THE OVERLAND EXPRESS—HIS REMOVAL TO MONTANA—FREIGHTING ON MILK RIVER—EARNS LARGE SUMS OF MONEY WHICH IS SPENT IN RIOTIOUS DISSIPATION—HE STAMPS UPON THE WRIT OF A COURT AND POINTS HIS PISTOL IN THE FACE OF THE JUDGE—HIS ARREST AT VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA—HIS EXECUTION.

AMONG all the executions by the Vigilance Committee of Montana none occasioned so much comment, mingled, on the part of many good-minded citizens, with genuine regret, as that of Joseph Alfred Slade, and no act of the Vigilantes performed while in supreme power met with such adverse criticism. In fact, he was or had been a member of that organization himself, and declared himself to be in favor of "good order" in the Territory. To the curse of liquor, however, is due the course which led finally to his death at the hands of his former comrades. He was raised in Clinton county, Illinois, came of a highly respected family, and bore an excellent reputation while residing at his home. He was in no wise connected with the gang of outlaws who made a pandemonium of the young Territory and whose death at the hands of law-abiding citizens was the just desert for their dark crimes and numerous deeds of bloodshed. The acts which gave a celebrity to his name were performed in another part of the Great West, chiefly on the old Overland Mail line, where for years he was a trusted official. He was a man of good business qualifications and possessed the knack of making money in fields where others failed. He was withal an honest, kind-hearted, intelligent man, noted for his strong friendships and generous qualities and the power of attracting the favorable notice of even strangers. There are to-day a multitude of men in the far West possessing a full knowledge of all the leading incidents of his life, many of whom were associated with him in business, who still speak of him as a perfect gentleman, and not only deplore his death but pronounce his execution as a murder. To the habits of intemperance which grew with his years and excited the

wild lawlessness that eventually ended his career on the gallows must be attributed the remarkable changes which reversed his nature and converted him from a good, law-abiding citizen to an outlaw whose acts under its influence were deemed worthy of death.

Slade was a division superintendent on the mail line running from Saint Joseph, Mo., to Salt Lake City; his division included that part of the line beginning at the "Upper Crossing" of the South Platte River to Rocky Ridge, known as the Sweetwater division.

Much has been related of his encounter with Jules Beni, and his subsequent death at the hands of Slade, has been made the subject of much comment by his enemies. There have been numerous versions of the affair, but my source of information leaves no room for doubt as to its correctness.

Jules Beni was a Frenchman who kept the station at the "Upper Crossing," and from whom the town of Julesburg derived its name. He was known and feared for his lawless character, and his high-handed acts in dealing with the stock of the line and constant feuds arising therefrom, first induced the company in 1858 to appoint Slade to the agency of that particular division. Jules would not willingly submit to the authority of the new agent, nor in fact to any one whom he could intimidate. But Slade being a man of most determined will, would not brook the interference of Jules, and finally the mutual dislike led to an open rupture. Jules had discharged a man and Slade re-employed him. Jules had "sequestered" some of the stock and Slade had recovered it for the company. This brought matters to a crisis. This difference, however, was smoothed over and the "affair" was presumed by all to be amicably adjusted. It appears, however, that the matter still rankled in the Frenchman's heart and he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to kill his adversary.

One day early in the spring of 1859, Slade chanced to be at Upper Crossing and he, some of the stage boys and Jules were all in the corral, engaged in conversation. Jules was the first to withdraw and enter the house. He was followed soon after by Slade, who remarked: "I will go in and get something to eat." There were two houses, one an adobe where Jules lived—the other a frame structure in which the stage boys were served their meals. As Slade was about to enter the frame building, the remaining boys saw Jules emerge from the *adobe* with a pistol in his hand and one of them cried out to Slade: "Look

out, he's going to shoot ! As Slade, who was unarmed (and this fact had probably been perceived by Jules) turned suddenly about, he received three shots from Jules' revolver. He did not fall, however, and seeking to finish the bloody work, Jules reached within the open door for a double-barreled shot-gun and fired the contents of both barrels into Slade's body. He fell to the earth, and Jules supposing he had killed him, informed the boys they could bury him in a new goods box he had a short time before received. Slade hearing the remark raised himself up slightly, and replied that it was unnecessary to make such preparations as he did not intend to die, but would live to avenge the cowardly attack of Jules. He was thereupon taken into the house, received prompt attention and in a few weeks was enabled to be removed to his old home at Carlisle, Illinois, where he rapidly recovered and in due time returned to his duties on the stage line.

After realizing the situation and discussing the cowardice of the attack and lack of provocation, the stage boys decided to be executioners themselves, and stringing a pole across two large freight wagons, hung Jules Beni to the beam. At this instant Ben Ficklin, the general superintendent of the whole line, arrived and cut him down before life was extinct. After his revival and it was found that Slade would recover, he was offered his freedom on condition that he would leave the country. Jules gladly accepted the terms and quickly departed for Denver.

It must be borne in mind that at that period there was no legal tribunal near at hand, before which he could be tried and punished for his offense. In fact there was no "law" from the Missouri River to California, save the Miner's Courts at Denver and in Nevada and the Mormon tribunal at Salt Lake City. Colorado was not then a Territory there was a kind of provisional government, and the Territorial name presented was that of Jefferson, afterward changed to Colorado upon the passage of the Organic Act.

When Slade recovered from his severe wounds and returned again to his field of labor he was disposed to avoid his assailant and went so far as to send word to Jules that he would never "hurt," him, but warned him at the same time never to come into his immediate neighborhood. They were now a long way apart and Jules would have to come all the way from Denver to what is now Julesburg to reach the vicinity of Slade's labors. Nevertheless he did come, and, as a matter of course, met his death at the hands of Slade.

Two years afterward, in August, 1861, Slade was proceeding over his division from Rocky Ridge, Sweetwater eastward, and on the line he heard that Jules was near by, driving some stock along the regular stage road he was obliged to pass over in the performance of his duties. Slade's family resided at Horse Shoe, thirty or forty miles west of Fort Laramie, and there he halted and remained a whole week for the purpose, it is believed, to allow Jules to pass out of the country with his stock. Proceeding again eastward over his division, after the lapse of a week, he found, on reaching Laramie, that Jules had not gone out of the country, but was only twelve miles distant. After a hasty consultation with some of his friends, he determined to capture and kill his adversary, for he was cautioned that if he proceeded on his way, Jules would, from ambush, fire upon and kill him, and, perhaps, others in his attempt.

A plan was formed, and Jules and his party were captured twenty miles east of Laramie, and Slade, arriving soon after, took the matter in his own hands and shot him to death. Jules offered stern resistance to his captors, firing upon them several times, and was secured after a running fight, in which one shot took effect. After his death a Frenchman, by the name of Bordeau, was chosen to select sufficient stock to reimburse Slade for expenses incurred, while recovering from Beni's murderous attack two years before. The remainder of his stock and the money on his person were disposed of in accordance with his own directions.

In justification of this deed of bloodshed on the part of Slade, it was stated that the Frenchman lingered on the road for the purpose of a hostile meeting with Slade; that he frequently indulged in such expressions as "I have come for a topknot, and I am going to have it;" "not afraid of any d—d driver, express rider or any one else in the mail company, and that if Slade did not kill Beni he would himself be slaughtered by him." The mail company, which employed him, and a military tribunal at Laramie, the nearest for 1,500 miles, to which he surrendered after the shooting of Beni, exonerated him.

It is alleged by others, but denied by his friends that, after killing Jules, he cut off his ears and carried them in his vest pocket for a long time; also, that he prolonged the agony of his enemy by shooting him to death by degrees.

It is also affirmed that on the line of his division he was cruelly quarrelsome, and on one occasion killed the father of the little half-breed

boy, whom he afterward adopted and who lived with his widow after his execution.

It was also alleged that on another occasion, some emigrants having their stock either lost or stolen, and Slade being apprised of it, went in company with one of them to a ranch, the owner of which he suspected of stealing the stock, and, opening fire upon them through the door, killed three and wounded the fourth.

Stories of his hanging men and of innumerable assaults, shootings and beatings in which he was alleged to have been the principal actor, form part of the legends of the vanished stage lines.

But this was the reputation he bore with him to Virginia City, Montana, to which place he went in the spring of 1863. During the following summer he went to Milk River as a freighter, where he accumulated great gains, but spent them profusely.

After the execution of the five men on the 14th of January, the Vigilantes considered their work accomplished. Having freed the Territory of highwaymen and murderers, they determined in the absence of the regular civil authority they would establish a provisional court, where all offenders might be tried by judge and jury. The tearing in pieces and stamping upon a writ of this court, organized in the interest of peace and social order and civil authority, and the menace of its judge at the point of a derringer by Slade, was the culminating act which led to his execution. He had never been accused of murder or even suspected of robbery in the Territory. The latter crime had never been imputed to him anywhere. His lawless acts, while intoxicated, and his defiance of the duly accredited civil authority led to the belief that as he had killed men in other places he would, unless checked in his wild career, commit the same act in Virginia City.

After his return from Milk River, his intemperate habits increased so fearfully that his demonstrations were perfectly violent, and it became a common thing for him to take the town by storm. He and his pals would gallop on horseback through its main streets, shooting and yelling like red devils, firing their revolvers, riding their horses within the open doors of stores, and engage in the destruction of the goods and chattels therein, while using the most insulting language to their inmates.

Many times he was warned by his friends that his lawless conduct would end in certain retribution. He heeded not their kindly warnings,

but persisted in his lawless course until each moment the public expected some bloody outrage at his hands. Finally, after one of his all-night carouses, in which he and his companions had made the town a pandemonium, he was arrested by the sheriff and taken before the court of Judge Alexander Davis. While the warrant of his arrest was being read by way of his arraignment, he seized the writ and tore it in pieces and stamped upon it in mad fury. The day before he had threatened to murder a peaceable citizen, who had merely remonstrated against his riding his horse into his store, and now he sought out Judge Davis, and with a loaded derringer threatened his life. This act of



SLADE : DEFYING THE COURT.

violence sealed his doom. The Vigilance Committee was called once more together, and after deliberation, passed sentence of death upon him. Although loth to perform this act, they were forced by public opinion to execute it. Six hundred miners marched in a body to the executive committee and demanded his execution.

In the meantime Slade had found out what was intended, and was instantly sobered by the information. He went to Judge Davis and made an humble apology for his violent conduct. It was, however,

too late. The head of the column wheeled into Wallace Street and halted in front of the store where he was in the act of apologizing to Judge Davis, arrested him and informed him of his doom. He now began to plead unceasingly for his life and to see his dear wife, between whom and Slade there existed a warm affection; for when sober, he was a kind man and an affectionate husband. She at this time was at their ranch on the Madison, twelve miles distant from Virginia City. Possessed of many personal attractions, youthful, bright and vivacious, and withal of most pleasing manners, she was at the same time of ardent temperament, strong physique and a most accomplished horsewoman.

A message from Slade at full speed bore to her the news of his dire peril. In a moment she was in the saddle and urging her fleetest charger over the rocky road to Virginia City.

In the meantime preparations were fast being made for his execution. Across the top of the high gate-post of the corral, beneath the site of Russell's stone buildings, was laid a beam to which the rope was fastened and a dry-goods box served for the platform of the gallows. To this place Slade was carried, surrounded by a guard of a thousand men, grim and resolute in their demeanor and determination. He was so exhausted by his lamentations, tears, appeals and prayers, that he was well nigh unable to stand beneath the fatal beam while they adjusted the rope about his neck. He still begged in most piteous terms to see his wife. Had that stern woman reached in time the object of her passionate devotion she would have shot him dead with her own hands ere she would have seen him die a felon's death. He kept repeatedly calling her name and exclaiming, "My God! "My God! Must I die? Oh, my dear wife!"

All things being ready, the command was given: "Men, do your duty," and the box being quickly slipped from beneath his feet, he died almost instantaneously. His body was removed to the Virginia Hotel, where it was scarcely laid out when his unfortunate wife arrived, only to find him dead in the darkened room. With heart-rending cries she bewailed his death, and, embracing the inanimate form, she bedewed the cold remains with a torrent of tears. It was long before her grief and tears were assuaged, or that her lamentations ceased over her sudden and extreme bereavement.

Such was the close of the career of Joseph Alfred Slade, "the idol of his followers and the terror of his foes." His was a nature of

strange contradictions. With generosity, courteous kindness, firm friendship, tender affection for his wife, and unalterable devotion to his attachments, he combined destructiveness, violent lawlessness, rudeness of speech, and "volcanic" outbursts of passion, that made him the scourge of society. But may we not ascribe all the darker portions of his nature, that obscured its more generous and beautiful traits, that otherwise would have made him a king among men, to the fiery compounds he poured into his system, and whose poisonous vapors clouded his mind, dethroned his reason, drove him to madness and the commission of those lawless acts against the peace of society, the tenure of social order and the rights of man, for which he atoned upon the gallows? Let the indictment lie at the doors of those who thus opened the way for his lawlessness by first dethroning his reason. Beyond the frost line of the mountains and the shore line of time that indictment will be read, and who shall be called to plead? Shall it be Slade, or those who made him a madman?

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEES IN MONTANA, CONTINUED—NAMES AND DATES OF EXECUTIONS BY ITS DECREES—STORY OF THE SNOW-DRIFTS ON THE COLUMBIA—THE HEROIC SOUL OF THE ROBBER CHIEF—JOAQUIN MILLER'S STORY OF THEIR ESCAPE FROM FREEZING.

THERE were but few more executions by the Vigilance Committee after that of Slade. Peace and order reigned, broken but seldom by acts of violence. Whenever they occurred, retribution swiftly followed. James Brady, a saloonkeeper in the Lower Town known as Nevada City, was tried, condemned and hung for the shooting of a man by the name of Murphy, against whom he bore a grudge. Before his death he sent the following letter to his daughter:

My Dear Daughter — You will never see me again. In an evil hour, being under the control and influence of whisky, I tried to take the life of my fellow-man. I tried to shoot him through a window. He will in all probability die and that at my hands. I can not say I should not suffer the penalty affixed to the violation of law. I have been arrested, tried and sentenced to be hanged by the Vigilance Committee. In one short hour I will have gone into eternity. By the love I feel for you in, in this my dying hour, I entreat you to be a good girl. Walk in the ways of the Lord. Keep heaven, God and the interest of your soul before your eyes. I commend and commit you to the keeping of God. Pray for my soul. Farewell, forever,  
Your father,  
JAMES BRADY.

In July following, Jim Kelly was hung for horse-stealing at Oliver Station, on the line of the Salt Lake and Montana stage road. While he was yet on the trap, some Shoshone Indian warriors came up and viewed the proceedings with evident amazement. When the plank was knocked from under him and he swung into eternity, the Indians gave a loud "Ugh!" and started at full speed for their camp. They had never before seen a man killed in that manner, and were thoroughly frightened. They evidently feared that the same death would be meted out to them.

Late in the month of August, 1864, a man of the name of James Brady, of Nevada, was robbed of \$700 in gold by one John Dolan, *alias* "Hard Hat," who had been living with him and took the money from his trousers pocket. He made his escape to Salt Lake City, but was followed, captured and brought back to Nevada City, where he

was executed for the crime on the 17th of September, in the presence of 6,000 spectators.

In the same month R. C. Rawley was hung at Bannock City. He was a man of education, of fine appearance until consumed by liquor, and had once been a merchant in a large Western city.

The next execution was that of John Kem, *alias* Bob Block, for the murder of Harry Slater, a professional gambler, at Helena.

After the capture and execution of Jake Silire, *alias* Jacob Seachrist, a "road agent" and murderer of twelve years' standing, and the slayer of twelve men, all of which he openly confessed before the rope was adjusted about his neck, and he was swung into eternity at Helena, the work of the committee drew finally to a close.

Although it preserved its existence, it gradually ceased to exercise its functions; its name more than its efforts sufficed to maintain tranquility. When Chief Justice Hosmer arrived in the Territory and organized the Territorial and County Courts, he deemed it important to the best interests of society that with the organization of the courts the administration of justice by the Vigilantes should cease. He, therefore, in his charge to the grand jury, referred to that organization and invited them to sustain the authorities as citizens. This was most heartily complied with by the now famous guardians of the peace, who rejoiced to be able to transfer their assumed duty of maintaining public peace and order into the hands of the civil authorities.

The total number of executions by order of the Vigilance Committee of Montana was thirty-two, as follows:

George Ives, at Nevada City, December 21st, 1863.

Erastus Vager, *alias* "Red," and George W. Brown, at "Stinking Water" Valley, January 4th, 1864.

Henry Plummer, Ned. Ray and Buck Stinson, at Bannock City, Montana, January 10th, 1864.

George Law, Frank Parish, Haze Lyons, Jack Gallagher, and Boone Helm, at Virginia City, Montana, January 14th, 1864.

Steve Marshland, at Big Hole Ranch, January 16th, 1864.

William Benton, at Deer Lodge Valley, January 11th, 1864.

Robert Zachery, Cyrus Skinner, Alexander Carter and John Cooper, at Hell Gate, Montana, January 24th, 1864.

George Shears, at French-town, Montana, February 26th, 1864.

William Graves, at Fort Owens, Montana.

William Hunter, at Gallatin Valley, Montana, February 3rd, 1864.

John Wagoner and Joe Pizanthia, at Bannock City, Montana, January 11th, 1864.

J. A. Slade, Virginia City, Montana,

James Brady, Virginia City, Montana, 1864.

Jim Kelly, at Oliver Station, Montana, August 30th, 1864.

R. C. Rawley, Bannock City, Montana, September, 1864.

John Dolan, at Nevada City, Montana, September, 17th, 1864.

John Silvie *alias* Jacob Seachrist, Montana, 1865.

James Daniels, at Helena City, Montana, 1865.

John Morgan and John Jackson, horse thieves, at Virginia City, Montana, 1865.

In addition to the foregoing, all of whom paid the penalty of their crimes with their lives, nearly one hundred were banished from the Territory, including a lawyer named Thurmond, who afterward brought suit against some of the Vigilantes at Salt Lake City to recover damages for the arbitrary act.

The institution of government for a people is, that the governed may obtain security of life and property. Without such safeguard social order could not exist. Society would be anarchy and the law of right would be that of might. In all governments there must of necessity be both the law and the sword, laws without arms would give us not freedom but licentiousness, and arms without laws would produce, not subjection, but slavery. In a state of society where neither the one nor the other can be applied and the tenure of life and property rests upon the frail foundation of individual strength and prowess, where lawlessness usurps the power that should prevail in a reign of peace and order, where courts of law do not exist or, if existing, are either powerless to enforce their decrees or themselves so tinctured with the licentiousness of the times as to render the administration of justice abortive, what can be done, yea, what must be done, to establish order, restrain the turbulent, protect the weak and administer justice in the interest of civilization and human progress? There can be but one answer. The community as a whole must exert its inherent power to maintain peace and order essential to security of life and property.

Upon this ground alone can be justified the organization and subsequent act of the vigilance committees of California and Montana. No one can deny the stern necessity that existed for their formation. No one can deny that with their advent and determined action, violence gave way to peace, lawlessness to order, peril to safety, sedition to quietude, and murder and robbery to security of life and property. If such were their final results, and with the establishment of peace and order came prosperity, happiness in men's daily pursuits, and the attendant increase and growth of the commonwealth in the stead of violence, disorder, distrust, robbery, rapine and assassination, is it not

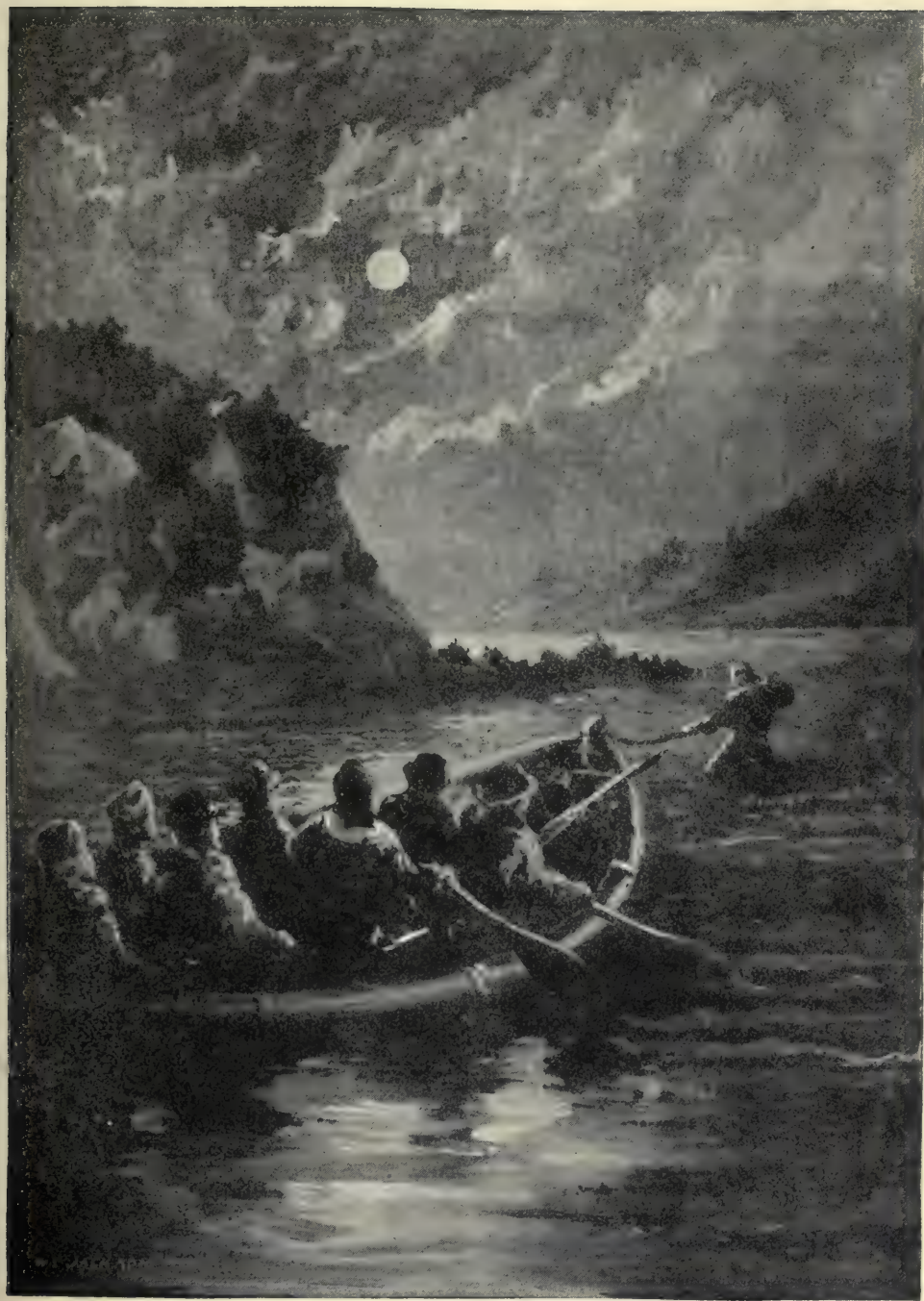
the best argument in favor of their formation and the need thereof? In other words is it not written upon the foundations of the commercial and political empires on the ocean's shore lines, and on the granite rocks and mountain walls of Montana, that all their subsequent wealth and progress is due to the peace, order and security instituted by their vigilance committees?

That such was the state of society in the New El Dorados of California and Montana that prompted these organizations, no right-minded man will deny. The statement of the atrocious crimes for which they were condemned and executed is sufficient evidence of the condition of the society they had made by their lawless acts, as well as a plea of justification for the means adopted for its cure. It was the knife applied by the physician to the festering sores on the body politic, in the heroic treatment imperative for its return to healthful vigor.

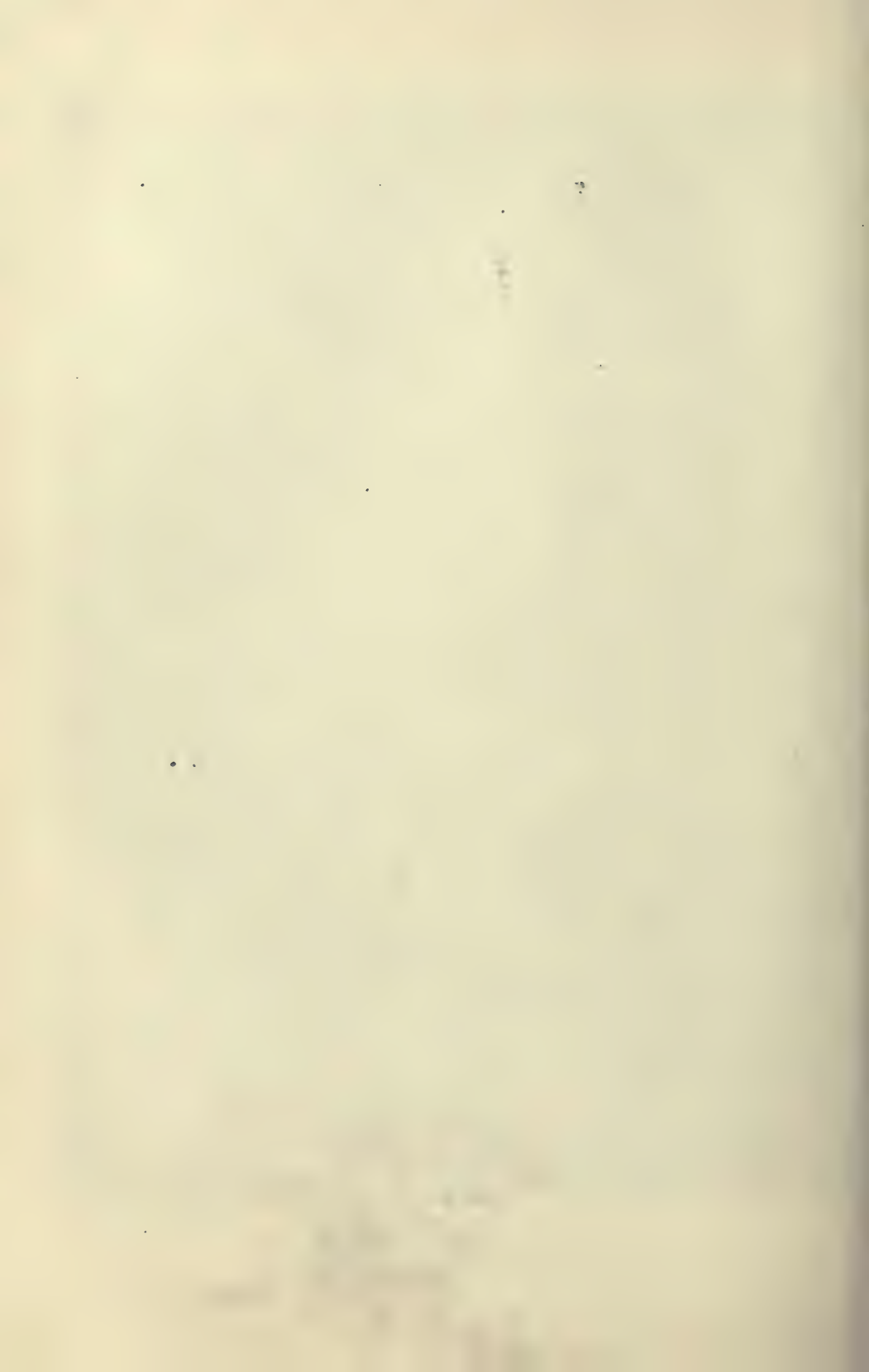
That wrongs were committed and injustice occasionally done by the hasty judgment frequently necessary in determining the guilt or innocence of the accused, can not be denied. For all of which only regret can be affirmed. The Roman maxim, "*Inter arma silent leges*" springs from the necessity of the common defense. But when the laws are silent from brutal violence on the part of lawless banditti or the corruption of the tribunals organized to enforce them, then they must be made to speak with the voice of inspiration through the mouths of the truer and nobler elements of society, whose wisdom, courage and fidelity form the foundation of all security to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The ignominious death of these men was the result of crimes for the most part barbarous and cowardly. Yet, within the veins of some given over to deeds of violence that blacken the pages of criminal history, flowed the blood of heroes, at least such as that of which heroes are made. In moments of extreme peril, when weak and faltering humanity, overcome by the difficulties and dangers surrounding them, halted by the wayside, surrendered in despair, or lay down at length to die, their master spirits asserted the dominance proceeding from their royal blood, and rose up like giants to lead the way to hope and rescue. Let me relate an instance, told by that inimitable master of song and story, Joaquin Miller, of his early pioneer days. When the news reached California that gold had been found in great abundance in the water-shed of the Columbia River, without

waiting for a confirmation of the rumor, great numbers of miners poured over the mountain walls of California and Nevada in search of their fortunes, which the early days of '49 revealed. It was, however, but another of those "stampedes" which wreck the hopes and lives of the adventurous and roving miner, and one by one they struggled back to the more prosperous fields they had abandoned for this *ignis fatuus*. One of these parties, nearly starved, attempted to reach Shoshone Falls through the thickly-timbered mountains from Elk City. While searching for game one day they chanced to strike a little stream that ran down from the mountain on the edge of a prairie lying near the center of a large, snow-covered horse-shoe, opening to the south, about thirty miles in diameter. A fallen tamarack had uprooted the earth, and, moved by the instincts of his nature, one of the gold-hunters took up a pan of the earth and carelessly washed it in the stream. What was his astonishment to reap as his reward a handful of rough little specimens of gold dust, about the size of grains of wheat! It was of poor quality, but it proved to be the discovery of the great gold-belt embracing Salmon, Warrens, Boise, Owyhee and Blackfoot, that afterward founded the political divisions of Idaho Territory. •

On the 3rd day of December, 1862, a fierce storm swept over the whole gold belt, and the thousands of homeless and unprotected miners, who had been sleeping on the ground in their blankets, while working their claims, began to pour over the horse-shoe in the direction of Lewiston, taking with them the proceeds of their labor on the bar and in the gulch in the form of gold dust. The story, as related by Joaquin Miller, one of their number, is full of vivid interest. One word as to this remarkable man. Joaquin Miller, "The Poet of the Sierras," whose touching songs awaken within us a reverence for Nature's nobility. A minstrel unto the mighty manor born, whose first vision fell upon nature's majestic works, and where songs are the pictures of its splendor. The fire of his pen thrills the heart. His wealth of intelligence, broad views, evidenced by travel and contact with the world, his genial disposition made sunnier by nature's beautiful and lofty truths, make him the genial and sunny companion of the fireside. He is one of the world's earnest workers, whose ambition to perform the uses of life for the benefit of his fellow-man, has inspired him to build firm foundations, laid broad and deep in nature's love and sympathy. Long may he live to wield his



NIGHT ON THE LOWER COLUMBIA.



master pen. He and a party of nine were making their way to Walla Walla *via* Lewisburg, with a large amount of gold dust belonging to the individual members of the party. This party had been followed from the mines by Dave English and Nelson Scott, two of the most noted desperadoes of the mines, accompanied by four others of like character, but not so well known. As there was not a shadow of civil law and Vigilance Committees had not yet been created, these men, black with crime, moved about the various camps with the same freedom as men of good character. English was a thick set, powerful man, with black beard and commanding manners. One of his gray eyes appeared to be askew, otherwise he was a fine-looking man, usually good-natured, but terrible when aroused. Scott was tall, slim, brown-haired, with features as fair and delicate as those of a woman. All of the band of six were young men well known in California, one of them having been connected with a circus. The party of miners, after six days' travel, reached Lewiston in safety, and English and his companions arrived the following day. The river was frozen over and the steamboats all tied up for the winter, and the ferry almost impassable. The miners and robbers watched each other's motions, and the latter knew their motives had been divined. The miners scarce had crossed the ferry, when the robbers followed. The large amount of gold dust of the miners was the object of their prey. They were splendidly mounted and well armed, and prepared for any deed to accomplish their end. Says the narrator: "It was twenty-four miles to Petalia, the nearest station. The days were short, and the snow deep. With the best of fortune they did not expect to make it before night. At noon they left the Alpowa, and rode to a vast plateau without stone, stake or sign to point the way to Petalia, twelve miles distant. The snow became deeper and more difficult, and a furious wind set in that blinded and discouraged their horses. The cold was intense. They had not been an hour on this high plain before each man's face was a mass of ice, and their horses white with frost. The sun faded in the storm like a star of morning drowned in a flood of dawn. Grave fears now beset them. English and his robber party still kept the lead. Once they stopped, consulted, looked back, and then in a little while silently moved on. The storm was so terrific that the trail behind them was obliterated the instant they passed on; return was therefore impossible

had it been possible for them to recross the river should they reach it. Again the robbers halted, huddled together, looked back, and again struggled on, English, the man of iron, most of the time keeping the lead. They now knew they were in deadly peril, not from the robbers but from the storm. Again the robber band halted, again grouped together, gesticulating wildly as if in violent argumentative altercation, and again moved slowly on. The party of miners followed, the horses floundering in the deep snow, while the trail closed like a grave behind them. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, standing up to his waste in the snow, English shouted to them to approach. Pushing on through the storm, with their heads bowed and necks bent like cattle, shielding themselves from a fierce blast, they reached the robber party.

"H—l's to pay, boys!" said English, "I tell you h—l's to pay, and if we don't keep our heads level we'll go up the flume like a spring salmon. Which way do you think is the station?" No one could tell. To add to the consternation, they now found that three of their party were missing. They shouted through the storm, but no answer came back; they never saw them again. In the spring some Indians found and brought in a note book, in which was recorded this writing: "Lost in the snow, December 19th, 1862. James A. Keel, of Macoupin county, Illinois; Wesley Dean, of St. Louis, Ed. Parker, of Boston." At the same time they brought in a pair of boots containing bones of human feet. A party of citizens went out and found the remains of the three men, together with a large sum of money.

English stopped, studied a moment, and then resolving to take all in his own hands, said: "We must stick together; stick together and follow me. I will shoot the first man who refuses to obey and send him to hell a-fluking."

Again the robber chief, now in supreme command in the hour of danger and death, led on. The band struggled on in silence, benumbed, helpless and half dead. Scott seemed like a child beside his chieftain. The balance of both parties were as feeble and as spiritless as he. English was the only one whose spirit rose above the storm. His whole ferocious nature seemed aroused. At times he swore like a madman. The storm increased in fury; darkness came suddenly on, and they could not see each other's faces. English shouted aloud above the blast: "Come up to me!" They obeyed and huddled around him like



ROBBER CHIEF SAVING HIS BAND AND MINERS FROM FREEZING.



children. "There is but one chance," said he, "cut your saddles off your horses!" He got the horses as close together as possible and shot them down, throwing away his pistols as he emptied them. Placing the saddles on top of the pile of horses he made each man wrap his blankets around him and huddle together on the mass.

"No nodding now," said English, "I'll shoot the first man that fails to answer when I call him." To sleep a moment meant death by freezing, and this robber chief, this king of men in the hour of dire peril and death, knew it. Every man seemed to surrender all hope, save this fierce man of iron. He moved as if in his element. He made a track in the snow around the party on the heap and kept constantly moving and shouting. Within an hour they saw the effect of his rude action; the animal heat from the horses warmed their benumbed and stiffened limbs as it rose from their prostrate bodies, while darkness and the storm reigned over them. Thus they remained for hours; English shouting and swearing through the storm, tramped in the circular track he made about them, pistol in hand, to keep them awake and alive while he battered his own body to keep it from freezing. Thus the terrible night wore on until toward morning, when suddenly English ceased to shout, and uttered a terrific oath of surprise. The storm had suddenly lifted like a curtain, and far above in the heavens moved the round moon on its stately course. It was to that band of half-dead, and well-nigh frozen men as the pillar of flame to the children of Israel. They were saved. With the dawn of the morning the iron man bade the others follow him. It was almost impossible for them to rise. They fell, rose again, fell and finally stood on their feet, all save one, a small German name Ross; he was dead, frozen to death.

At eleven in the morning, English, who still resolutely led the party, gave a shout of joy as he stood on the edge of a basaltic cliff and looked down on the *parterre*. A long straight pillar of white smoke rose from the station, like a column of marble supporting the over-hanging dome. Again, it was the pillar of cloud that led the children of Isreal, now leading these lost children of the mountains amid the snow wastes of the dreary plain. Warmed back again to life, they returned and brought in the body of their companion with his bag of gold dust, and in a few days the trail was broken.

The company of miners voluntarily gave to some of English's band a portion of their wealth. English, however, resolutely refused

to accept the present. They parted at the station, and the miners pursued their way in safety to Walla Walla.

Some months later English, Scott, and another of his band, named Peoples, were arrested for highway robbery and were placed, securely bound, under guard in a log house on the stage road. That night was organized the first vigilance committee of the Northern Territories. It consisted of six men belonging to the Idaho Express Company. At midnight they condemned them to death and acquainted them of their fate. Scott asked for time to pray, English swore furiously and Peoples was silent.

One of the Vigilantes approached Scott while in the attitude of prayer and began to adjust the noose about his neck. English cried out, "Hang me first and let him pray."

The wonderful courage of the man appealed to the sympathies and admiration of these rough men of the mountains, and they would have spared him, but, having proceeded thus far, they felt they could not falter now. They had but one rope and executed them one at a time. When the rope was adjusted about the neck of English he was quietly asked by his executioners to invoke the mercy of his God. He held his head down a moment, muttered something, and then straightening up turned toward Scott and said: "Nelse, pray for me a little, can't you, while I hang? D—d if I can pray."

He looked over to where Peoples sat mute as a stone, and continued "D—d if I can pray; Billy, can you?"

Peoples died without emotion or a struggle. When Scott's turn came, he was still praying devoutly. He offered large sums of money, which he had secreted in the mountains, for his life; but they told him he must likewise die. Seeing there was no escape, he removed his watch and rings, kissed them tenderly and handed them to one of the Vigilantes, saying: "Send these to my poor Armina," and quietly submitted to his fate. At dawn the three men lay dead and rigid upon the cabin floor. The blood that dried in the veins of one was of the mould that runs through heroes' veins, and had he in his early days been guided in the nobler channels of life, he might have been a Cæsar or a Marlborough. With a courage as sublime as the bride of Collatinus, and the fortitude of a Roman soldier, he saved the lives of eleven human beings and died, within four months after this sublime act of heroism, an ignominious death by the halter, for robbing a stage coach. Such is life with its grandest possibilities and its narrowest results.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

INDIAN DANCES—LEGENDERY LORE OF THEIR SONG AND DANCE—BABY SONGS OF INDIAN MOTHERS—THE YOUNG WARRIOR'S ORDEAL—DANCE OF THE CALUMET—INDIAN RITES—THE SCALP DANCE—ORIGIN OF SCALPING—NOT ALWAYS FATAL—EXPERIENCES OF THIS INDIAN PASTIME.

ALL of the tribes of North American Indians possess the elements of music, and their language is filled with eloquence and poetic sentiment. Blended with their songs and chants are the ever-engaging forms of their ceremonial dances. They are sometimes instituted for the amusement of the tribe, but most generally are a religious observance and constitute a striking characteristic of their manners and customs. It is a mode they adopt to express intense feeling and passion, and is so inherent in their nature as to be the last condition of their wild life to be abandoned after coming under the influence of civilization and Christian teaching. Without variation they have engaged in the legendary art through all changes of their history as a people, and wherever practiced to-day are the same, undoubtedly, as those of five centuries ago. There is no feast or religious ceremony, no rite to be performed in peace or war, that does not embrace the songs and dances of their remote ancestry. For each good fortune in their rude lives, their success in the chase, their triumphs in war, their depredations upon the tribal wealth of their foes, the scalps taken from their enemies, the safe return of a war party, the preparations for a warrior, the moving of an Indian village, sickness or famine, lack of water rain or buffalo, honors conferred upon the renowned of their tribes, the glory of an achievement, or bereavement by war or pestilence, the public opinion of the chief men of their tribe as well as the moral instruction and advice given their young, and for every ordinary providential care, the common resource of the Indians is the dance. In their rude society its various forms and composition take the place of the press, the books of instruction and the means of education that prevail in the enlightened societies of the civilized world. Their "medicine men," the priests and prophets of their tribes, cultivate their natural instincts for these forms and ceremonials, induct

them in the dance, originate their songs and become their poets and historians. Through their dances, some of them, revolting and cruel in the extremest degree, tradition descends from generation to generation, from age to age, and all the legends of the vast tribes that once peopled this land have been thus handed down through their songs and dances. The love song of the maiden, the wooing of the young brave, the plaintive melody of maternal affection, and the tearful wail for the dead, are embalmed from generation to generation in their legendary songs. Even the little children playing before their lodge doors possess their simple chants taught them as soon as they are able



AN INDIAN DANCE.

to lisp in Indian syllable, and their fables and tender supplications sung ages ago, are preserved in their duets of as wild song as when Norma chants her love refrain. But in the dance and its mystic forms and ceremonies, blended with the wild notes of rude voices, are recorded their heroic thought, their warlike deeds, their intense passion and the customs of their ancestors ages ago, before the white man trod the soil of the New World.

With the hope of pleasing the Great Spirit and as an atonement for all past misdeeds, and that he would direct the steps of the buffalo very near to their village, were the promptings that induced the Gros Ventres of the Upper Missouri in 1867 to make their great "Bull Medicine." The ceremonies attendant upon this particular act occupied four days,

and were preceded by elaborate preparations on the part of the squaws who arranged a large and spacious lodge and cleaned the ground composing the center of their village. A strict fast is enjoined upon all who take part in the ceremonies during the whole four days, but this is not so much of a privation as one unacquainted with Indian life would suppose. Frequently whole tribes are compelled by lack of food to fast for even a longer period, and each day the warrior tightens the belt about his waist to stay the cravings of hunger and patiently awaits the opportunity to "gorge." The Indian system seems so formed by long experience as to be able to consume the most solid food following a long fast without any appreciable ill effects; and that which would be death to the civilized is but an increased form of pleasure to the savage.

The first day of the proceedings, the old Mandan medicine man approached the center of the space allotted for the rites, near the lodge, surrounded by a band of athletes conspicuous for their strong and powerful physique as well as their contrast with the old and shriveled Mandan, and in a subdued and plaintive voice began an invocation to the Great Spirit. With the exception of the skin of a white wolf carelessly thrown over the left shoulder, he was entirely naked. A fillet of the same was bound around each ankle and two wolf-tails dragged from the heels of his moccasins. His head was covered with a cap made from a white buffalo skin, adorned with the claws and tail feathers of an eagle. This invocation was repeated at intervals and concluded by a tramp around the sacred lodge, accompanied by a wailing song of propitiation to the Great Spirit.

On the second day the sacred lodge was opened and filled with the athletes who were to undergo the fearful tortures of the ceremony. Upon the interior linings of the lodge were arranged their shields, lances and medicine bags. Some of them were in a reclining position and others appeared as if asleep.

The medicine man sat in the center near the embers of a fire, smoking a large, beautifully-made pipe and at intervals, as on the previous day, invoking the aid of the Great Spirit. A band of six warriors was likewise present, who were to take part in the dances, and they occupied their time in painting their bodies with alternate bars of red and white and clothing themselves with pieces of shaggy buffalo robe and binding on their backs large bunches of green willows, while

in their hands they carried smaller bunches of the same. They represented the bulls, and at regular intervals came forth and danced around the open area in the center of the village. An object resembling a large round tub had also been built not far from the sacred lodge, and suddenly the Mandan emerged from his lodge with his pipe in his hand, and leaning upon the tub cried out in a loud voice to the Great Spirit. Within the lodge there was the sound of rattles, and at a given signal three crouching forms appeared with drums garnished with feathers and seated themselves on the ground close beside the medicine man. Two others bearing rattles followed, and then a loud drumming and rattling began, which was the sign for the dancers to come forth. All the tribe in the village now assembled to witness the ceremony held in the very highest esteem, and watched with breathless interest the bull dancers come forth from the Medicine Lodge, two by two with an irregular, shuffling step, in their fantastic garb, and slowly circle round the tub. This, together with their wailing sounds, rattlings and drum beatings, oft repeated; the jarring dance of the "bulls" and the loud invocations of the Mandan to the Great Spirit, closed the proceedings of the second day.

On the third day the most exciting portions of the ceremony occurred. From the Medicine Lodge poured forth a band of sixty antelopes, moving in every direction. They were men and boys of all sizes, their naked bodies painted all over with white clay, and willow twigs worn in the shape of horns attached securely to their heads. Then began a curious dance of the bulls and antelopes, both thrilling and amusing, which lasted for an hour or more at intervals, when suddenly the bulls broke away in various directions, the majority of them running through groups of young girls and women, who scattered in a lively manner at their swift approach, filling the air with screams of laughter and fleeing for safety to lodges where pots of boiled mush were dished out to them for refreshments, very similar in manner to the ice cream served their pale sisters at so-called civilized entertainments.

The Mandan and his musicians retired immediately to the sacred lodge, and after partaking of food, the bulls followed to repeat the dance at intervals.

The herd of antelopes kept up an incessant race, running hither and thither over the ground, on the tops of lodges, through groups of squaws, and everywhere else where mischief could be played

indiscriminately. Near the large tub were likewise a number of boys shaped as frogs, who danced and hopped about in the most grotesque manner, eliciting many plaudits from the multitude of spectators. An ancient looking squaw came forward and passed a large wooden bowl of mush to one of the frogs which he vainly endeavored to place to his lips. It was snatched from him by an antelope, whereupon the whole herd made a dash for the prize, and in the scramble it was poured upon the ground, and the old squaw, with feigned indignation and many imprecations, returned in disgust to her lodge. The frogs now pursued the antelopes to be revenged for the theft of the mush, but could not succeed in overtaking them. At this instant another old squaw approached with a second bowl of mush, which was snatched from her hands by an antelope, and in the attempt to swallow it was intercepted by others of the herd and the contents again poured upon the earth. Another squaw quickly appeared with a third bowl, younger and apparently more watchful and cunning than her preceding sisters, and as an antelope crept softly behind her to capture the bowl, she turned suddenly and dashed the mush all over him. This exploit was greeted with intense satisfaction by the spectators.

Thus the sport proceeds, while all the time the bulls have kept up their shuffling dance. Now the scene changes. Silence takes the place of merriment, solemnity succeeds hilarity. One by one from the Mandan lodge, in Indian file with slow and measured tread, come the young men who have been fasting. They are entirely nude, with the exception of a scarlet waistband or breech-clout, which is firmly adjusted. Their limbs and bodies are painted with yellow clay, and each carries a lance with fluttering streamers and war eagle feathers, and over their shoulders is strung a shield painted and adorned with fanciful colors. They prostrate themselves upon the ground and offer a silent prayer to the Great Spirit for strength and courage to successfully undergo the cruel ordeal to which they are about to be subjected. Slowly rising from their position upon the ground they retrace their steps to the lodge.

The bulls now proceed with renewed energy and the antelopes resume their mischievous pranks, and two old warriors emerge from the medicine lodge accompanied by two of the athletes. Approaching two stout poles, twelve feet high and securely planted in the ground, they unloose certain cords of rawhide hanging pendant therefrom.

One of the athletes now knelt at the foot of the pole, resting his thighs on his heels and throwing his head back and his breast forward supporting himself thus by his hands. The old men who stood on either side with an ugly-looking butcher-knife, such as we would use to slaughter hogs, and which they have often used upon the bear and buffalo, now cut through the skin and flesh on each breast and thrusting splinters under the sinews attach the thongs to them. The same operation was performed on the other athlete. Not a muscle moved on the stoic Indian's face, not a sound escaped them as they endured the pain and suffering attendant upon such a cruel act. Rising to their feet each threw the whole weight of his body upon the cords with the blood streaming from his wounds and tried to tear himself loose. One sprang violently the full length of the rawhide cord and then hung with his whole weight upon the bleeding sinews of his lacerated breast, hurling himself each instant against the post, swinging off and around it and praying in the most supplicating tones to the Great Spirit that He might make him a great hunter and warrior, renowned among his tribe for valor and endurance, and that his heart might be made strong to bear his present ordeal. Finally, fainting from the agony of his sufferings he hung limp and apparently lifeless until the heavy strain upon the splinters tore them out and he fell in a lump to the ground. His delighted relatives now ran forward and carried him to their lodge, where he was revived by food and drink and received the warm congratulations of the tribe. The other performed the same painful acts, until he, too, fainted and was removed thence by his relatives and after being revived received the same congratulations.

No aid can be rendered the candidate for warrior honors while undergoing this ordeal. To remove the splints or cut the cords would be fatal to the power of the "Medicine." Sometimes the agony is prolonged for many hours by reason of the greater strength of the sinews, and so far from releasing them from their sufferings the custom is to attach heavy weights to the body and thus tear the sinews from the body. This, however, is an ordeal to which all young warriors look forward to very much as a civilized youth anticipates the honors that await him at the ceremonies that close his university course. All who pass through it without exhibiting fear or shrinking from its terrors, are henceforth regarded as strong-hearted warriors and mighty

hunters, worthy of all honors from the tribe, and ready for the excitement of the chase or the bloody laurels to be gathered on the war-path.

The fourth day was similar to the third, with the additional performance, on that day alone, of the friends and relatives of those who had not succeeded in tearing away their sinews, being permitted to drag them around in a circle by their hands until the heavy weights attached to their legs were torn out by the violence of the race.

It is related that it sometimes occurs that the sinews are so strong and tough as to resist every effort to break them. The candidates thereupon crawl out upon the plains in some retired spot and lie there until they are rotted away.

Such is a part of the rites and ceremonies of the Indian religion. An invocation to the Great Spirit for blessings upon their tribe, and especially upon those who by self-inflicted torture demonstrate their willingness and ability to become great warriors and hunters, renowned in the arts of war and distinguished as successful horse stealers. Their fasts and self-inflicted torture and supplications to the Great Spirit are evidences of their belief in a Superior Being who presides over the happy hunting-grounds to reach which is the crowning hope of an Indian's life on earth.

The dance of the Calumet, or Pipe of Peace, is one of the most engaging of Indian ceremonies. While preparations are being made for this dance all is excitement in the Indian valley—everybody talks about it. The chief bustles around buying ribbons and beads to decorate the stem of the Pipe of Peace and make ready for the rites soon to be performed. The chief who is to be honored with the dance keeps within the lodge engaged in meditation and smoking the fragrant kinnikinick. The young braves attire themselves as gorgeously as their means will permit, and the young squaws add an extra touch of vermilion to their bronzed cheeks.

The day finally arrives, chosen by the principal men of the tribe for the ceremony, and about noon the chiefs appear in the doors of the lodge gaily decorated and painted for the auspicious occasion. Chanting in a low tone an invocation to the Great Spirit, and shaking their rattles, they wave their Calumets with their beautiful blue stems adorned with war eagle feathers, making their medicine first to the rising and then to the setting sun, after which they descend and enter

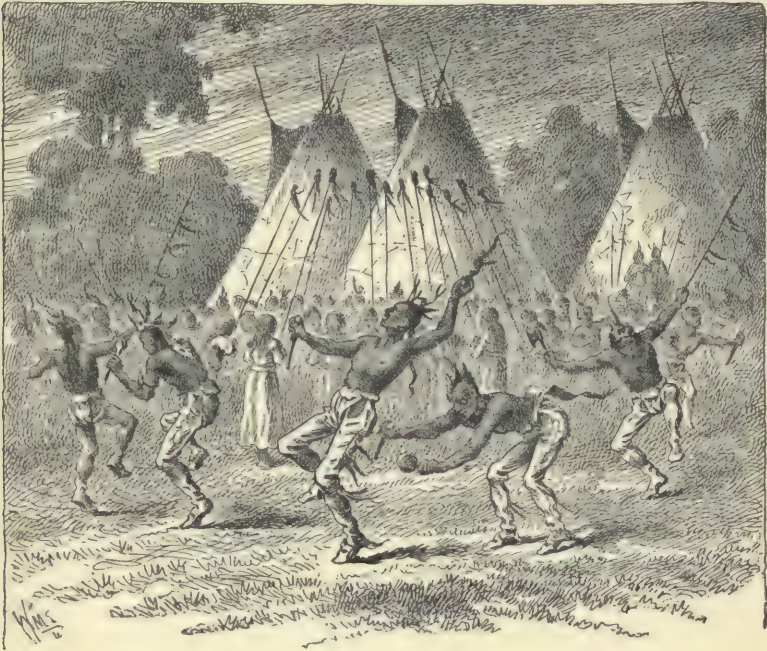
the lodge, which is large in proportion and covered with earth. At its farther end four of the principal men of the village sit engaged in ceaseless singing and drumming. Before each lie medicine sticks. Two of them entering immediately engage in dancing and waving their Calumets and shaking their rattles. In the center is a fire, over which a kettle of buffalo meat is boiling, presided over by a chief engaged constantly in smoking Kinickinick. These ceremonies, with but little variation, are repeated incessantly for four days. On the fifth day the important part of the rites begin. After the invocation from the roof of the lodge and the dance inside, a procession is formed and all proceed to the prairie carrying two buffalo skulls painted red. The musicians seat themselves in a long row, sing and drum, and pass the Calumet from one to another.

When all the Kinickinick in the bowl is consumed it is not refilled, but all arise and reform the procession and bear the pipe to the lodge of a principal chief of the tribe. As many are admitted as will not interfere with the dancing, among whom is the oldest man and the youngest child in the village.

After an introductory song and dance a delegation of braves, including the musicians, departed to the lodge of the one upon whom the honor of the dance had been conferred, to conduct him to the place where the honors of the occasion awaited him. Then the procession again formed and marched several times around the fire, the chiefs and head men of the tribe surrounding the Honor Chief, his family following and the musicians bringing up the rear. This being concluded, they were seated at the head of the lodge, the music began and one of the chiefs sprang quickly to his feet, shaking his rattle, waving his calumet, and dancing with a peculiar jarring step. Another chief now arose and began an address to those assembled urging them all "to throw to the Medicine." Each responded in turn, coming forward singly and bestowing presents of guns, blankets, calicos, scarlet and blue cloth, beads, finely-worked buffalo robes and everything comprised within the possessions of a Dakota band of Indians. When all the presents had been given, the dancing ended, the music ceased and the crowd dispersed, while the chief began to distribute among his friends the presents he had received.

This dance of the Calumet is one of the most important of all the dances and the Medicine feasts of the North American Indians. It is

always given in honor of some member of the tribe who ever after is regarded as one of their most distinguished. By this ceremony he is especially confided to the care of the Great Spirit who is presumed ever after to take particular care of, and provide for all his wants. Success will attend all his efforts in the chase or on the war-path. Many scalps will hang from his girdle and adorn his lodge poles. He will steal many fine horses from his enemies, buffalo meat will be abundant,



THE SCALP DANCE.

his children will never cry for food, and he himself will forever after have a charmed presence in battle.

The return of a war party is the occasion of a ceremony of general rejoicing on the part of the tribe. The ground within their lodges is swept clean and all utensils used during their absence are carried without. The warriors decorate themselves with beads and war eagle feathers, a tuft of long white ones being affixed to the crowns of their heads; red and black figures are painted on their bodies. On nearing their villages they raise their voices in song, and bear in their hands branches of pines on which are hung the scalps

taken from their enemies. Arriving at a lodge containing their sacred symbols, the chief of the tribe walks in a direction opposite to the course of the sun, crying aloud an invocation while the circle is being formed. Opposite the door is the war-pole, and beside it a square box securely fastened together, containing their mystic symbols. They all sit down upon the earth, and the silence is unbroken. At length the warriors rise, and following their chief who leads the way, make the circle of the war-pole, chanting a peculiar invocation three times. Each in the order of succession now enters the lodge on whose hearth burns the sacred fire. Three days and nights are given to fasting. The women stand beside the door in two rows the first night of the fast, chanting at intervals in a shrill voice, followed by an absolute silence. From time to time during the fast the chief appears with his warriors, shouting the war whoops, marching around the circle of the war-pole and waving the branches to which the scalps are appended. Finally, a general procession is formed with the chief at the head, each in orderly succession as before, followed by the squaws, and march around the chief's lodge from the East to the North 'where the evil spirit dwells' the warriors singing the death song. After the procession they affix to the roof of the lodge a branch with a piece of a scalp affixed thereto. This is repeated at each lodge of the village to appease the spirits of the dead, and then the ceremony ends.

Another form of the ceremony is the 'scalp dance, where a grand war party returns in triumph, bearing the scalps upon the points of their lances. All the Indian village run forth to greet them, the squaws singing and dancing in the exuberance of their joy. The victors form in a line and ride in close order up to the village, where they halt to receive the praises and congratulations they have earned by their exploits. In the wild intoxication of success the leaders give away guns and horses. Their generosity is unbounded, to be deeply regretted a day after, perhaps sooner. A pole is set up in front of the lodges of those who may have been slain during their absence, and where their relatives are bewailing them; the drum is beaten, and the scalp dance begins. All day long, all night and the day following the rejoicings continue, and the scalp dancers are the pride of the village. Headed by their chief, they gather in a dense group, sound their rattles, sing and drum, while the squaws shuffle around them in a circle, bearing the scalps on poles, screaming in their shrillest tones the wild notes of the

scalp dance. During all this time the faces of the warriors and the women are painted black, and they look like devils let loose from darkness.

The custom of scalping among the Indians grew out of the false claims made by members of tribes to the honor of killing their enemies. It was intended to be the proof of the killing—the evidence of personal bravery and daring. The act in itself is not necessarily fatal. Several cases have come under my own observation where the parties suffered this torture and yet survived from that and other wounds, enjoying



BLOODY LAURELS OF THE WAR PATH.

apparently as good health as before the act. I recall the case of the railroad agent at Plum Creek, Nebraska, in 1867, who was the sole survivor of the Indian massacre at that point. The railroad at that time was completed to Julesburg, and freight and passenger trains were running in comparative safety. One day a small war party of Arapahoes came suddenly upon the line of the railroad near that station and, by placing obstructions upon the track, derailed and destroyed a freight train and killed and scalped all its attendants. The station agent, while endeavoring to make his escape, was shot and wounded, and feigning death was further unmolested after being

scalped. Upon the destruction of the train, the murder of its crew and the capture of all the goods the savages could carry off upon their ponies, they departed and left the station agent alive and comparatively unhurt, save the loss of his scalp. Strange to relate, he found his own scalp after the Indians had gone, they having dropped it in their eager search for pelf. He walked all the way to the nearest station, a distance of forty miles, where he received certain attention. I saw him nearly four years afterward—hale, hearty and in as good health as before the savages tore his scalp lock from his head.

Another remarkable case occurred at Sydney, Nebraska, not far away from Plum Creek about one year afterward; On the 28th of April, 1868, Thomas Cahone and Willis Edmonston, freight conductors of the Union Pacific Railway, were fishing in a small stream near that place. They were unarmed, as no danger was anticipated from Indians, the terminus of the road being now at Cheyenne, and trains were constantly passing and repassing. There was likewise a company of United States Infantry stationed at Sidney. Suddenly a small party of mounted Sioux swept down on the fishermen in plain view of the fort and the town. The Indians had just failed to run off a small band of horses, having been fired at and driven off by the herders. The Indians had separated into two parties, one going down the track near which the men were fishing, the other circling after the stock. The men were thus caught between the two bands and no escape offered. Riding up beside the "lone fishermen" they shot eight arrows into and through Cahone, one passing entirely through his body from shoulder-blade to breast, which passing through his lung produced a great flow of blood. Four arrows were shot into Edmonston, but he escaped without being scalped. As Cahone fell on his right side two Indians dismounted, one taking his scalp proper, the other cut off the scalp from the left side about seven by four inches. The soldiers and citizens rushing to the rescue and driving the Indians away prevented the scalping of Edmonston. The wounded men were brought to the station where the arrows were cut out of their bodies. Neither lost consciousness during the painful operation. Cahone stated that while he was being scalped he closed his eyes, expecting each instant to have his skull crushed or feel the knife being plunged in his body. He rapidly recovered from his wounds and has been in the employ of the Company ever since as a passenger conductor. He

declares his health to be as good as it ever was, and surely his appearance indicates it. Edmonston was also a passenger conductor, running west from Ogden on the Central Pacific line. Cahone was twenty-five years age when wounded and scalped, and had served during the war in a Pennsylvania regiment.

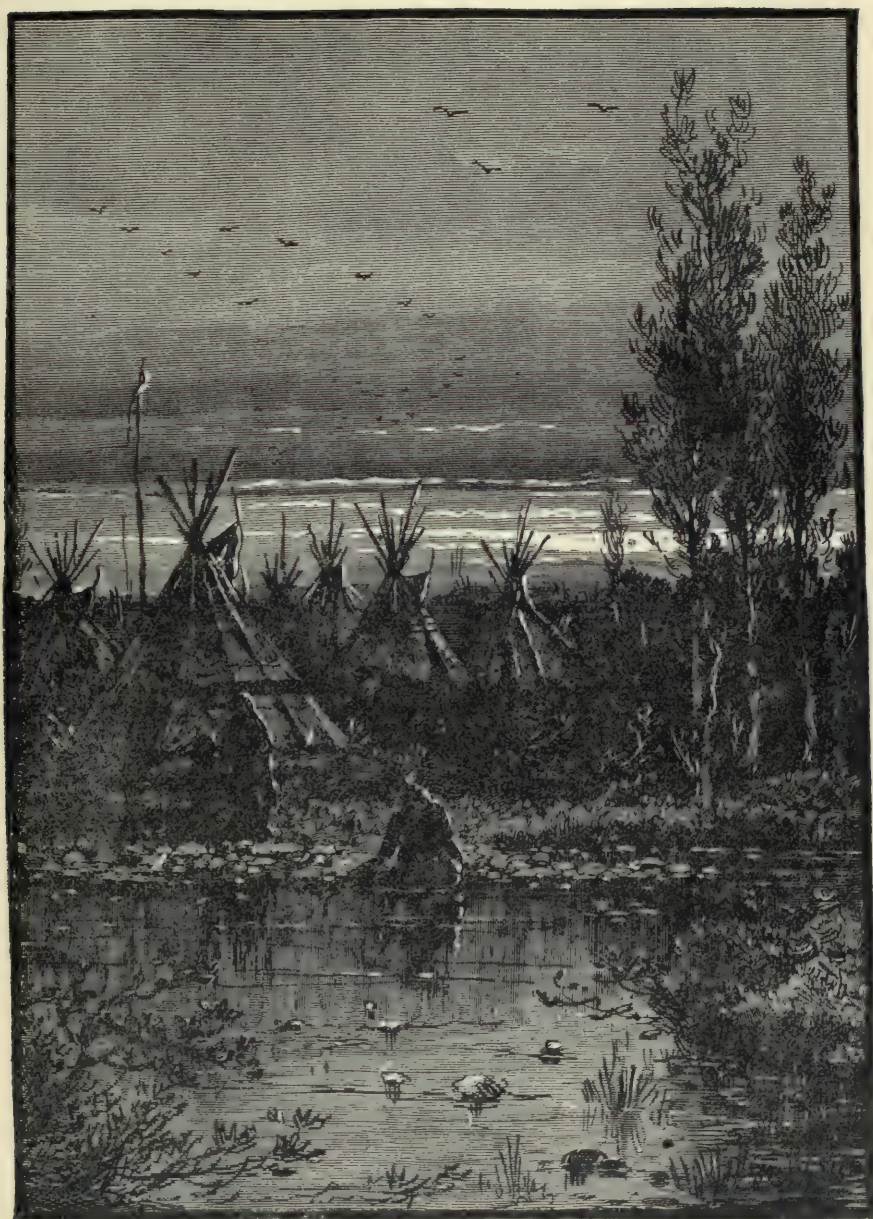
## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SUN DANCE OF SIOUX—ITS RELIGIOUS CHARACTER—THE WOLF DANCE OF THE TONKAWAS—THE SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUIS—THEIR DISCOVERY BY THE SPANISH MISSIONARIES—DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING CEREMONIES OF THE DANCE—STORY OF "NIGHT ON THE PLAINS"—THE SLEEPING SENTINEL—MIDNIGHT—THE STAKE, HUMAN LIVES—THE BLACKFOOT INDIAN SCOUT—THE AVENGING FANG OF THE RATTLESNAKE—THE FAMILY SAVED.

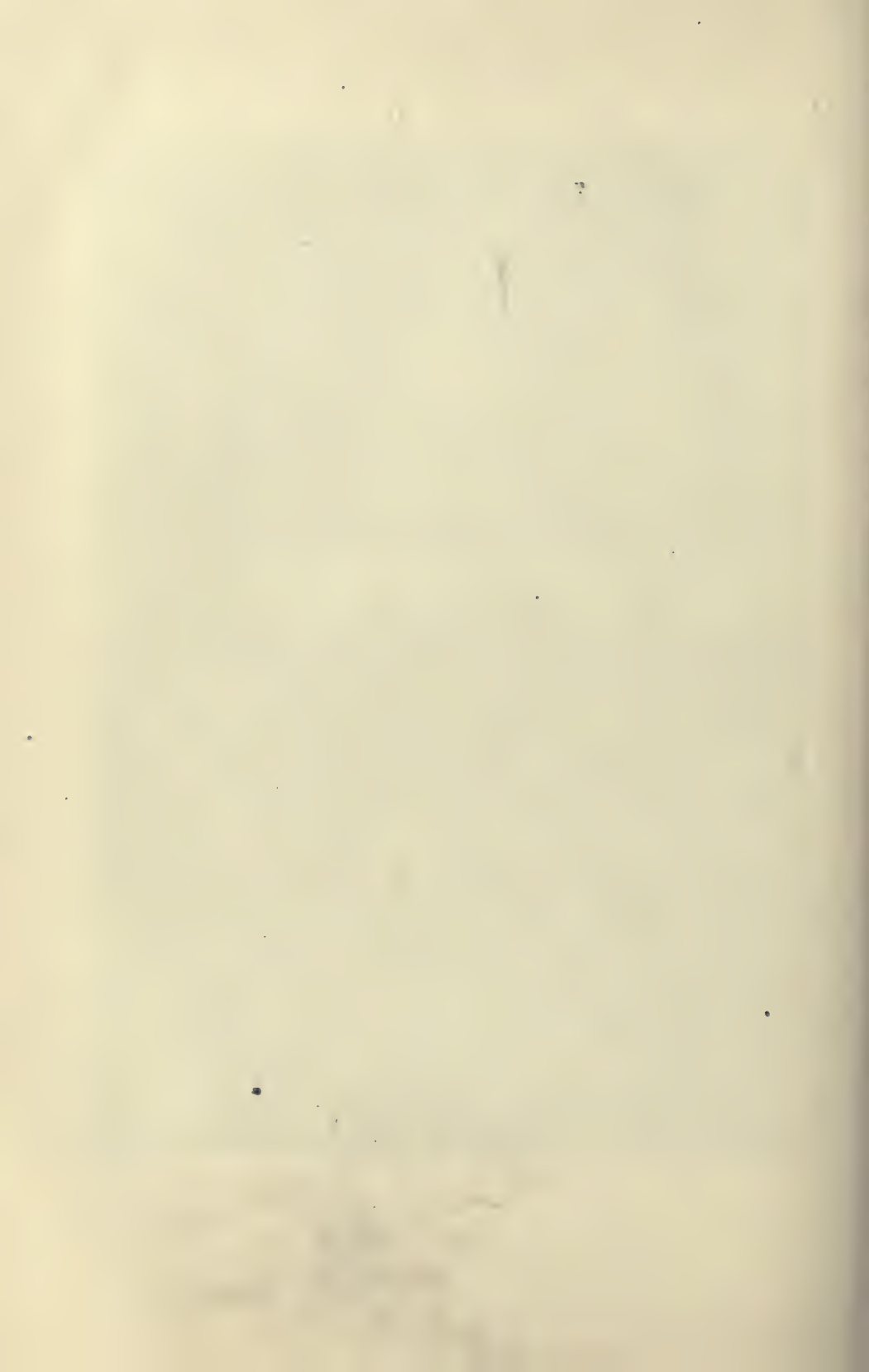
THE Sun Dance is a religious ceremony, the fulfilment of a vow made to some mysterious force in nature. It is an offering by a savage heart as the complement of an agreement with the Great Spirit in times of sore distress. Thus, if an Indian be surrounded by his foes, he promises the God of the Sun that if delivered therefrom he will in the full of the June moon dance the Sun Dance. If some friend or kin is at the point of death, he makes the same vow, that the Great Spirit may restore him to health. In such moments of trial he calls upon this mysterious force of nature for aid, and promises that he will subject himself to physical suffering and torture, fasting and mutilation, if aid be extended and his enemies baffled.

It is purely of a religious character and has been maintained in all its legendary force and forms, notwithstanding the encroachments of the white race and their teaching. It is an evidence, that before the diffusion of the Christian religion the Sun was the central deity for worship. The correspondence is beautiful and more than one modern sect holds that in the other life the Supreme Being will be seen only as a Sun.

As remarked, the month of June is the period when the rites of this dance are generally performed, and with the warm breath of the radiant spring fanning the flowers and clothing the earth in beauty, the Indians decorate themselves and ponies with crowns and shields of wild clematis and other bright foliage from tree and shrub. The tepees are formed in a circle in preparation for the ceremonies, with an open space toward the East. The Sun Dance pole is selected by the Medicine Man with great care and interest, the whole village joining in its pursuit and transportation home. It is usually of cottonwood,



INDIAN VILLAGE—SUN DANCE POLE.



eight inches thick and about thirty-five feet long from butt to the fork of the branches. When the tree is found which the Medicine Man pronounces appropriate, from among the painted and decorated savages advances the one who has performed the bravest deed during the past year, and hits the tree a light blow with an ax and gives two sticks to one or two old women who dance and chant and howl in a hideous manner. These sticks are tokens and valued each at a pony. Then three more follow suit; strike the tree and give something to the poor. Now two maidens advance gaudily dressed in garments worked with beads and elk-teeth, and cut down the tree and trim it. It is then carried by the sub-chiefs and head men a short distance toward the village, handling it with cords and refraining as much as possible from touching it with their hands. In this way it is carried to the village, many halts being made for refreshment, at each of which the God in the sun is supplicated through a peculiar mode of smoking. At the last halt before entering the village, the warriors form in line and charge swiftly, with shouts and firing of guns, for the center of the space enclosed by the teepees. The object of this was the reward to be obtained by the first one who should reach and strike the spot where the Sun Dance pole was to be placed; for, he it was who should count as his own the first scalp of the first war party going thence upon the war path, and should likewise bear a charmed life in battle.

On arriving at the spot the pole is laid on the ground and all repair to the lodges for a feast, save those who are to dance the Sun dance. They must fast till all is ended, and include those who have made vows during the year and those who agree to mutilate themselves—exhibit their courage and their power to endure bodily suffering. This ends the proceedings of the first day.

The second day is devoted to planting the pole, making a circular inclosure around it and fastening the "medicine bag" and lariat to the forks of the pole.

On the morning of the third day a number of little Indian babies are brought and laid at the foot of the pole, and amid their screams their ears are pierced with a knife by the Medicine Man.

Those who are to dance are entirely naked, with the exception of a breech-clout. They have each an attendant who paints him, fills his pipe, rubs the palms of his hands with sage and other green herbs,

and all the while speaks encouraging words to him. Faint and weak from long fasting and the fear of the horrible torture thus begun, they stand at the foot of the pole, while feasting and merriment surround them on all sides. The circular shed is filled with the tribe, and huge kettles of food abound. A little before the cruel part of the ceremony begins the female kinsfolk of the dancers—their wives, sisters and sweethearts, approach them singing their wild strains of Indian song, and offering their arms to be gashed by the knives of the Medicine Men, thus endeavoring to support with their own suffering the pains and torture of their friends and kinsfolk. At this point one of the dancers lays his head near the foot of the Sun Dance pole, and two holes are cut in the muscles of his chest through which two sticks are thrust, to each of which a strong cord is fastened. The victim is then lifted up and the cords are fastened to the lariat hanging from the pole. All of these proceedings are quite similar to those of the bull dance of the Gros Ventres, previously described.

He now blows on a whistle made of the bone of an eagle's wing, viewing the sun and its course from its rising to its setting, dancing, whistling, praying and supplicating, until he can, by his violent efforts, free himself by tearing out the flesh and muscles of his breast. Sometimes strings are tied to the muscles of his back and buffalo skulls are fastened to them. All of this pain and self-torture is borne in the main without flinching, but very frequently they faint from exhaustion, which is of course nature's relief from torture. Sometimes the tough sinews refuse to yield, and then they must lie away in some secluded spot out of the sight of the tribe until the gashed muscles rot off and the cords are loosened.

Of course these are but the brief details of this cruel proceeding. To the Indian its rites are of the loftiest signification—its ceremonials the highest form of their mysterious religion. The enclosure represents to the Indian mind the church of the civilized; the grass and sage and herb and wild-clematis their grandmother the Earth; and a cross at the foot of the pole the sun and stars. Thus are blended the heavens and the earth and the religious fervor of the wild savage nature in a ceremony revolting to the civilized and Christian mind, but yet partaking of the most reverential forms of their own religious zeal.

As remarked, the Sun Dance of the Sioux resembles in many points the Bull dance of the Gros Ventres. The Shoshones term it the

“Dry Dance.” The Comanches have a dance similar in character, but not called “Sun Dance.” The Poncas have a Sun Dance like the Sioux, and the Mez Perces something of the same kind, but always performed in winter.

It has been said by those most conversant with the life of the Indian tribes of the plains, that taken all in all, the wolf, appears of all animals



INDIAN BRAVE GRADUATING BY SELF TORTURE.

to furnish their most perfect type. The Tonkawas, one of these tribes, appear not only to recognize the resemblance, but also to accept these animals as in some way connected with their remote ancestral progenitors. One of these ceremonies, the “Wolf Dance,” resembles the “Mysterious rites” of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and is held to be of such sacred origin that no one not connected by birth with the

tribe is ever permitted to view the ceremony. General R. B. Marcy, formerly Inspector-General of the United States army, whose early life in the military service, a period of thirty years, was spent almost exclusively near these tribes, relates that perhaps the only white man who was ever permitted to witness the Wolf Dance was Major Neighbors, an Indian agent, who had acquired the especial favor of the chief of the tribe, who introduced him secretly into the lodge where the ceremony was to be performed and placed him in a position where he could witness everything without himself being seen. He relates that the ceremony is performed with the utmost solemnity and pomp that their limited means will permit.

After the assembly of the tribe and the execution of the preliminary proceedings, about fifty warriors all dressed in wolfskins from head to foot so as to represent the animal very perfectly, make their appearance upon all fours, entering the lodge in single file and passing around, howling, growling, and making other demonstrations peculiar to that carnivorous beast. Continuing this for some time they begin to place their noses to the ground and sniff the earth in every direction, until at length one of them stops suddenly, utters a shrill cry and scratches the ground at a particular spot. The others immediately gather around, and all set to work scratching up the ground with their hands, imitating the motions of the wolf in so doing, and in a few moments exhuming from the earth a genuine live Tonkawa, who had previously been interred for the ceremony.

As soon as they unearth this strange biped, they run around scenting his person and examining him throughout with the greatest apparent delight and curiosity. The advent of this curious and novel creature is an occasion of no ordinary moment to them, and a council of venerable and sage old wolves is at once assembled to determine what disposition shall be made of him. The resurrected Tonkawa thereupon addresses them in his own language as follows: "You have taken me away from the spirit-land where I was contented and happy, and have brought me into this world where I am a stranger, and I know not what I shall do for subsistence and clothing. It is better you should place me back where you found me, otherwise I shall freeze or starve to death."

After mature deliberation, the council declines to return him to the earth, and advises him to gain a livelihood as do the wolves. To

go out into the wilderness to rob, kill and steal whenever and wherever the opportunity presents.

A bow and arrow is then placed in his hands and he is told that with them he must furnish himself with food and clothing; that he must wander from place to place like the wolves, never build a house or cultivate the soil, and that if he disobeys their commands he will surely die. And this injunction, the chief afterward informed the agent the tribe obey with unchangeable devotion. Thus do these savage tribes maintain their ancient traditions and to the remotest posterity are handed down the customs, rites and ceremonies performed by their ancestry before the white man had found a lodgment upon the soil of the new world.

In the Northeastern part of Arizona Territory there dwells a remarkable tribe of Indians called the Moquis, who practice a curious and horrible religious ceremony called the "Snake Dance." The identity of this strange race has been preserved since their discovery by the Spanish Catholic missionaries in 1536. As far as known but one white man has ever been permitted to witness this singular and revolting ceremony. He was an officer in the United States army, John G. Bourke, first lieutenant of the Third Cavalry, who, having been assigned to the duty of investigating certain Indian tribes in that remote section, chanced to be present with that tribe when the preparations were made for this religious ceremony, and was permitted to view its curious rites.

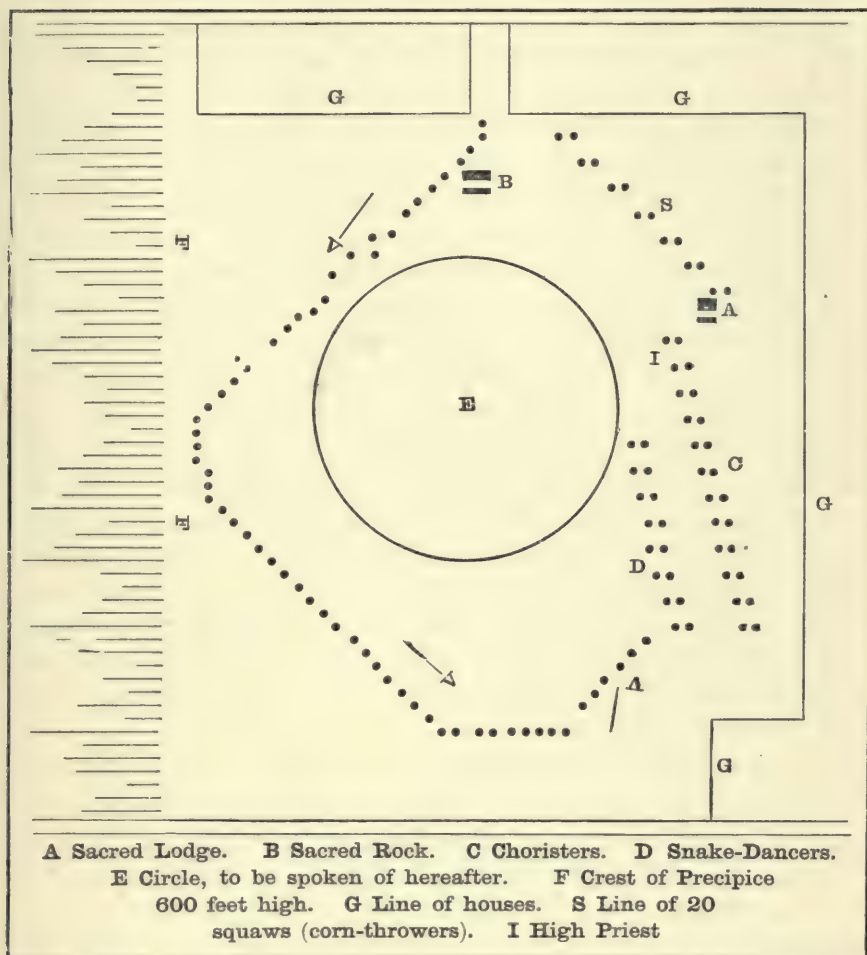
This particular ceremony was a prayer for rain. A great drought had settled throughout their domain and blighted the corn crops of every Moqui colony. As this was the principal staple of their food, starvation would follow unless the clouds could be induced to rain their waters upon the parched and burning lands. Although permitted to view the ceremony, the officer was prevented from accompanying the natives in their search for the poisonous reptiles with which they performed their revolting rites. Nevertheless he witnessed the means of their capture and was made acquainted with their mode of operation. The young and old of the tribe, which had been gathered together to participate in the ceremony, were provided with hoes, horse-hair, ropes and eagle feathers. Their mode of pursuit and capture of the reptiles was, to trail them over the sand until overtaken and surprised. Should they attempt to escape into the ground the hoe was dextrously

employed in pulling them out. If they resisted or were disposed to battle with their pursuers they were pestered with the eagle feathers until lassoed with the horsehair ropes, and once secured were swiftly dumped into a bag along with those already captured, in custody of a boy who carried the game on his shoulder. Of course their object was to secure the snakes alive and unharmed, for a dead or wounded reptile would be of no service in the religious rites that would soon follow. Nor were their lives taken or their freedom curtailed in the least after the ceremony. When the last rite had been performed and the final invocation uttered, the snakes were seized by young men by the armful, who, running with them to an open space, liberated them and watched them closely until all had disappeared in different directions.

When every detail of preparation had been made and all was ready for the ceremony to begin, the tribe was assembled by the beating of their drums, and each Moqui took his allotted place in a long procession divided into two parts, one of the choristers and gourd rattlers, the other of men and children, twenty-four of whom carried snakes which were fanned by attendants with eagle feathers—the horrid reptiles being borne in both their hands and mouths. The men were all naked and it was a loathsome sight to see a long file of unclad men thus carrying the sinuous, tortuous reptiles between their teeth, tramping around a long circle to the accompaniment of a sorrowful funeral dirge of rattles and monotonous chanting. After a snake had thus been carried around the circle it was deposited in a sacred lodge of cottonwood saplings covered with a buffalo robe, and its place taken by another. Thus it was not hard to calculate the number used which amounted to over one hundred, more than one-half of which were deadly rattlesnakes.

The accompanying diagram, drawn by the officer during the progress of the ceremonies, fully explains the whole situation.

The procession entered through an Arcade at G G, marching in the line of the arrowheads four times around a great circle, embracing both the sacred lodge and the sacred rock and thus formed in two single ranks; the choristers at C, facing toward the precipice, and the dancers along line D, facing the sacred lodge. The "high priest," as called by the officer, took his station at I, directly in front of the sacred lodge and between it and the sacred rock, which was a grim-looking pile of weather-worn sandstone, thirty feet in height resembling in a



slight degree a human head. At its foot was a niche in which was a piece of black stone rudely carved in the form of a human trunk, but of vague appearance to that essential part of the human frame. At the base of this idol was a profusion of votive offerings to propitiate the deity to send abundant rain to revivify the parched corn and fructify the baked soil.

As the procession filed around the little plaza the "high priest" sprinkled the ground with water from an earthen bowl, using an eagle's feather as a sprinkler. A second medicine man now approached and swiftly twirled a peculiar sling producing a sound similar to that of falling rain. Upon the halting of the two lines which were made

to face each other, the dancers, provided with eagle feathers, waved them gently downward to right and left, while the choristers shook their rattles, making a noise like that of a rattlesnake, singing at the same time a low and not unmusical chant. When this was finished the "high priest" held the bowl toward the sacred lodge, uttering in a low but audible voice, a beseeching prayer, and again sprinkled the earth with water. The chanting by the choristers and the waving of feathers were again repeated and closed the first act of the ceremony.

Nothing at all revolting as yet occurred. No time, however, was lost before commencing the second act of the ceremony. The choristers remained in their places while the dancers, arm in arm, and two by two tramped with measured tread in a long circle embracing the sacred points already mentioned. The blood of a white man would chill at the sight of wriggling and writhing snakes of all kinds held fast in mouth and hand by those on the left, while the right hand men kept the reptiles distracted by fanning their heads with eagle feathers. Some of these rattlesnakes were of such size that the dancers could not grasp their whole diameters in their mouths. At S the squaws were seated, and as the procession filed past them the women threw cornmeal before them on the ground. The snakes when thrown to the ground proved in most cases to be extremely vicious and struck violently at any one coming within reach. In some cases a little corn meal was thrown upon them, and the assistants running up fanned them vigorously with their eagle feathers until they coiled up and then were quickly siezed at the back of the head.

After all the snakes had been placed under the buffalo robe covering the sacred lodge, another prayer was offered and the second act enped.

The third and last act began almost immediately. The snakes were seized by one's, two's and half a dozen's and thrown into the circle at E, where they were all covered over with cornmeal. At a given signal a band of the fleetest young men of the tribe grabbed the snakes by handfuls and ran at full speed down the almost vertical paths in the face of the *mesa* and, upon reaching its foot, scattered them to the north, south, east and west. Then darting back at full speed they ran through the crowd and on to one of the *estufas* where they were compelled to swallow a bitter draught to induce copious vomiting, and to undergo other treatment to neutralize the poison from any venomous bite they may have received.

These snakes were not rendered harmless in any way before the ceremony began. It would have destroyed the propitiatory power, and rendered them useless as the chief part of the horrid rites. The old men of the tribe, however, who were compelled to carelessly handle them, were placed under the influence of a narcotic strong and powerful in its effects, but the nature of which the officer was unable to learn. That secret they would not divulge. Of one thing he was assured; no Asiatic snake charmer or any other people on earth could compare with the Moquis in knowledge and skill in charming and handling at will these reptiles. He was both astonished and delighted in not being repelled when attempting to enter their *estufas* or temple of their god. He not only entered, but was permitted to remain until he had completed rough sketches and written accurate descriptions of all he beheld. In one corner was an altar behind which was a loathsome steaming mass of not less than one hundred snakes of all varieties, carefully guarded by two old men of the tribe, under the influence of the narcotic. In front of the altar was a covered earthenware basin. By permission he withdrew the cover and found that the vessel contained four sea-shells and the liquid of unknown composition of which those who handled the snakes drank freely. Surrounding the altar was a double and triple line of ancient stone implements, axes, hammers, war hatchets, adzes and other things of like character, and in the center of the *estufa*, half a dozen or more of the ancient earthenware pipes, unused save upon occasions similar to the present.

Such was the Snake Dance of the ancient Moquis tribe of Indians, among whom the Spanish missionaries labored three centuries ago. How these tribes still cling to their ancient traditions may well be attested by the faithful observance of the same religious rites and ceremonies practiced by their ancestry centuries since. Contact with civilization and intercourse with a superior race does not appear to make any inroad upon their faith. One ignorant of Indian character would scarcely believe that such a sight could be witnessed at this day anywhere in our country, where our great railroads have carried the tide of civilization nearly to their doors. But such it is, and such it will remain as long as the Indian retains his copper color.

But the gods were propitiated, and, as an exemplification of their faith and reward for their devotion, the officer relates that but two days afterward the storm-cloud gathered and burst upon the Moquis and fields of corn in a perfect deluge of rain.

It is useless to say that the rain would have fallen without the snakes and the dance and the votive offerings to their idols. To the superstitious mind of the savage it was their dirges and solemn chants and prayers to their god that sent the rain to revivify the earth. His anger was appeased, and with his approving smiles came the rain to fall in copious showers upon their golden corn. All the Spanish missionaries in the world could not change their belief, nor all the civilizing influences of the white man, who has invaded their country



AN INDIAN ATONEMENT.

with his railroads, telegraphs and hordes of gold-seekers. They will, while they live, continue to pray to their idol for the rain and gash their bodies in atonement for a wrong, to appease the anger of their god. And if they can obtain it in that or any other way, who can blame them in such a land as Arizona, where the sun's rays are hotter than the flames of sheol; for is it not recorded and believed by all who have dwelt beneath its burning skies that a wicked miner, who had long lived in that land, died one day, and, having gone straight to *hades*, found the change of temperature so sudden as to chill his marrow, and so he sent at

once by the first messenger to his former abode for the cast-off blankets which had been left behind.

Rattlesnakes may be good for invoking rain for the Moquis' blighted cornfields, but on the broad, wide prairie they have performed other uses. They have slain their arch-enemy; for, be it remembered,

that all Indian tribes are not snake-charmers like the Moquis, but snake-killers who count their trophies of its rattles as they do the scalps of men and long, black hair of women worn at their belt.

Now that you have heard how the Moquis charmed the rattlesnake, come, listen to this story of "Night on the Plains," where the rattlesnake charmed the savage into a dreamless sleep. Perhaps you will read it with the same emotion that stirred my nature when first I heard its glowing periods.

Stand in thought upon the broad, still stretch of even land that lies as boundless as the smooth, unbroken sea and peer through the darkness! You can see it all. There is the wagon of the lone emigrant on his way to distant fields beyond the setting sun, its cover weatherworn with many rents to prove the journey has been long and weary. Ten feet away are the embers of the fire which prepared their evening meal. Between the wagon and the fire is the rude bed of robes and blankets on which mother and children are sleeping. On the other side of the wagon are the horses, nipping the buffalo grass or listening to the far-off wailing voice of the hungry wolf. That is the background. In the foreground sits a sentinel with his back to the solitary cottonwoods. At his right hand runs a little brook, at his left the boundless prairie, over which night hath spread her mantle. Forty feet away are wife and children, deep in the first sweet slumber after a weary day, trusting in his vigilance. Overhead gray-white clouds are driving across the starlit heavens, and the moan of the wind has an uneasy, nervous sound. Away out on the prairie the wolf gallops from knoll to knoll and snuffs the air, and the coyote gnaws at the bleached bones of an animal and utters his short, sharp cries of hunger.

Is there danger? All day long as the tired horses pulled the wagon at a slow pace, the emigrant has carefully scanned the broad circle about him without cause of uneasiness. But he knows he is in the Indian country, and for the last twenty-four hours his nerves have been braced to hear their dreaded war-whoop and to catch sight of a band riding down on him.

It is midnight as we find him. His ear has been as keen as a fox's and his eye has not rested for a moment. The stakes are human lives, his own with the rest. The odds are ten to one against him. The brook babbled and the man slept. Ay, overcome at last, the sentinel

who had five lives in his keeping slept and dreamed, and in his dreams wandered back to the old home and heard the old familiar sounds.

*Sh!* It was a rustle in the grass! Turn to the left a little more. There it is! Thirty feet from the sleeping man, seventy feet from sleeping wife and children, a rattlesnake rears its head above the grass and looks around. Its eyes gleam like stars. The neck swells, the tongue flashes in and out, and it coils and uncoils itself as if in fierce combat. Now it is advancing. Now it swerves to the right, now to the left; now it halts and coils itself to strike. It might creep up and bury its fangs in the flesh of the sleeping man, and it will! It creeps again. It glides through the grass like a gleam, now to the right, now to the left, now straight ahead.

“S-s-s-h!”

The serpent halts. Ten feet more and it would have struck the sleeper, but some movements of his, perhaps the soft touch of a guardian angel, who has been sentineling the sleeping watcher that stirred his dream, has alarmed it, and it glides away for fifty feet as fast as a shadow travels. Now, look beyond the snake. It is a second serpent worming its way over the ground to surround the sleeper with peril. It follows in the hot trail of the other, but it is not so generous a foe. Its stroke is covert, it never gives a warning! Is it wolf or panther creeping forward to make a victim? Now you can see more clearly.

A rift in the clouds has broken and the silver shines for an instant on the trailing form. There is the scalplock and feathers, the dark face, the gleaming eyes, the shut teeth and bronze throat of a Black-foot warrior. A courier from one branch of his tribe to another, he has discovered the encampment, circled twice around it, and now is creeping upon the man who sleeps instead of watching.

How softly he moves! A panther stealing upon a listening doe would not move more noiselessly. Almost inch by inch, and yet he is slowly approaching. He was a hundred feet away, now he is ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty! He can see a dark mass at the foot of the tree, and he knows the sentinel is sleeping or he would not be in that position.

See the rattlesnake! It has faced about. If it was daylight you could see a fierce gleam in its angry eyes—a tightening of the cords and muscles—a fierce flash of the red tongue. A straight line drawn from the creeping Indian to the tree would pass directly over the



THE SLEEPING SENTINEL



BLACK-FOOT SCOUT.  
BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE.

THE FATHER GUARDING HIS FAMILY.



snake. Now the warrior moves softly forward again, not a weed breaking, not a rustle to prove his presence. Two feet—four—six! See the snake! Its head is thrown back—its eyes shoot sparks—there goes the deadly *z-z-z-z* of his rattle. The head of the Indian is not three feet away, as the “death-rattle” sounds in his ears. Instantly he draws back, but the serpent is too quick for him—there is a dart, a flash, and something strikes him full in the face and is not shaken off until he springs to his feet, with a cry heard by the wolves full half a mile away, and rushes forth into the darkness.

What was it? The sentinel is wide awake and upon his feet. Wife and children have been startled from slumber to grow white-faced with fear. Even the mute horses have raised their heads and are peering into the night. There was a single cry, the wild scream of a human being suddenly terrified.

“Oh, it was nothing—nothing but the howl of a wolf!” whispers the sentinel to himself as he walks over to comfort wife and children, and by and by all is quiet and peaceful as before. The night grows apace—the stars fade—daylight breaks. As the sun comes up the wagon moves on its toilsome way, and the brook, and the camp and the cottonwood are left behind.

“Yes, it was the howl of a prowling wolf,” whispers the emigrant again to himself as he walks beside his wagon and cautiously scans the horizon.

Three hundred feet to the left is coiled a snake which darts its venomous tongue at the passing wagon. A mile beyond lies the dead body of the Blackfoot, swollen, distorted, a horrible sight under the morning sun. Overhead circle the vultures of the plain, and creeping in the daylight come the lank, hungry wolves to the feast. The wife laughs, the children frolic, the husband regains his light heart. Night wrote the record of the serpents in the grass, and the emigrant will never read it; but an angel’s hand traced likewise: “Treachery returneth to its master; and will stand as do the stars shining in order, like a living hymn, written in light.”

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE—A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THEIR FIRST DISCOVERY AND PUBLICATION TO THE WORLD BY AN EXPLORING PARTY FROM MONTANA.

BEFORE the wonders of the Yellowstone had been unfolded by the explorations of learned and scientific men who disclosed its marvelous grandeur and made it a "Mecca" for the American and foreign tourist, it was a land of mystery, known only to the romancing trapper and mountaineer whose search for game or gold led him to invade its silent depths. And, strange to relate, lying within a little more than a hundred miles of prosperous settlements containing the most courageous and resolute race of men the world has produced, and eager to tread the remote paths of solitude and unlock the mysteries of the "wonderlands" of the mountains, the now far-famed region fast becoming the most renowned of all lands of wonders, should have for so many years remained a silent solitude, wrapped in its own mysteries and fed by its own wonders, until discovered and made known by nine citizens of Montana, who lifted the veil of secrecy and revealed its hidden glories.

These men, who tell their story of adventure in *Scribner's Monthly* of May, 1871, were the writer, Col. N. P. Langford, collector of Internal revenue; Samuel T. Hauser, President of First National Bank of Helena; Hon. Truman Everts, Assessor of Internal revenue; Cornelius Hedges, a member of the bar; Walter Trumbull, Ben Stickney, Jr., Warren C. Gillette, Jacob Smith, and Gen. H. D. Washburn, an ex-member of Congress from Indiana and Surveyor-general of Montana Territory.

According to their story, the preparation was simple. Each was supplied with a strong horse, well equipped with California saddle, bridle and cantinas. A needle-gun, a belt filled with cartridges, a pair of revolvers, a hunting knife, added to the usual garb of the mountains, completed the personal outfit of each member of the expedition. Their provisions consisted of bacon, dried fruits, flour, etc. I expect that "etc." covered a multitude of stores, liquid and otherwise, and were



FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.—(*Geysers of the Yellowstone.*)



lashed securely to the backs of twelve bronchos. They also employed two black cooks.

Fort Ellis was reached in four days, where they were joined by a guard consisting of an officer and five soldiers by order of General Hancock, who was anxious to learn something of the country to aid him in military operations.

Again under way, they began a tedious ride of several hours up steep acclivities, over rocks and through dark defiles, passing at length over the summit of the mountain range, and taking a farewell look at the beautiful valley of the Gallatin, they descended into a ravine coursed by the waters of Trail Creek. For two days they followed this, and reaching the Yellowstone, they rode to the solitary ranch of the Boteler brothers, the outer edge of civilization. Here they were regaled by those pioneers with the marvelous stories of the wonders that lay just before them. They were likewise informed by a despoiled trapper whom they met on their way, robbed of horse and outfit, that twenty-five lodges of Crows had preceded them but two days. They, however, organized their force to meet this emergency, should it arise and elected General Washburn commander of the party. But one march should be made daily, beginning at 8 A. M. and camping at 3 P. M. At night the horses were carefully picketed, watched by a guard of two men.

Plunging into the vast wilderness that lay before them, they followed a slight Indian trail near the bank of the river, amid the wildest scenery of rock, river and mountain. The foothills were covered with verdure, which an autumnal scene had sprinkled with delicate maroon-colored tints. The narrow-rocky path led over high hills, abrupt and difficult of passage. The river was a mountain torrent. Here a band of Indians was observed watching their progress, who, however, fled on being discovered. A hard and continuous rainstorm which followed may have saved them that night from an attack. The next morning they ascended the spur of a mountain and beheld the beautiful valley stretched before them like a panorama—the river fringed with cottonwood, the foothills covered with luxuriant herbage, and over all the snow-crowned summits of the mountains rising up from the broad plateau at their feet.

They camped that night near the lower cañon of the Yellowstone, less than a mile in length, and not deeper than a thousand feet. But

its walls are vertical and from the summit of the precipice the view is beautiful, as the river forces its way through a narrow gorge, surging and boiling at a fearful rate and breaking into myriads of prismatic drops against every projecting rock.

Six miles over the mountains above the cañon they descended into a broad valley, where they met an object that claimed their fixed attention. Two parallel vertical walls of rock projected from the side of a mountain to the height of 125 feet, traversing the mountain side from base to summit 1,500 feet. This they named the Devil's Slide, after one of a similar formation in Weber Cañon, Utah. The walls were not over thirty feet in thickness, and their tops were covered all the way with a growth of pine trees. The sides were as even as if they had been worked by a master-hand with line and plummet. It was, however, the work of the elements, and the master-hand of Nature, directing the storm of wind and rain, had washed away the huge mountain sides, leaving for unborn ages, as the evidence of their ceaseless labors, these vertical projections.

Crossing the stream the following morning, they passed over rocky ridges into a valley crowded with the spires of protruding rocks, of such a dismal aspect they named it "The Valley of Desolation." Six miles beyond, just before camping for the night, they came upon fresh tracks of unshod ponies, a sure sign of proximity of Indians. They were rudely awakened from their dreams that night by one of their own horses breaking loose and rushing madly through their camp which caused them to seize their guns, believing the Indians had made a night attack.

From a summit of the commanding range separating the waters of Antelope and Tower Creeks they descended through a picturesque gorge, leading their horses to a small stream flowing into the Yellowstone. Four miles of travel adown its precipitous slopes brought them to the banks of Tower Creek and within the volcanic region where the real wonders began. Here, in a landscape of remarkable beauty, stretched for two miles along the eastern bank of the Yellowstone "Column Rock," composed of successive pillars of basalt over and underlying a thick stratum of cement and gravel resembling pudding-stone. Both sides of these pillars, standing close together, were all of thirty feet high and from three to five feet in diameter.

Tower Creek, falling perpendicularly over a ledge 112 feet high, forms one of the most beautiful cataracts of the world. The scenery

surrounding the falls is beautiful. Spires of solid shale, capped with slate, beautifully rounded and polished and faultless in symmetry, raise their tapering forms from 80 to 150 feet all over the plateau. Towers, spires of churches and minarets of mosques rise before you and stand like sentinels upon the brink of the falls.

Among these curious formations was a huge mass sixty feet high, which, from its supposed resemblance to the proverbial foot of the evil one, they called "Devil's Hoof." They gave the name of "Tower Falls" to the cataract, having been suggested by the most conspicuous features of the scenery.

The next day they ascended a lofty peak, 10,580 feet above the sea level, which, in honor of their commander, they named Mount Washburn. From its summit, 400 feet above the line of perpetual snow, they traced the river's course to its source in Yellowstone Lake. Descending and following the stream in the direction of its mouth, at the distance of a mile from their camp, they crossed a bed of volcanic ashes, thirty feet deep, extending 100 yards on both sides of the stream. A mile beyond they came suddenly upon a hideous glen, filled with the vapory fumes from eight boiling sulphur springs. Cautiously entering the basin, they found the entire surface covered with incrustations from the springs. Jets of hot vapor were expelled through hundreds of natural orifices with which it was pierced, and through every fracture made by passing over it. These springs were as diabolical in appearance as the Witches' Cauldron in the play of "Macbeth," and were all in a state of violent ebullition. A stick thrust into them, being withdrawn, was coated with lead-colored slime a quarter inch thick. Others they tried unsuccessfully to fathom, not being able to reach their bottom with the longest poles. Rocks cast into them increased their violent agitation. The incrustations bent beneath the weight of the travelers, and there oozed from their fractures a sulphury slime of the consistency of paint or mucilage.

There was something so revolting in the general aspect of the springs, the foulness of their vapors and infernal contents, the treacherous incrustations, through which each moment they might be hurled into an unseen abyss, and the wild seclusion and general air of desolation, compelled them to name them somewhat after their scriptural prototypes, and thus they christened them "Hell's Broth Springs." They had never before, in all probability, been viewed by a white man.

They descended the mountain toward evening in the vicinity of the Great Falls of the Yellowstone, along the banks of a beautiful rapid stream which they named Cascade Creek, inasmuch as near the foot of a gorge through whose gloomy recesses this stream passes—the stream breaks from fearful rapids into a cascade of great beauty. The first fall is but five feet, immediately succeeded by another of fifteen, into a pool as clear as amber, nestling beneath overarching rocks. Here, lingering as if reluctant to take the final leap, it gracefully emerges from the grotto, and veiling the rocks down an abrupt descent of eighty-four feet, moves rapidly on to the Yellowstone.

The Great Falls are at the head of one of the most remarkable cañons in the world, a gorge through volcanic rocks, fifty miles long and varying from a thousand to five thousand feet in depth. In its descent through this wonderful chasm the river falls three thousand feet. At one point where its passage has been worn through a mountain range, they were assured by their hunters that it was more than a vertical mile in depth, and the river, broken into rapids and cascades, appeared no wider than a ribbon. The dizzy verge appalled them and they shrank back from its overhanging walls to the firm earth again. The stillness was complete. Far down below, they saw the river attenuated to a thread, tossing its infant waves and dashing with puny strength against its narrow prison walls. No man could reach its margin and the dark gray rocks held it in dismal shadow. The voices of its waters could not be heard nor its convulsive throbs, as uncheered by plant or shrub, it rushed madly over huge rocks and bowlders on its lonely way through the dark depths of the rocky firmament. No wing of bird or any living thing broke the stillness that reigned over the depths of the awful chasm.

They were told by trappers that in the vicinity there were cataracts 1,000 feet high, and they regretted when too late that a fuller exploration had not been made. But they followed the river to the falls, and beheld in the lower cataract of the Yellowstone as grand a scene as ever was witnessed by mortal eye. The harmony of the surrounding scenery added its glory to the marvelous vision. Where the river takes its plunge it is converged to 150 feet. The shelf over which it falls has been worn as level as a work of art. The height is 350 feet by actual line measurement, save a few inches. At this point the cañon is 1,000 feet deep, its vertical sides rising gray and dark

above the falls to shelving summits, where you look down into the boiling spray-filled chasm, glittering like diamonds and arched with the glories of a radiant rainbow. Below the falls the river for a mile is broken by rapids and beautiful cascades that sparkle in iridescent colors.

The upper fall does not compare in grandeur with the lower. Nevertheless it is of great interest. The river above it is broken into fearful rapids, and the stream narrows as it approaches the brink, and bounds with impatient struggles for release, leaping madly through the stony jaws in a sheet of silvery foam over a perpendicular precipice 115 feet high. Midway in its descent the entire volume of water is deflected by an intervening ledge fifteen feet beyond the vertical base of the precipice. Here the waters churn upon the rocks into a mass of foam and spray, through which all the colors of the solar spectrum are reproduced in wonderful profusion. It is not sublime, but picturesque. All its beauty lies open in the golden sunshine in the center of a green pine foliage that crowns the adjacent hills.

For two days they rambled around these wonders and then passed on to other scenes. The last vestige of the rapids disappeared half a mile above the upper fall, but the waters, like those of Niagara, were of an emerald hue. A few miles beyond they found themselves in a region filled with boiling springs and craters. Two mighty hills, each 300 feet high and nearly half a mile across their base, had been formed entirely of lava, sulphur and reddish-brown clay projected from the adjacent springs. They were in a volcanic country whose fires were burning when Washington fought at Eutaw and Trenton—perhaps when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. They were the first white men to gaze upon these wonders. A great many exhausted craters dotted the mountain heights. One on the summit, still alive, changed its hues like steel under the process of tempering, to every kiss of the passing breeze. Hot streams of vapor issued everywhere from the fractured earth. Its surface answered in hollow tones to every foot-step and bent beneath their horses' weight.

One of these clusters of sulphur springs is twenty feet in diameter, encircled by a beautifully-scolloped sedimentary border, on which the water is thrown to the height of seven feet. The perfect shading of the scollops forms one of the most delicate and beautiful freaks of nature's handiwork. A few rods north of this spring is a cavern at the

base of the hill, whose mouth is seven feet in diameter, and from which a dense jet of sulphurous vapor explodes with a regular report like that of a high-pressure engine.

A hundred yards distant they discovered a boiling alum spring, surrounded with beautiful crystals, from the borders of which they gathered a quantity of nearly pure alum. Here the incrustation broke beneath the weight of one of their party, and he was marvelously preserved from a horrible death in the boiling spring by throwing himself suddenly backward at full length upon the more solid parts. Their efforts to sound the depths of this spring with a pole thirty-five feet in length were fruitless.

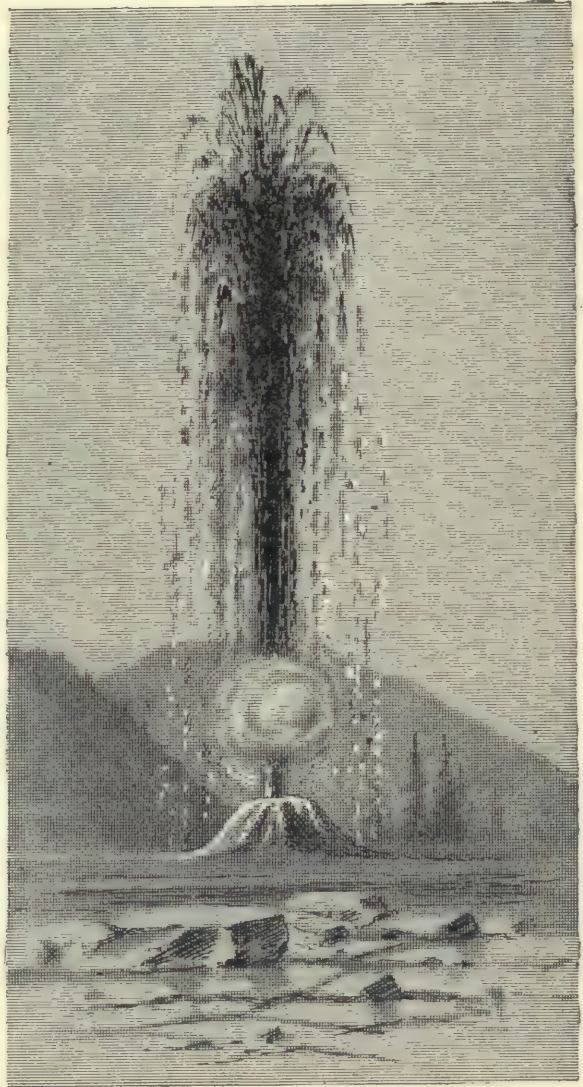
They next entered a basin containing thirty springs of boiling clay of the consistency of thick paint and of various colors. A day was spent in examining the wonders surrounding them. At the base of an adjacent foothill they discovered three springs of boiling mud, and near by a cave from which a small stream of perfectly transparent water flowed—the water boiling at a furious rate twenty feet from its mouth. Two hundred yards from the cave they found the Muddy Geyser, and, attracted by dull thundering sounds resembling the discharges of distant cannon, they came upon a mighty mud volcano, from which dense volumes of steam shot into the air with each report, through a crater thirty feet wide. These reports occurred in rapid succession as often as every five seconds, and could be distinctly heard for half a mile. Each alternate report shook the earth for 200 yards, and the massive jets of vapor projected therefrom burst forth like the smoke of burning gunpowder. This volcano they adjudged to be of recent formation from the freshness of surrounding vegetation and the particles of dried clay adhering to the topmost branches of the trees. It may not have been more than a few months old, but its first explosion must have shaken the hills for miles. They beheld limbs of trees 125 feet high encased in clay and its scattered contents 200 feet from it.

On the following day toward its close they reached the banks of Yellowstone Lake through a timber passage of two miles unmarked by a single trail. The silvery bosom of the lake reflected the beams of the setting sun and stretched away for miles until lost in the dark foliage of the vast wilderness of pines surrounding it. Secluded amid the loftiest peaks of the Rocky Mountains it lay in its lonely glory 8,337 feet above the ocean's level. It was once, perhaps, the mighty crater

of a huge volcano, and its shore lines bear testimony of the awful upheaval and tremendous power of the elements that in the frenzy of motion created it.

Islands of emerald hue dot its surface, and sparkling sands form its jeweled setting. All about it mountain blasts have piled the surface with trunks of prostrate trees. Along the shore were scattered curiously-wrought objects of slate, varying in size from a gold dollar to a locomotive, composing water-cups, discs, long pestles, resemblances to legs and feet, and other objects which the elements in capricious mood had scattered about this watery solitude. So similar to works of art were these configurations that they had deceived the eye of an old trapper, who had previously told them they would find on the borders of this lake the drinking cups, war clubs

and remains of idols of an extinct race that once peopled these solitudes. At another point on the lake shore they found where



THE MUD VOLCANO.

the beach was pebbly, carnelians, agates and chalcedony in great abundance.

To obtain a satisfactory view of the southern shore of the lake, two of the party climbed a lofty mountain, its summit 600 feet above the line of perpetual snow, and 11,352 feet above the ocean level. The grandeur and vast extent of the view they found to be beyond description. Before them they saw with great distinctness the jets of the mud volcanoes, and far beyond them, stretching away into a horizon of cloud-defined mountains, was the entire Wind River Range, revealing in the sunlight its dark ravines, gloomy cañons and stupendous precipices. Gigantic spires shot up from the main body, glittering in the sunbeams like shining crystal. Its central line was broken into countless points, knobs, glens and defiles of colossal grandeur and magnificence. The valley at its base was split centrally by the river, which emerged from an immense cañon.

This range of mountains possesses a marvelous history. It is the loftiest of the Rocky Range. The Indians call it "the crest of the world," and maintain the legend that he who reaches its summit obtains a view of the land of souls, where the happy hunting grounds are spread with the bright abodes of free and generous spirits.

For two days now their journey was through a forest piled with fallen trunks of trees and their progress was slow and weary. Twice they came upon grizzly bears, and in the intricate meshes of the vast network of branches, tree-tops and trunks, each seeking a way of escape, three of the party became lost; but happily two of them found their way into camp that night. The third never returned to camp. The story of his sufferings for 37 days of continuous peril is told in the succeeding chapter.

Pursuing their journey they ascended a mountain overlooking the north and west shores of the lake. Nearly 1,000 feet above Yellowstone Lake they found two small lakes nestled in a dark glen, completely environed with huge masses of basalt and brown lava, thrown up by some terrible convulsion. The day following the party was divided and a search made in every direction for their missing comrade. Notices were posted on trees and *caches* of food made at various points. Two of the searching parties returned early to the camp, having been intercepted by Indians. The other parties likewise returned after a fruitless search of two days, having visited all the

camp of the six preceding days. For three days longer they continued the search for their lost comrade, but in vain. On full consultation they came to the conclusion that he had either been shot from his horse by an Indian, or had returned down the Yellowstone, or struck out upon some of the head waters of Snake River, with the intention of following it to the settlements. A heavy fall of snow for two days kept them confined to the shelter of their camp. As soon as the weather cleared they made a circuit around the head of the inlet to 150 springs, differing from any hitherto seen. The hues of their streaming sprays varied from whity-chalk to a delicate lavender, that of a brilliant pink color, and others of pure ultra-marine. This group of springs is distinguished by the fashion of their overflow into a concrete bank of commingled tufa eight feet high and a quarter of a mile in length on the margin of a lake. The waves have worn this bank into large caverns which respond in hollow murmurs to their fierce assaults. For five days they remained in this vicinity in the vain hope of finding their missing friend. But now their provisions were rapidly diminishing, and a longer stay promised unfavorable results. The force of circumstances obliged them to adopt the sad alternative of moving forward the next day, leaving one of their own party and two cavalrymen to continue the search.

They bade adieu to Yellowstone Lake, surfeited with the wonders they had seen. The desire for home now superseded all thought of further exploration, and the loss of their friend was a continuous source of unhappy reflections. They had beheld the greatest wonders on the continent, and were convinced there was not on the globe another region where, within the same limits, nature had crowded so much grandeur and majesty. To return home now was their purpose, as no more wonders were to be seen, and they would journey by way of Madison Valley. Judge, then, their surprise, as, entering the basin at mid-afternoon of their second days' travel homeward by this route, they saw in the clear sunlight at no great distance an immense volume of clear, sparkling water projected into the air to the height of 125 feet. Spurring their jaded animals they were soon beside this wonderful phenomenon. It was a perfect Geyser, elevated thirty feet above the level of the surrounding plain; an irregular oval 3x7 feet in diameter, with a margin of sinter curiously piled up and the exterior crust filled with little hollows full of water, in which were small globules of

sediment gathered around bits of wood and other nuclei. The projected waters were at a boiling temperature and on the summit of a cone twenty feet high near by was a boiling spring seven feet in diameter surrounded with beautiful incrustations, on the slope of which they gathered twigs and pine-tree cones encased in a silicious crust a quarter of an inch in thickness. But all the curiosities of this basin were insignificant compared with the Geysers. During their brief stay of twenty-two hours they beheld twelve in action, one of which they named "The Fan," as it possessed an orifice which discharged two radiating jets of water to the height of sixty feet, the falling drops and spray resembling a feather fan. The effect was exceedingly beautiful. Another was named "The Grotto," from its singular crater of vitrified sinter, full of large sinuous apertures.

"The Castle" was situated on the summit of an incrustated mound, and possessed a turreted crater through which a large volume of water was expelled at intervals of two or three hours to the height of fifty feet, from a discharging orifice three feet in diameter.

They named "The Giant" from its rugged crater, ten feet in diameter on the outside, and from its discharge of a vast body of water in a column five feet in diameter and 140 feet in vertical height, retaining its eruptive flow for three hours at a time.

In their search for new wonders they were led across "Fire Hole River," and ascending a gentle incrustated slope came suddenly upon a large oval aperture with scalloped edges, the diameters of which were eighteen and twenty-five feet. No water was discovered, but they could hear it distinctly bubbling and boiling at a great distance below. Suddenly it began to rise, sending out huge masses of steam, producing a general stampede of their party, and driving them far back from the point of observation. It quieted for a few minutes and then, seized with a fearful spasm, rose with incredible rapidity, scarce affording them time for escape, bursting from the orifice with terrific momentum, rising in a column the full size of the aperture to a height of sixty feet, while out of the apex of this vast watery mass rose five or six lesser jets or round columns of water, varying from nine to fifteen inches in diameter, and projected to the wonderful height of 250 feet.

This grand eruption continued for 20 minutes and was the most magnificent sight they beheld. They stood on the side of the Geyser, nearest the sun, the gleams of which filled the sparkling column of

water and spray with myriad rainbows, whose arches constantly changed, dipping and fluttering hither and thither and disappearing only to be succeeded by others again and again, while the minute globules into which the spent jets were diffused when falling, sparkled like a shower of diamonds. Around every shadow which the denser clouds of vapor, interrupting the sun's rays, cast upon the column, they beheld a luminous circle radiant with all the colors of the prism, resembling the halo of glory represented in paintings as encircling the head of Divinity. All the wonders they had previously witnessed appeared tame in comparison with the perfect grandeur and beauty of this display. This Geyser they named "The Giantess."

In this basin, two miles in length and one mile in width, there were more than a thousand pipes or



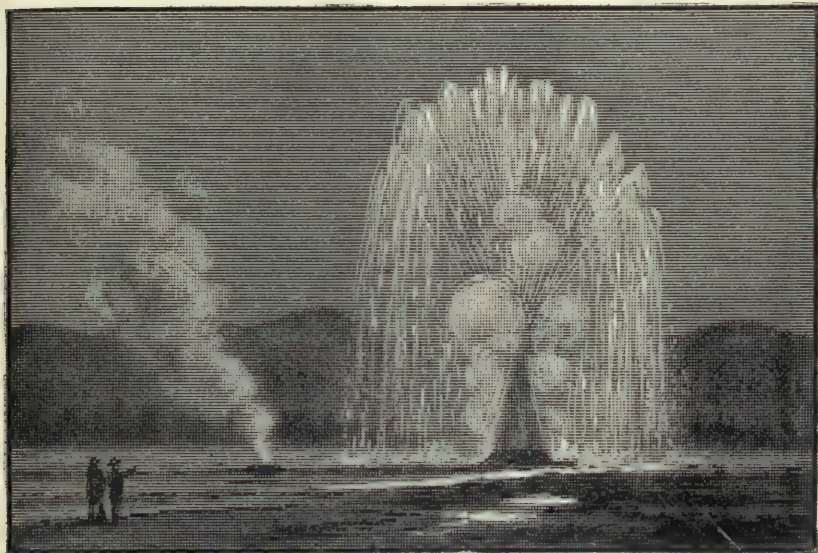
THE GIANT GEYSER.

wells, rising to the surface, varying in diameter from 2 to 120 feet, their water at the boiling point, hundreds bearing evidence of Geysers. They could not, however, linger to make further explorations; their waning stores admonishing them of the necessity for a hurried departure, and they left this truly remarkable region less than half explored. The entire country is volcanic, constantly under an active internal pressure, which obtains relief through those numberless springs, jets, volcanoes and geysers, and but for which there might be one terrific outburst, forming a volcano of vast dimensions. Indeed, a mountaineer who visited a portion of this region a year before these explorations, discovered at one place a small volcano constantly overflowing with liquid lava and sulphur and emitting smoke, and it may be that within this remarkable region the genuine volcanic elements may some day burst forth with an eruptive force superior to that of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*.

The Geyser is a new and remarkable feature of our physical history. It is found in no other countries but Iceland and Thibet, although the latter are inconsiderable when compared to Iceland, and those of Iceland dwindle into insignificance when compared to those of Fire Hole or Madison Valley. Until the discovery of the American Geysers there were but two which attracted general attention—the Great Geyser and the *Strokr*, of Iceland. These were visited and commented upon by the most distinguished savants of the Old World, Von Troil, Stanley, Ohlsen, Hooker, McKenzie and Bunsen, all of whom published their theories with respect to the causes of their origin.

Bunsen ascribes the eruption to the theory evolved by M. Dormy, of Ghent, who discovered that water long boiled becomes more and more free from air, by which its molecular cohesion is so greatly increased that, when exposed to a heat sufficient to overcome the force of cohesion, the production of steam is instantaneous, and of such quantity as to cause explosion. Bunsen found the water at the bottom of the well of the Great Geyser to be of a constantly-increasing temperature up to the moment of an eruption. On one occasion he ascertained it to be as high as 261° Fahrenheit. His theory is that on reaching some unknown point above that temperature ebullition takes place, vapor is suddenly generated in enormous quantities, and an eruption of the superior column of water immediately follows.

The explorers state that the Geysers of the Madison exhibit precisely the same physical features, and doubtless originate in the same causes. They are likewise surrounded by innumerable springs of hot water. The waters of the Madison Valley Geysers, like those of the Iceland Geysers, appear perfectly pure, and might probably be used for cooking or drinking.



FAN GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE REGION.

Dr. Black gives the following result of an analysis of a quantity of 10,000 grains, equal to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a gallon of water from the Great Geyser of Iceland :

Soda,	0.95
Alumina,	0.48
Silica,	5.40
Muriate of soda,	2.46
Dry sulphate of soda,	1.46
Total,	10.75

The explorers suggest that a broad field is opened to the chemist in the investigation of the many-tinted springs of boiling mud, and the mud volcano. Such objects were of the greatest interest to Humboldt, who devotes to their description one of the most interesting chapters of "Cosmos."

Besides these marvels of the Upper Yellowstone, the tourist may gaze upon the strange scenery of the lower valley of that remarkable stream, the Great Falls of the Missouri, the grotesque groups of eroded rocks below Fort Benton, the beautiful cañons of the Prickly Pear, and the mighty architecture of the vast chains and spurs of mountains which everywhere traverse that picturesque and romantic country, which these brave men opened up to the knowledge of mankind.

Since those early adventures I have recorded, there have been many exploring parties through this Yellowstone Park and its tributaries, including that of the Hayden survey in 1871. The Park itself has been made national by legislative and executive action, and is now a resort for the "enquirers" and "investigators," as well as those of all nations who love romance and wild scenery.

Up to 1878 there had been discovered in the Yellowstone Park 2,195 springs and geysers, including seventy-one active geysers, and this enormous number was the result of only a partial survey of the territory. The greater number of the active geysers are found in what is known as the Upper Geyser Basin, where they are found chiefly along the banks of the Yellowstone River. Six miles below the upper basin is what is called the Midway Geyser Basin. It is here that are found the great Excelsior Geyser and the Grand Prismatic Spring. They lie on the west bank of the river, and may be approached by a foot-bridge. The Excelsior is the largest geyser known in the world, but its eruptions heretofore have been so irregular that few have been witnessed of late years. The name of Cliff Cauldron was given it by the Hayden survey in 1871, and it was not until some years later that it was discovered to be a powerful geyser. In 1881 a series of great eruptions took place, in which a great column of water was ejected to the height of 250 and even 300 feet. At times stones were thrown out. The crater is an immense pit 330 feet in length and 200 feet in width at the widest part, the cliff-like and treacherous walls being from fifteen to twenty feet high from the boiling waters to the surrounding level. The water is always in violent agitation and dense clouds of steam generally obscure the surface. "Hell's Half Acre" is another expressive name given to this terrible pit. Two rivulets pour forth into the river from the spring, and the deposits are very brilliantly colored, yellow, orange, red, and rose tints being displayed in profusion.

There is no time when the subterranean forces are inactive, and the geyser region at all times presents a strange and weird scene. Strange sights and sounds greet the stranger on every side. Clouds of steam arise from a dozen different localities, some of the springs being hidden in the timber which covers the neighboring mountain sides. In the vicinity of the Geysers there are hissing and gurgling sounds and thunderous thuds, as of ponderous machinery at work in vast subterraneous depths. The eruption of any of the Geysers is heralded by the escape of steam from an adjacent steam vent, and directly after a fountain of hot water is thrown into the air with fearful belchings, to fall again in a giant cataract. Almost constantly there is a display of some kind going on, and the strange din is kept up night and day. There are daily eruptions of some of the Geysers, while others have longer intervals of quiescence, and some of them, as in the case of the Excelsior, are apparently extinct for long periods.

The recent outburst of the Excelsior, after a quietude of four years, is indeed remarkable. It demonstrates the fact that some unknown force holds in check these subterranean powers, which, for an instant losing its grasp, permits the fiery forces to gush forth from their cavernous depths and exhaust themselves in contact with the elements of the earth's atmosphere. The term geyser is derived from the Icelandic word, *gey-sa*, to gush. As previously stated, certain theories have been advanced as to the propagation of the geysers. Herschel, Bunsen, Comstock, McKenzie and other scientists have advanced theories as to geyser action, and that of Bunsen is generally accepted in the main. The presence of igneous rocks, which still retain their heat, at a considerable distance below the surface, and the admission of water to subterranean apertures, or tubes, seem to be the requisite conditions to produce a geyser.

One writer on these wonderful formations presents his views as follows :

"Steam is formed within caverns or chambers partly filled with water, and a column of water as well as the steam itself is driven out through the tube. Intermittent geyser action may result from curvatures in the tube, deposits of water being left in the depressions from previous upheavels to await the next discharge, the intervals between the eruptions being governed by the size of the chambers wherein the steam is generated, conditions of temperature, etc. It has been noticed



THE GROTTO GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE REGION.

that geysers occur where the intensity of volcanic action is decreasing. In the neighborhood of active volcanoes, such as Vesuvius, the temperature appears to be too high, and the vapor escapes as steam from what are called *stufas*. When the rocks are more cooled the water comes forth in a liquid form. Says Dr. Peale in *Science* (July 27th, 1883): 'It is probable all geysers are originally due to a violent outbreak of steam and water, and that the first stage is that of a huge steam-vent. Under such conditions, irregular cavities and passages are more likely to be formed than regular tubes. The lining of the passages and tubes takes place afterward, and is a slow process. Whether the subterranean passages in which the water is heated are narrow channels, enlargement of the tubes or caverns or tubes is probably of little consequence, except as the periods or intervals of the geysers are influenced.

If water in a glass tube be heated rapidly from the bottom it will be violently expelled from the tube, or if boiled in a kettle that has a lid and a spout, either the lid will be blown off or the water will be forced out of the spout. In the first case we have an explanation in part, at least, of Bunsen's theory, and the second exemplifies the theories which presuppose the existence of subterranean cavities and connecting tubes. The simpler the form of the geyser-tube, the less is the impediment to the circulation of the superheated water; and in this fact lies the explanation of the difference between constantly boiling springs and geysers. The variations and modifications of the subterranean water passages, however, must be important factors entering into any complete explanation of geyseric action.'"

The handsomest of all the Park springs is the Grand Prismatic Spring, which lies near the pit of the Excelsior Geyser, named by Dr. Hayden in 1871. It measures 350 by 250 feet. Over the central pit or bowl, which is constantly boiling and sending up vast columns of steam, the color is a deep blue, which fades into green toward the edge. The surrounding shallow basin has a yellow tint, fading into orange, and outside the rim is a brilliant red deposit. This fades into purples, browns and grays, the whole being on the gray-white ground of the deposit. There are several other remarkably beautiful springs in the vicinity, including the Turquoise, a deep-blue tinted square spring at a lower level than the Prismatic.

## CHAPTER XL.

THIRTY-SEVEN DAYS OF PERIL—REVIEW OF THE STORY OF THUMAN C. EVARTS, ONE OF THE PARTY OF EXPLORERS FROM MONTANA WHO BECAME SEPARATED FROM HIS PARTY, AND WHO WANDERED FOR THIRTY-SEVEN DAYS IN THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

A DESIRE to visit the remarkable region and view the wonders of the Upper Yellowstone led Truman C. Everts, whom I knew as a Government official in Montana Territory, to unite in an expedition to that region of marvelous natural productions in the month of August of the year 1870. Having suffered all the perils of that expedition, he adds to the reports of others of his party the following narrative of his wanderings and sufferings in the wilderness of forest and mountain that he traversed for thirty-seven days, lost amid its labyrinths and nearly famished with hunger and cold. In an exciting story of those thirty-seven days of peril told in *Scribner's Monthly* he tells us that the general character of the stupendous scenery of the Rocky Mountains had prepared his mind for giving credit to all the strange stories told of the Yellowstone, and he became as fully satisfied of the existence of the physical phenomena of that country on the morning when his company started from Helena as when he afterward beheld its majestic proportions. Having engaged in the enterprise with enthusiasm, he felt that all the hardships and exposures of a month's horseback travel through an unexplored region would be more than compensated by the grandeur and novelty of the natural objects with which it was filled. The idea of being lost in its vast depths, without the least of the ordinary means of subsistence and of wandering for days and weeks alone in a famishing condition in the unknown wilderness, formed no part of his contemplation.

On the day that he found himself separated from the company, and for several days previous their course had been impeded by a dense growth of the pine forest, and large tracts of fallen timber frequently rendering their progress impossible. Whenever they became entangled in one of those immense windfalls, each one of the party engaged in the pursuit of a passage through it, and while thus employed,

and with the idea that he had found an opening, he strayed out of sight and sound of his companions. But these separations had frequently occurred, and although quite late in the afternoon he felt no alarm, but rode on, confidently expecting soon to rejoin his comrades or discover their camp. At length darkness overtook him in the dense forest. This was disagreeable enough, but still occasioned no alarm. He would do without his supper for the night, but breakfast with the party in the morning with a greater zest for the little adventure. Selecting a spot for his slumber, he picketed his horse, built a fire and was soon wrapped in sleep, for the day had been long and toilsome.

At early dawn he saddled and mounted his horse and started, as he supposed, in the direction of the camp of his friends. The ride the day previous had been through a peninsula jutting into the lake. He directed his way to the shore of this lake, feeling confident his companions had camped upon its sandy beach. But it was only by a slow process he could make his way through the dark, dense forest. While searching for the trail he became confused, as the fallen foliage of the pines had obliterated the trail. He was obliged to dismount and examine the ground for its faintest trace.

Approaching an opening where he beheld several vistas, he dismounted for the purpose of selecting the one leading in the direction he had chosen, and so, leaving his horse unhitched, as was his custom, he walked several rods into the forest. While thus engaged his horse took fright, and he had but just time to turn about and behold him for the last time as he disappeared at full speed among the lofty trees. With him went blankets, gun, pistols, fishing-tackle, matches, everything save the clothing on his person, a couple of knives he carried in his pockets, and a small opera glass, with which he was surveying the distance when this unhappy accident occurred. Instead of continuing his pursuit of the camp, he went immediately and quite naturally in search of his animal. Half a day's search convinced him of its utter uselessness. He wrote and posted in an open space several notices, which, if his friends chanced to see, would inform them of his desolate condition and the route he had taken, and then, with brave hope in his heart, he manfully struck out in the supposed direction of the camp. But the day wore on without any discovery, and alarm took the place of anxiety as the prospect of another night in the wilderness dawned upon him, this, too, without the warmth or

protection of a fire. But the bright side of a misfortune, which he learned by experience, even under the most damaging circumstances, always presents some features of encouragement. When he realized his condition to be one of peril he immediately banished from his mind all fear of an unfavorable result. Another night must be spent amid the fallen timber before his return could be accomplished. His friends having seen his notices upon the trees were now upon his trail, and surely ere long he would be in the arms of his glad rescuers. Thus he reasoned, but at no period of his exile did he suffer so mentally from the cravings of his hunger as when, exhausted with continuous fast and the long day of fruitless search, he resigned himself to a couch of pine foliage in the deep darkness of a thicket of small trees. How forlorn was his condition! He peered upward through the darkness, but all was gloom. The wind moaned sadly through the pines. The black forest was alive with the screechings of strange night birds, the angry barking of coyotes, and the prolonged dismal howl of the ravenous gray wolf. These sounds, though constant through their journey, were now in his lone condition full of terror, and banished the thought of sleep. But above it all was a ray of golden hope, lighting up the darkness and gloom of his night of despair, and that was the hope of being restored to his friends the next day. Early in the morning he arose unrefreshed and pursued his weary way. About noon he came upon the spot where his notices were posted. Imagine his sorrowful disappointment when he found that no one had been there. For the first time he realized that he was lost, and the crushing sense of utter destitution came with overwhelming force. "No food, no fire; no means to procure either, alone in a vast unexplored wilderness, 150 miles from the nearest human abode, surrounded by wild beasts and famishing with hunger." It was, however, no time for despondency. A moment afterward he felt how calamity can elevate the mind in the formation of a resolution "not to perish in that wilderness." Such were the thoughts of this brave man. All his plans were controlled by the idea of finding his party. He thought by traversing the peninsula centrally he would strike the shore of the lake in advance of their camp and near the point of departure for the Madison. He pursued this impression, but, clambering over the huge trunks of fallen trees, he nearly fell from exhaustion. Weakness now took the place of hunger. He

felt no cravings, although conscious of the want of food. Despondency strove with resolution for the mastery of his thoughts. He dwelt on home and family, of the chance of starvation or death by wild beasts in the deep forest. But as these thoughts arose in his mind he endeavored instantly to banish them with reflections adapted to his immediate necessities. He tells us that he recollects at this time discussing the question whether there was not implanted by Providence in every man a principle of self-preservation equal to any emergency which did not destroy his reason. He decided this question in the affirmative many times. There is life in the thought! It restores hope, allays hunger, renews energy, encourages perseverance, and, as he demonstrated in his own case, brings a man out of difficulty when all else fails.

It was midday when he emerged from the forest at an open space at the foot of the peninsula. A broad lake of beautiful curvature with magnificent surroundings lay before him glittering in the sunbeams. It was full twelve miles in circumference. A wide belt of sand formed the margin which he was approaching, directly opposite to which, rising apparently from the very depths of the waters, towered the loftiest peak of an interminable range of mountains. Vapor ascended from innumerable hot springs and the sparkling jets of a single geyser added a novel feature to one of the grandest landscapes he ever beheld. The scene was full of life. Large flocks of swans and other water-fowl sported on the surface of the lake; otters in great numbers performed the most amusing aquatic evolutions; mink and beaver swam around unfrighted in grotesque confusion. Deer, elk and mountain sheep gazed at him in surprise more than fear. The adjacent forest was vocal with the songs of birds and the chattering notes of a species of mocking-bird afforded merriment. Under more favorable circumstances this scene of grandeur, beauty and novelty would have transported the senses; but worn with toil, famishing with hunger and overcome with anxiety, it paled before his vision.

The lake was one thousand feet lower than the highest point of the peninsula and several hundred below the level of Yellowstone Lake. He recognized the mountain overshadowing it as the landmark which a few days before had been named by his friends in his honor Mount Everts; and, associated as it is with some of the most terrible incidents of his lonely exile, he possesses more than a mere discoverer's

right to the perpetuity of that landmark's name. The lake which he believed to be the source of the great southern tributary of the Columbia he gave the name of "Bessie Lake," after the

"Sole daughter of his house and heart."

During the first two days of his wanderings the fear of meeting with Indians gave him much anxiety. But now, in his present condition, all such fear was banished, and he longed for the approach of a Bannock or Crow. Imagine his delight while gazing over the broad expanse of the lake to behold, from a distant point, a large canoe with a single oarsman put out toward the shore where he was seated. With beating heart and hurried steps he went forth to meet it at the water's edge; all his energies stimulated by the assurance it offered of food, rescue and friends. As he approached the shore, O bitter disappointment, the object which his eager fancy had transformed into an angel of relief stalked from the water an enormous pelican, which flapped its dragon wings as if in solemn mockery of his sorrow, and flew away to a distant point.

While looking for a spot to repose in safety during the fast-approaching night, his attention was directed to a small green plant whose lovely hue formed a striking contrast with the dark pine foliage. He pulled it by the root, which was long and tapering, not unlike a radish. It was a thistle. He tasted it, and found it to be both palatable and nutritious, and the first meal in four days was made on thistle roots. He had at last found food, and could subsist until his rescue.

Overjoyed at this discovery he lay down to sleep under the foliage of a large tree. Suddenly he was awakened by a loud scream not unlike that of a human being in distress, and close at hand. There was no mistaking that fearful sound. It was the voice of a mountain lion and caused each nerve to thrill with terror. Swinging instantly into the branches of a friendly tree he scrambled as fast as he could to its topmost boughs while the savage beast snuffed and growled below at the very spot where he had lain.

Failing to alarm the animal by his responsive screams and by dashing at him branches which he broke from the tree, he shook the slender tree top with all his might. It was the impotency of fright. The wild beast remained and now began the circuit of the tree as if selecting a spot to spring up into its boughs, lashing the ground with

his tail and prolonging his howl to a roar. Expecting each moment it would take the deadly leap, he endeavored to collect his thoughts and prepare for the fatal encounter. It occurred to him to try silence. The lion, ceasing its ravings that filled the forest with its echoes, suddenly imitated his example. The silence was more terrible than the clatter and crash of the wild beast through the broken brushwood. Moments with him were like hours. After a lapse of time he could not estimate, the baffled beast gave a wild spring into the thicket and ran screaming and roaring into the forest. Once again his deliverance was effected, but only to endure days of toilsome wanderings, hunger and well nigh starvation.



MOUNTAIN LION.

After his escape from the ferocious beast a sense of overpowering weakness came upon him, which well nigh palsied his efforts and made his descent from the tree both difficult and dangerous. Incredible to relate, he lay down in his old bed, and was soon wrapped in deep slumber. At daylight he was aroused by a marked change in the atmosphere. A dreary storm of mingled snow and rain, common to those latitudes, broke upon him. His torn clothing exposed his person to its "pitiless peltings." An easterly wind increasing to a gale admonished him that it would be furious and of long duration. He could find no better shelter than the spreading branches of a spruce tree, beneath which, covered with earth and boughs he lay for two

days, while the storm raged around him with fierce violence. While in this deplorable condition from hunger and cold, a little benumbed snowbird hopped within his reach. He instantly seized and killed it, and plucking its feathers, ate it raw. He calls it a delicious meal for a half-starved man.

On the third day, during a lull in the storm, he arose and started in the direction of a large group of hot springs steaming under the shadow of Mount Everts. Before reaching these natural boiling cauldrons the storm had begun anew, chilling him to the marrow and thoroughly saturating his clothing. His heels and the sides of his feet were frozen. He lay down beside one of these springs until the warmth had permeated his system and he had quieted his appetite by a few thistle roots. Surveying his surroundings he selected a spot between two springs sufficiently apart to afford heat at his head and feet. Over this spot he built a bower of pine branches with foliage for a bed and stowed himself away to await the end of the storm. Thistles were abundant, and in close proximity was a small round boiling spring in which he cooked them and which he called his dinner pot. Here he remained for seven days with nothing to do but to think and sleep.

The want of fire gave him the greatest concern. He recalled everything he had heard or read of by which fire could be induced by artificial means. None appeared to be within his reach. Exposure to a storm similar to the one through which he had just passed would result in death. Suddenly a gleam of sunshine lit up the bosom of the lake, and with it the thought flashed upon his mind that with a lens from his opera-glass he could obtain fire from Heaven. He instantly began the test, and with what joy unspeakable did he observe the smoke curl from the bits of dry wood, and then break forth into a tiny but consuming flame. The experiment was a success and thenceforth fire should go with him, a constant companion. He would not exchange his little lens for the whole world. He now possessed food and fire and would not despair!

He was now ready to proceed on his search for the way of escape, but at this moment met with an accident that delayed his departure a number of days. An unlucky movement while asleep broke the crust of earth on which he reposed and the hot steam severely scalded his hip before he could escape from his position. This new affliction,

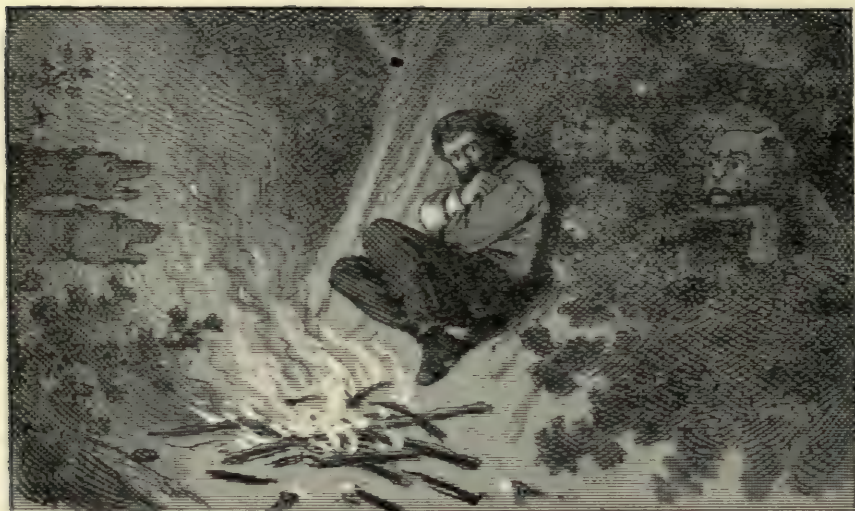
added to the pain of his frost-bitten feet, already festering, was a source of grievous annoyance during the whole of his wanderings.

Having lost both knives he made a convenient substitute by sharpening the tongue of a buckle which he tore from his vest. With this he cut the legs and counters from his boots, and the passable slippers that remained he fastened to his feet as firmly as possible with strips of bark. With the ravelings of a linen handkerchief, aided by the magic buckle, he mended his torn clothing. Of the same material he made a fish line, and of a pin found in his coat he fashioned a fish hook, and by sewing up the bottoms of his boot legs he was provided with a very good pair of pouches in which to carry his food, fastening them to his belt by the straps.

Thus accoutred, he bade the springs, which for so many days had been his retreat, a final farewell, and started on a course directly across that portion of the neck of the peninsula that lay between him and the southeast arm of the Yellowstone Lake. It was a bright and beautiful morning and the atmosphere was fresh and invigorating. He had ere this surrendered all hopes of discovering his friends, and he feared from the necessities of their condition they had been compelled to abandon all efforts for his recovery. These thoughts were full of bitterness and sorrow. Weakened by his half-starved condition, and the unsatisfactory nature of the only food he was able to secure, he felt at this time and until the day of his rescue, that his mind, although unimpaired in its preceptive powers, was in a condition to receive impressions akin to insanity. He was constantly in dream-land, indulging in strange reveries, such as he had never before known. He appeared to possess a duality of being. He lived in a world of ideal happiness and in a world of positive suffering at the same time. It did not interfere, however, with his plans of deliverance, as he was constantly reminded of the necessities of his condition. These plans, on retracing his steps and reaching Bessie Lake, assumed form and shape. He built his fire on the beach, and remained by it recuperating for two days. Either of three directions he might take would effect his escape if life and strength held out. He drew upon the sand a map of three several courses with reference to his starting point from the lake, and considered the difficulties each would involve. One was to follow Snake River a distance of 100 miles to Eagle Rock Bridge; a second to cross the country between the southern shore of Yellowstone Lake and the Madison

mountains, by scaling which he could reach the settlements in Madison Valley; the third to retrace the steps of his long and tiresome journey over the discouraging route by which he had entered the country. The first and third he abandoned after much deliberation and unwisely adopted the second route as his course of escape from the wilderness.

Filling his pouches with thistle-roots he took a parting survey of the little solitude that had afforded him food and fire for the preceding ten days, and with a feeling of melancholy, started for the nearest point on Yellowstone Lake. All day long he traveled over timber



A NIGHT OF TERROR.

heaps, tree-tops and through thickets. At noon he took the precaution to obtain fire and late in the afternoon, with a brand which he had kept alive by constant waving and blowing he kindled a fire on the only vacant spot he could find in a dense wilderness of pines. Faint and exhausted he lay down for rest. The deep gloom of the forest revealed in a spectral light on all sides a compact growth of timber crowned with sombre foliage. The shrieking of night birds, the prolonged howl of the wolf and the human scream of the mountain-lion made him insensible to all other forms of suffering. His imagination was instinct with terror. At one moment through the thicket, he

beheld the blazing eyes of a forest monster fixed upon him, preparatory to a deadly leap. At another came the swift rush of yelping wolves through the distant brushwood, to tear him limb from limb. The scald on his hip added to the intensity of his sufferings, as it prevented him from lying down, and in a fitful slumber he fell forward into the fire, inflicting a terrible burn on his hand. With what agony he longed for the day!

With a bright and glorious morning came relief from uncontrollable nervous excitement, and, in much better spirits than he had before felt, he resumed his journey toward the lake. Another day of the same unceasing toil brought him, near sunset, to a lofty headland jutting into the lake and commanding a magnificent view of an immense area of mountain and valley. In the dense blue of the horizon in front of him rose the snowy peaks of the "Three Tetons." In close proximity on the right rolled the picturesque range of the Madison, glittering in the sunlight or deepened in shadow as the fitful rays of the declining sun glanced along their rocky irregularities. Above him towered the lofty domes of Mounts Langford and Doane, and rising from the promontory was the familiar summit of Mount Everts beneath whose friendly shadow he had dwelt so long. All the vast country within this grand enclosure of mountain and lake, scarred, seamed and ridged with grotesque formations, rocky escarpments, hillocks, lakes and steaming springs produced by the volcanic agency of former ages lay spread before him like a vast panorama.

Lost in wonder and admiration at this vast world of beauty he nearly forgot his own sense of want and suffering. He kindled a fire on the beach, and removing the stiffened slippers from his feet, attached them to his belt and wandered barefoot over the soft and yielding sand of the shore gathering wood for the night.

At length, sitting by the fire, conscious of the need of protecting his festering feet from the cold night atmosphere, he sought his belt for the slippers and one was gone. In gathering the wood it had been lost. Darkness was closing around, and the knowledge that one foot would be exposed to the freezing night air was surely disheartening. For more than an hour he searched in vain among fallen trees and bushes, up the hillsides and along the beach with flaming brands for the precious article without which not a day of travel could be made. But no language can describe his joy when at length he discovered it beneath a limb that had torn it, as he passed, from his belt.

Passing a night of refreshing sleep, he started along the beach in search of a camp which he believed he would find, containing food for his necessities and direction what to do. This camp he found, but no food or notice of the movements of his companions. A dinner fork, which proved of infinite service in digging roots, and a half-pint yeast powder can, which he converted into a drinking-cup and dinner-pot, were the only evidences that the spot had ever been visited by civilized



"HE BEHELD THE BLAZING EYES OF A FOREST MONSTER."

man. It never occurred to him that they had *cached* food (which they did) at several spots near his point of departure. He left the camp in deep dejection, attempting to follow their trail to the Madison. After a careful inspection of the trail he became satisfied of a retrograde movement on their part, and consequently retraced his own steps along the beach. He built a fire for thenight and a bower of pine branches to protect him from the wind now blowing violently, and creeping under

it soon fell asleep. During the night he was aroused by the snapping and cracking of the burning foliage, and found his shelter and the adjacent forest on fire. While making his escape from the semicircle of flame by which he was surrounded, his left hand was badly burned and his hair singed closer than a barber's shave. However, the chief disaster of this fire was the loss of his buckle-tongue knife, his pin fish-hook and his fish-line. Favored by the gale the conflagration spread in oceans of flame, and with lightening swiftness over an illimitable expanse of territory, filling the atmosphere with suffocating fumes, and driving clouds of smoke, and leaving a broad and blackened trail of spectral trunks shorn of limbs and foliage, to mark the sweep of its fiery devastation.

Resolved to search for a trail no longer, when daylight dawned, he struck out for the lowest notch of the Madison Range. On arriving at its base, however, he scanned hopelessly its unsurmountable difficulties. It was but an endless succession of inaccessible peaks and precipices. No friendly cañon or gorge invited such an effort as within his power to make, to scale this rocky barrier. A feeling of helpless despair came over him as he thought of the wasted two days' journey that brought him thither. From the summit of a commanding hill he cast his eye along the only route that now appeared practicable—down the Yellowstone. But how many dreary miles of forest and mountain filled the terrible panorama! If he could but find a pass through these mountains! Twenty miles would take him through and thirty more restore him to friends and abundance! A whole day now was consumed in the vain attempt. While thus engaged another of those mental visions appeared which many of his friends have misnamed insanity, but which he declares to have been an act of Providence. The spirit of an old clerical friend, for whom he had held great regard, seemed standing before him charged with advice for his relief. He spoke to him in a tone of authority.

"Go back immediately as rapidly as your strength will admit. There is no food here or means of escape. To attempt to scale these rocks is madness!"

"Doctor," he rejoined, "the distance is too great. I can not live to travel it!"

"Say not so. Your life depends upon the effort. Return at once. Start now, lest your resolution falter. Travel as fast and as far as

possible—it is your only chance. Your power of endurance will carry you through. I will accompany you. Put your trust in heaven. Help yourself and God will help you!”

Overcome by these and other pleasant reflections and delighted with the idea of having a companion, he plodded his way over the road he had come. Resting for the night in comfort, by a fire he had little trouble to build, he resumed his journey with the rising sun. Whenever he was disposed to question the wisdom of the change of routes his old friend appeared with words of comfort and encouragement. At the close of the two succeeding days his point of destination was seemingly as far from him as when he took leave of the Madison Range, and when cold and hungry on the afternoon of the fourth day he gathered the first food he had eaten in nearly five days and lay down by the fire of his night camp, he had almost abandoned all hope of being saved. At daylight he was on the river trail again, and thence clambering through fields of tangled trunks, which seemed interminable, passing through an opening in the forest he found the tip of a gull's wing yet fresh and sweet. Making a fire at once and mashing the bones with a stone he made a half pint of delicious broth in his yeast powder box.

He now lost all sense of time. Day and night came and went and were numbered only by the growing consciousness that he was gradually starving. He felt no hunger and his wounds gave him no pain. The roots which had supplied food had suspended digestion and their fibers were packed in his stomach in a compact mass. His hours of slumber, however, were visited by the most luxurious dreams. Immense tables in gorgeously decorated restaurants appeared before him loaded with the most tempting viands. With his own hands he frequently prepared the daintiest dishes, and apparently the entire night would be spent in preparing a feast. He would realize the fatigue attendant upon the labor of roasting, boiling, baking and otherwise preparing the vast abundance of food that appeared before him in his hours of slumber.

It was on a cold, gloomy day that he arrived at the falls. The sky was overcast with clouds and the atmosphere was keen and biting. The sun hid his face and denied him all means of heat and warmth. The sole alternative was to seek shelter in the thicket. Then, having interlaced the surrounding brushwood over a bed of fallen foliage, he



EVERTS RUSHING FROM THE FOREST FIRE.



lay down with a prayer for sleep and forgetfulness. Alas! neither came. The moaning of the wind through the pines, mingling with the sullen roar of the falls, was strangely in unison with his own sad feelings. The cold increased through the night. Only constant beating and friction of his limbs saved him from freezing. In the morning his right arm was partially paralyzed and his limbs so stiffened with cold as to be almost immovable. Fearing paralysis, with the appearance of the sun he kindled with his lens a mighty flame and fed it with every dry stick within his reach.



IMAGINARY COMPANIONS.

His old friend and adviser, whose presence he had seen and felt for some days past, now forsook him altogether. But new companions appeared, by some process he was unable to explain, in his arms, legs and stomach. With these he would converse for hours as imaginary friends. They were constantly telling him of their wants. The stomach demanded a change of diet and incessantly complained of the roots with which he was fed. He tried to silence him with promises, and, failing therein, sought to intimidate him by declaring, as a sure result of negligence, their inability to reach home. All to no purpose. He was all the way through a continuous torment. The other members

usually concurred with him. The legs begged for a rest and the arms complained that they were forced to perform too great a labor. They appeared to be perfectly helpless of themselves and would do nothing for one another. As a counterpoise of their own complaints, however, whenever they discovered languor in him they were not slow with words of cheer and encouragement. Once the stomach saved him from death by poison by accusing him in severe terms of attempting to poison him with minnows he had found in a warm spring on the hill-side, one of which he caught and ate raw. It was delicious to his taste and afterward made him deathly sick. They had been poisoned by minerals in the water. Had it not been for the angry words of the stomach he would have made a meal of the minnows, and thus have died in the wilderness.

A gradual mental introversion grew upon him as his physical weakness increased. He lost sight of the wonders of nature that at first had so wrought upon him, and turned his thoughts in upon himself. He dwelt upon his fate and the happiness of the world beyond. All doubts of immortality vanished in the light of his surrounding realities. So clear were these conceptions that he longed for death, not so much as an escape from misery as the beginning of happiness. Still he wandered on in the attempt at escape. At many of the streams on his journey he endeavored to catch trout with a hook fashioned from the broken rim of his spectacles, but in vain. The country was full of game with no means on his part to kill or capture the most insignificant. He saw large herds of deer, elk, antelope, occasionally a bear, and many smaller animals, while numerous flocks of ducks, geese, swans and pelicans inhabited the lakes and rivers.

At Tower Falls he spent the first half of a day in capturing a grasshopper and the remainder in a fruitless effort to catch a mess of trout with which the stream abounded.

Soon after leaving Tower Falls he entered an open country. Pine forests and windfalls were exchanged for sagebrush and desolation, with isolated clumps of dwarfed trees and ravines filled with the *debris* of adjacent mountains. A storm of wind and snow toward the morning nearly extinguished the fire of his first camp on this part of his route, which was made near the summit of a tall range of foothills, for the convenience of obtaining wood. When he arose the ground was white with snow. He was entirely bewildered and had

lost his course of travel. The sole hope now was to find the river through the blinding storm. Fortunately, after a scrambling of some hours over rocks and crests, he came suddenly upon the precipitous sides of the cañon through which the current flowed. It was with great labor and peril that he descended into its depths. Refreshing himself with copious draughts of its pure waters, he sat beside the mysterious stream awaiting the abatement of the storm. Chilled to the marrow, with no return of the sun's rays, he would, without fire, perish from cold during the approaching night. The only course now was to return to his fire on the summit to avoid such a night of horror. At some places the cañon was nearly perpendicular, and the return up its craggy sides was the hardest work of his whole journey. Often he would lose his hold and slide many feet downward before recovering his grasp upon its sides. It was night when he reached his fire, covered with bruises and his tattered clothing well nigh rent in shreds. He found but a few embers in the ashes, and with difficulty kindled a flame. Here, in this bleak spot on the mountain side, amid snow, hail and rain, and the fiercest blasts of the swelling storm, almost starved and frozen, the wretched but still not despairing man spent two days and nights, leaving only for a few moments at a time, to gather fuel for the flame, crawling to the clump of trees for that purpose. And this had to be repeated many times during the night as well as the day, as in his exhausted condition he could gather but little at a time. Before he left this camp he stripped his arms for some purpose, probably to nurse a bruise, and was horrified at their shrunken condition. Flesh and blood apparently had left them. The skin clung to the bones like wet parchment. A child's hand could have clasped them from wrist to shoulder. Yet said this brave man, "It is death to remain, I can not perish in this wilderness." And so he hobbled on his course through the snow that now, happily, was melting before the sun's rays. At this point he fought a severe battle with his rebellious stomach. Convinced that he should find no thistles in the open country he had filled his pouches before leaving the forest. The supply was now running low, and there were yet many days of heavy mountain travel before reaching Botelers' Ranch. With the most careful economy it could last but two or three days longer. He therefore saw the necessity of placing himself and imaginary companions upon allowance. Immediately thereupon, the conflict

with his stomach began, which continued for a long time and only ended successfully by the most determined firmness on his part. At first he talked gently to the complaining companion, tried coaxing and endeavored to pacify him with kind and conciliatory words. This gentle course, however, failed, and after a long controversy and many bitter words, he finally succeeded in conquering the recalcitrant member by declaring that he would then and there part company and leave him to perish in the wilderness. This had the desired effect and henceforth he remained silent.

In this condition, while ascending a steep hill he fell from exhaustion into the sage brush without the power to arise, and soon fell asleep. He could not divine the length of that slumber, but on awakening he scrambled to his feet and pursued his journey. As night drew on he selected a camping place, gathered wood into a heap and felt for his lens to produce the life-spark from heaven. It was gone. Hear what he says: "If the earth had yawned to swallow me, I would not have been more terrified. The only chance for life was lost. The last hope had fled. I seemed to feel the grim messenger, who had been so long pursuing me, knocking at the portals of my heart as I lay down by the side of the wood pile and covered myself with limbs and sagebrush, with the dreadful conviction that my struggle for life was over and that I should rise no more. The floodgates of misery seemed now to be opened and it rushed in living tide upon my soul.

As calmness returned reason resumed her empire. I summoned all the powers of my memory, thought over every foot of the days' travel, and concluded that the glass was lost while sleeping on the ground. Five long miles over the hills must be retraced to gain it. There was no alternative, and by daylight I had staggered over half the distance. I found the lens on the spot where I had slept. No incident of my journey brought with it more of joy and relief."

Returning to the camp of the previous night he lighted the pile he had prepared and lay down for a night of rest. It was very cold, and toward morning it began snowing. Sleep was impossible, and with difficulty he kept the fire alive. When daylight dawned he was impressed with the idea that he must go forward despite the storm. A flash, momentary but vivid, came over him that he would be saved. Snatching a lighted brand he started through the storm. In the afternoon the sun shone at intervals. Reaching a clump of

trees he prepared a camp for the night and with great difficulty, late in the day when all hope had gone, succeeded in striking a spark from a momentary ray of sunlight, and thus secured fire and life.

Resuming his journey in the morning in a storm that chilled his nerves, after a few miles' walk a coldness seized him such as he had never before felt. He attempted in vain to build a fire. It would not burn. Seizing a brand he staggered blindly on, stopping within the shadow of every rock to renew his life energy. A solemn conviction that death was near, that at each pause his limbs would refuse further service and that he should sink helpless and dying to the ground, overwhelmed him with terror. Once more the thought flashed upon his mind that he should be saved, and he seemed to hear a voice of command to "struggle on!" Groping along the side of a hill he became suddenly sensible of a sharp reflection, as of burnished steel and, looking up through half-closed eyes, two rough but kindly faces met his gaze.

"Are you Mr. Everts?" said one.

"Yes," he replied.  
"all that is left of me."

"We have come for you."

"Who sent you?"

"Judge Lawrence and other friends."

"God bless him, and them and you!" said the almost dying man. "I am saved!" and with these words he fell powerless into the arms of his rescuers. He was saved — on the very brink of the grave.

Baronet and Prichette, his preservers, soon restored him to consciousness by the usual



EVERT'S RESCUE.

appliances, and one of them made a camp upon the spot and ministered to his wants and watched over him, while the other went to Fort Ellis, a distance of seventy miles to return with remedies to restore digestion and an ambulance to convey him to that post.

In a few days he was able to be moved twenty miles down the trail to the cabin of some miners who were prospecting in that country. Here he received every attention they could bestow, and his strength returned with broth made from game killed near by, but, owing to the protracted inaction of the system and the long time that must elapse before the return of Prichette with remedies, his friends had serious doubts as to his recovery. In this condition the night after his arrival at the cabin there came an old hunter whose life had been spent in the mountains. He was searching for his brother. He listened with tears to the story of the patient's sufferings, but when told of the present necessity brightened in a moment and said, "Why, Lord bless you! I have the very thing you want!"

Leaving the cabin, he shortly returned with a sack filled with the fat of a bear, which he had killed but a few hours before. From this he rendered out a pint measure of oil, which the patient drank at a single draught. It was the very remedy he needed, and the day following he was freed from pain, with appetite and digestion re-established. All that he now needed was plenty of good food to restore his health and strength.

In two days more he left his kind friends with a feeling of deep regret. Meeting the ambulance on the way, he proceeded to Bozeman, where among old friends he quickly recovered, and in due time returned to his home in Helena, Montana.

## CHAPTER XLI.

FIRST DAYS OF NEVADA—STORY OF THE SETTLEMENT, AND SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN SILVER LAND—REVIEW OF ROSS BROWNE'S DESCRIPTION OF WASHOE.

THE far-famed Virginia City, the great mining capital of the wonderful Washoe district, was situated on the slope of Mount Davidson, and as seen and described by Ross Browne, one of the earliest silver-seekers who trod, with his pack on his back, all the weary road from Strawberry Flat across the divide to Carson City, and thence to Washoe, forms a striking picture of primitive civilization and the hardships, sufferings and privations endured by man in the terrible struggle and excitement attendant upon his eager search for sudden wealth.

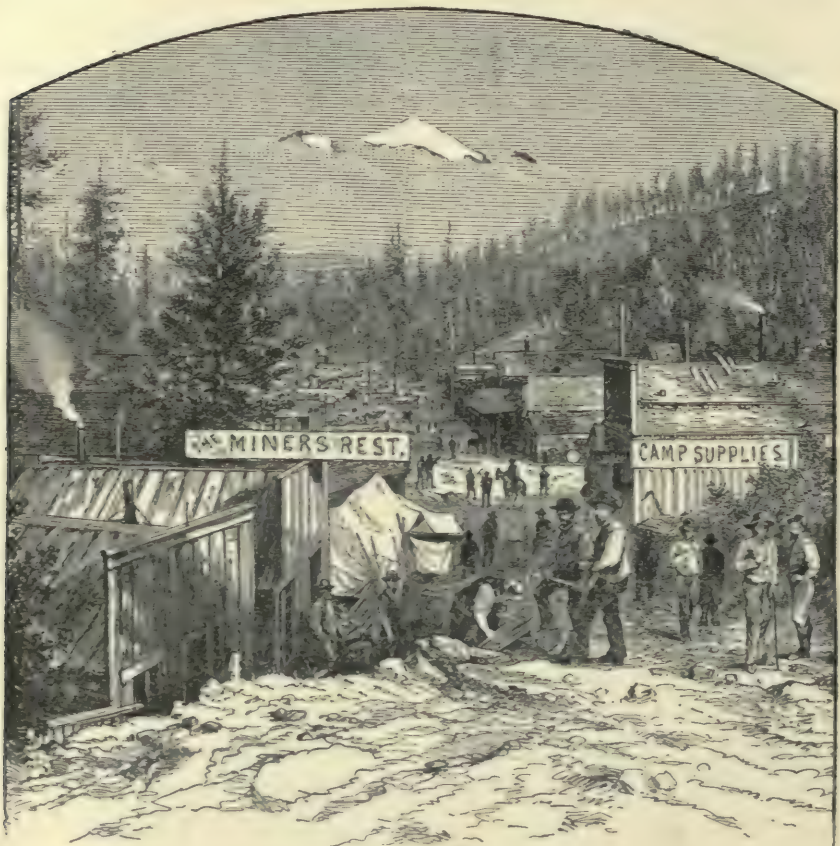
A rude and primitive city, built of frame shanties, tents of canvas, blankets, sage brush, potato sacks, and old shirts, with empty whisky barrels for chimneys; a city of mud hovels, coyote holes, pits and shafts from which smoke issued through each big and little crevice; a city of confusion, where piles of goods, mingled with dirt and rubbish, had been dumped on rocks, in the hollows, in the snow and mud, and each available spot where an earthly landing could be made, as if the skies overhead had suddenly opened and rained down upon Mount Davidson's rocky sides all the dregs of civilization.

The open spaces called streets he saw filled with a motley, overflowing multitude of grimy, unwashed miners and adventurers, who deemed it an affront to even suggest water, either as a beverage or a purifier.

Some were engaged in arguing a suit at law in which the title to a mining location was in question. Their arguments were chiefly in the shape of empty whisky bottles and some bull-dogs, and were very effective in establishing justice. Others stood by with their hands on their revolvers, but their weapons were reserved for more lofty occasions, such as a refusal to drink or taking a wrong trick at cards.

Toward the center of the town the scene changed a little, and it became interesting to observe the manners and customs of the place. Groups of speculators were gathered on the corner discussing in

earnest tones the rise and fall of stocks, and miners in rough garb just in from the "diggings" were exhibiting "specimens" of croppings, and offering unheard-of bargains in "feet," ranging all the way from



MINING TOWN.

ten to one hundred dollars per foot, according to the depth of the shaft, or prospecting hole. Bands of the "knowing ones"—those who had captured all the secrets and proposed to retain them unless an equitable division should be made of the proceeds of a sale—gathered around the speculator from San Francisco, and finally carried him off in triumph to close a wonderful bargain in the richest yield. Long-nosed, black-haired Hebrews, with their customary sagacity and love of trade, had disposed their goods and chattels for sale on the most accommodating terms, to wit, cash and three thousand per cent. profit

on the first investment. Monte-dealers, gamblers, cut-throats, thieves and assassins gathered in glee around the gaming tables, and bars running in full blast in dingy-looking saloons, and cast their nets for the unwary. On the main street a dashing fellow clad in Mexican style on horseback, with his pocket full of rocks from a successful venture, rushed along the highway swinging his *reata* and yelling like a mad Indian, until finally struck by a sudden and terrific blast of wind from the four quarters that rolled him in the *debris* of capsized tents, broken sign-boards and billows of sand and grit blown from the adjacent gravel banks. Ross Browne said the whole scene was essentially infernal in every aspect, whether viewed from the Comstock Ledge or the summit of Gold Hill.

Nobody owned anything save by right of possession and power to hold it, and yet trading in town lots went on to an unlimited degree. Nobody had any money, yet each was a prospective millionaire. Nobody had any credit, yet everybody bought thousands of feet of glittering ore. The most astounding sales were made daily in the most famous lodes without a dollar in dust or a silver dime passing between to bind the bargain. Only the saloons and the gaming-tables boasted of the ready cash.

Every particle of ground covered by canvas, boards, or baked mud, was crowded to suffocation. Into sleeping-houses, 20x30, were jammed from 150 to 200 human beings each night, at a dollar a head. Little tents accommodated multitudes, and a stall in a stable would have been a luxury. Three hundred slumberers nightly filled the chief hostelry with the euphonious name of Hotel de Haystack. From attic to the earth beneath they lay in solid ranks, like winnows in the fields of sickled grain. On all sides were the evidences of the wild struggle, and all things were in consonance with its nature.

The deep pits on the hill-sides; the blasted and barren appearance of the whole country; the unsightly hodge-podge of a town; the horrible confusion of tongues; the roaring, raving drunkards at the bar-rooms swilling fiery liquids from morning till night; the flaring and flaunting gambling saloons filled with desperadoes of the vilest sort; the ceaseless torrent of oaths that shocked the sensitive ear on every side; the mad speculation, the wild, gaunt search and the feverish thirst for gain—all combined to give a forcible impression of the unhallowed character of the place.

There stood the murderer who had killed three men within three weeks, ready for his fourth victim. By his side was the bummer with his scarred and bloated face waiting for a friendly voice to call him to a cocktail. Not far away an aged and decrepit man, a speculator from San Francisco, with thin locks, unshaven face, matted with dirt, grasping at every "indication" with all the fervor of youth, as if he possessed a lease of life for a cycle of years. And, around them all, moving hither and thither, with hammers and stones in their hands, jerking one another aside hurrying to the Assay office, conning over papers and uttering mysterious words and exchanging mysterious signs, were a thousand crazy-looking wretches—the millionaires of Washoe. All day long and all night long the terrible noise continued—a Babel in Babylon—the ears distracted with the interminable jargon of "croppings," "lodes," "leads," "indications," "feet," "dips," "spurs" and "angles," and the nostrils offended with the mighty odor of foul breath and boots, old pipes and filthy blankets, until finally one would presume the outer gates of hades had been reached.

There were also lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, bankers, brokers, and business men of credit and revenues on Montgomery street and elsewhere in San Francisco who were now engaged in the same ceaseless search for sudden wealth. Yes, everyone was there; of all shapes and forms, complexions and sizes, all characters and conditions, of all life estates, the high and low, sinner and siren—all save the saint—he as yet had not crossed the Divide. The atmosphere was not congenial. All were there in the same eager search for wealth.

But sickness arising from hardship and exposure and the mineral poison contained in the waters, added vastly to the great discomfort of the situation, and a large number of emigrants died from want of care and medical attention.

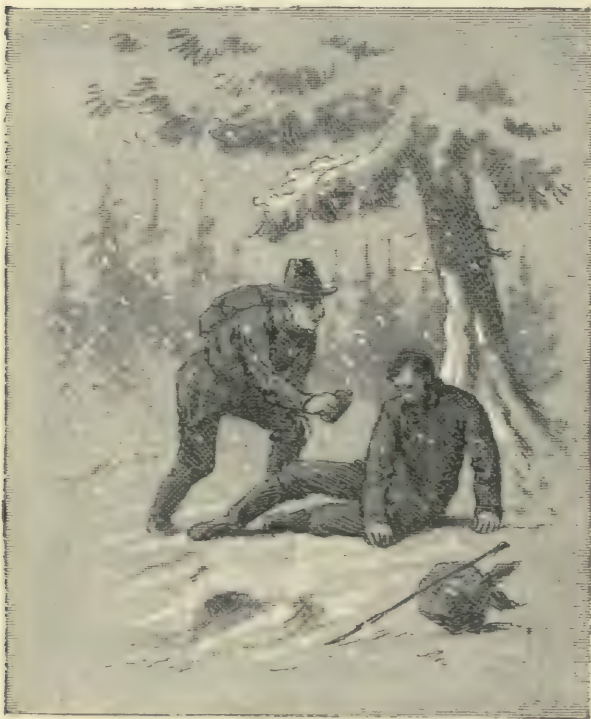
At this period there was no law for the preservation of order in the district. Some mining regulations had been established to secure the right of discovery to claimants; they were, however, crude and indefinite, defining in each district according to the caprices of the miners and alone able to be enforced at the muzzle of the shotgun. In some of these districts the original discoverer of a vein was entitled to 400 running feet on the vein discovered, and he could then put down the names of as many friends as he chose for 200 feet each. Notices of the date and location of the discovery had to be posted at

certain places on the lead and recorded in the office of the Mining Recorder of the district, which said office is the first created in each mining district. Great confusion existed, however, from the dips, spurs and angles of ledges which, according to mining law, follow the lead, running into adjacent ledges, and claim being made therefor by the owners of said dips, spurs and angles and *vice versa*, settled sometimes in the mining courts but more frequently by the revolver.

With the opening of spring and the disappearance of the snow, there came a still greater influx of emigrants, and a multitude of "prospecting" parties scoured the hills and mountains in search of the precious ore. There was no end to the discoveries alleged to be daily made. Six miles below Virginia were located the "Flowery Diggings" believed to contain boundless wealth. So great was the excitement and so vast the hope that the whole country was staked off for thirty miles. If a man could not go himself he gave another an "outfit" and sent him as a substitute who was expected honestly to divide the wealth he should thereby acquire by "striking it rich." The rich ore extended in every direction. At least it was thus presumed by those who were thoroughly imbued with the belief in the ultimate destiny of the place. And sometimes this broad hope would be strengthened by an act of mere chance. Ross Browne tells of a man in Virginia City who had been engaged in digging a cellar and found rich indications. He immediately laid claim to a whole street covered with houses, and the excitement produced by this "streak of luck" was perfectly frantic. Hundreds went to work grubbing up the ground under their own and their neighbor's tents, and it was not long before the whole city seemed in a fair way of being undermined. However the incentive was great. A man striking it rich to-day was considered a millionaire to-morrow, and his credit was instantly strengthened. The dips, spurs and angles of these various discoveries covered an area of six miles at and around the city. The owners of city lots vainly protested, the mining law was paramount in the absence of all other law. There was no security for person or property save that of might, and the *vi et armis* of the mountain miner was the eternal law of his compensation.

Not only lawyers, doctors and men of many trades and professions abounded in Virginia City, but the scientist was there many times multiplied in the form of the assayer. His scientific pursuits, his knowledge of geology, and his general information, as well as that

of a special character, made him a prominent figure in all gatherings and discoveries. Although their offices were co-extensive with the saloons and the assayer worked hand in hand with the barkeeper, he was never idle, always in demand and ever cheerfully engaged in his labors. His establishment consisted of a tent, a furnace, half a dozen crucibles sometimes augmented by as many more by pressure of business, a bottle or two of acids, a hammer and retort, and the ever-



SUCCOR OF ROSS BROWNE BY THE JEW.

waiting anxious crowd of expectant millionaires, who never failed for a proper consideration to realize from the assay their dreams of wealth that fancy builded while wrapped in slumber, coiled like a snake amid the multitude of dreamers who lay on the earth floor of Washoe's primitive hotel.

The suffering and hardship endured during the first winter in Washoe was beyond conception. Hundreds

were prostrated with severe illness, from which many never recovered. Stricken by disease, to save his life Ross Browne started, with his pack on his back, for Carson City. He thus describes the journey: The mountains were covered with snow, not very deep, but soft and slippery. Suffering with rheumatism, his progress was slow and often so difficult that it required a great effort of will to avoid stopping altogether. Once he lay down under a cedar tree, thinking that the end had come at last, but was revived from a flask of brandy of a Dutch

Jew who had come upon him in the nick of time and thus saved his life. It was the same Dutch Jew who had stolen his stockings while asleep at Strawberry Flat some months before, and who afterward stole his boots at Woodford. In due time they reached Carson River. A part of the road to Carson Valley was a complete desert, scarcely a blade of grass to be seen. Shriveled sage bushes scattered at intervals were the only signs of vegetation. Even the rabbits and the sage-hens had abandoned the country. All the open spaces resembled the precincts of slaughter-houses. Cattle lay dead in every direction, their skulls, bones and carcasses giving an exceedingly desolate appearance to the same. Near the river it was a mass of corruption. Hundreds upon hundreds of rotting carcasses and bleached skeletons dotted the banks, or lay in great mounds where they had gathered for mutual warmth and died from starvation. The effluvia filled the air for miles. Thousands of buzzards had gathered for the feast, and, gorged with the putrid flesh, sat stupefied on the foul masses. In the slough bordering on the river oxen, cows and horses were buried up to the neck where they had striven to get the water, but from excess of weakness had failed to get back to the solid earth. Some were already dead, others dying. Around the latter hovered the buzzards, scarcely awaiting the extinction of life ere they pierced them with their beaks and tore their eyes from their sockets. On the dry plains hundreds of cattle had perished likewise from starvation. The terrible winter and prolonged snows had destroyed or hidden what little vegetation remained. Settlers who had saved sufficient hay for their stock found it more profitable to sell it to others at \$300 per ton and let their own stock perish. Horses, oxen and cows shared the same fate. Living skeletons of horses performed the work of transportation. In Virginia City it was akin to impossibility to obtain a pound of grain at any price. Men who owned valuable blooded animals offered fabulous sums for feed to preserve their lives. Little whisps of hay sold at sixty cents per pound, and barley, at a dollar per pound, could scarcely be obtained. One man who owned a favorite animal fed it on bread to preserve its life, for which he paid fifty cents a loaf about the size of biscuits. Valuable horses could not be sold for a tenth of their value, and there were none insane enough to abandon their wild hunt after "claims," from which they should realize millions in a few months to go across the mountains for horse feed, and so the poor brutes starved to death.

Notwithstanding all this business Babel, wild-cat transactions and transfers of untold millions of wealth in glittering ore, all on paper, time developed the fact that Washoe was one of the richest mining camps the luck of man ever struck. Many of these early visions were fully realized; perhaps not by those who dreamed them while wrapped in slumbers coiled in a coyote hole, but that other class who always come after the first great excitement and reap what the genius or chance of others who had sown amid hunger, cold, perhaps starvation. Silver was found in abundance. The Comstock lead became in time the most famous in the world, and men are still delving after its hidden wealth with the same eager desire that characterized its earlier owners. In those early days, long before the bonanza was dreamed of, great quantities of the richest ore were taken from its depths and shipped on mules' backs to San Francisco, although it cost \$600 to transport each ton to that place. The yield, however, was from \$1,200 to \$2,500 per ton, and it was a paying investment to transport the ore to that distant point.

Many of the leading minds of those days you hear nothing about now. Another generation has grown up since their fathers delved in Ophir and Lady Bryant, and sung the praises of the great bonanza. They alone survive among all those of former greatness. But in those days, wherever you went, you heard the crowd singing the praises of Billy Chollar, Hill and Norcross, Gould and Curry, Savage and Washoe, Belcher and Best, Sides Ground, the Murphy, Kinney and Central, the California, Walsh and Bryant, Ophir, Mexican, Nouman, Scott Company, Miller & Co., Bob Allen, and a hundred others of far less fame, but whose euphonious names have descended to posterity, such as "The Dead Broke," "The Rip Snorter," "The Ragged End," "The Riff Raff" "The Grab Game," and "The Love's Despair." Besides all these, the ground for forty miles had been staked in a direct line with the Comstock, and declared to be richer than the original vein. In any of the former companies you could purchase a mining foot for \$200 to \$2,000, according to its reputed value. One gentleman sold out his business and all his assets, and with the proceeds was enabled to purchase eight inches of the Central. Another mortgaged his property to buy five feet in the "Billy Chollar;" both expected to become millionaires within a day, a week, or month at most. The Flowery Diggings likewise sustained their reputation for a long time; but the Lady Bryant is dead, and the Mammoth long since extinct.

I have alluded to those who come after the honest miner has made the discovery and reap the gains that should have been his alone. But a miner is a singular human being. He is likely at any moment to part with the finest prospect for a very small consideration, provided he can't get more. So it was with Washoe. Comstock never made a thousand dollars out of his vast discovery. The speculators got it all. They formed a company, ran up the stock to a lofty figure, sold to the highest bidder, and then repossessed themselves of the stock by starting a false rumor concerning the value of the mine, depressing the stock to an insignificant figure and thus obtained for almost nothing what they had but recently sold at a most exorbitant sum. Thus it was with the Comstock. The story was put afloat by the larger owners and speculators that base metal had been found, but to what extent nobody could say. It burst upon the public like a shell and ran like wildfire. If the Comstock was worthless, what of the others? The excitement was then terrific. Every holder of Washoe mining stock wanted to sell instantly, although but yesterday he deemed himself a millionaire, or on the highway to immense fortune. No purchasers could be found—everybody wanted to sell. But yesterday Comstock feet were \$1,000 each; to-day they had fallen to \$5, and no sales reported on the board. The Miller fell 50 per cent. in a day and the outside leads could not be given away. Nobody wanted to be known as a fool who had been gulled in Washoe stocks. Ah, the gullibility of the public! They did not see through the dodge of the wicked speculators. The mines of Washoe were never more profitable than when the story of "base metal" was started to depress the stock. When everybody believed that the gigantic Washoe speculation had burst like a bubble on the waters, and the stock fell to nothing, the agents of the keen speculators bought them in huge blocks. They had elevated them to a thousand a share, "bucked them down" to a dollar or two, repurchased them at this figure, and once again their own, the silver came suddenly again to the surface, and once more the wild scramble began, and millions were made by this means of fraud which the world calls a shrewd dodge.

Other means were likewise adopted to obtain sole possession of a valuable mine—one of which was the process of "freezing out" the holders of a small amount of stock, by a system of large and continuous assessments, ostensibly for working the mine, but in reality to obtain

possession of the stock by the non-payment of the huge assessments. Others rushed into litigation to arouse excitement and increase the interest of the public in the mine. No mine in Nevada was worth much on the stock board until a dozen suits at law for possession had covered it with renown, and companies were even formed to prosecute "fighting titles." To those unacquainted with the various forms of mining litigation and the methods employed to hold or repossess the veins of hidden wealth, the story of personal conflict may appear tinged with improbability.

So intense are the feuds arising from conflicting claims—from "the dips, spurs and angles" theory that the records of the court are filled with suits and every suit "breeds another breed of suits." Litigants crowd the courts. Companies are arrayed one against the other, and the whole community take sides one way or another. The best legal talent is employed at most exorbitant sums, and sometimes the whole value of the property in litigation is expended in suits to establish the validity of title. So bitter are the feuds engendered by these litigations that the "cause" is frequently removed from the court to the field, and more summary proceedings usurp the powers of the judiciary. This method is the employment of a class of outlaws whose desperate character has been firmly established by numerous contests at the pistol's point, and who are known in the community as "roughs," to hold the property against any intrusion, legal or otherwise by the contending party. Of course the other party to the suit is not to be thus outwitted, and they immediately proceed to the same extremity and engage the services of a still more renowned band of "fighting men," each of whom has established his reputation for courage and "trigger quickness" by the slaughter of a dozen men in gambling affrays and saloon brawls. On approaching the "scene of litigation" they are met by the fire of the party who "hold the fort," and then begins a desperate hand-to-hand encounter which rages perhaps for many days with varying success according to the strength and skill of the contending bands, and the extent and character of the re-enforcements afforded each. Many are oftentimes wounded, and frequently some are killed, but that matters but little. They are professional fighters; it is their business; they take all the chances and are remunerated accordingly. What if some are killed? There are fewer to divide the swag. What if they do go about with their noses and

ears shot off and an eye gouged out? It is an emblem of personal daring, and the community hold them in high esteem. Ross Browne said of one of these gentlemanly sanguinary Professors: "I am on terms of intimacy with him and regard him as a man of great personal suavity. I take special care, however, not to irritate him by any difference of opinion touching any subject under discussion, nor by alluding to the loss of his nose which has been shot off close to his face. It usually costs me four bits to remove a shadow from his brow and a dollar more to get him enthusiastic in his reminiscences of human butchery."

Sometimes these suits are adjusted, after endless litigation, by a referee, some honest gentlemanly member of the bar or church "in whom everybody has confidence until his decision is rendered, and then comes the explosion."

From 1861 to 1864 the busy era of adventure, enterprise and toil in Nevada was mingled with a riot of speculation, and the whole country was converted into a great fraudulent stock exchange. The rich yield of the Comstock Ledge, the development of the Esmeralda region, discovered in 1861, the valuable quartz mines of Humboldt county, and the promise of a vast harvest of wealth from the Reese River country, all of which was exaggerated many fold rendered the public mind frantic on the subject of silver mining, and stock gambling on a gigantic scale took the place of honest, legitimate enterprise. Hundreds of companies, all on paper, with capital ranging from \$500,000 to \$5,000,000, were formed in Nevada and California. Every body in every business grew wild with the hope of acquiring sudden wealth. Merchants, clerks, professional men, mechanics, laborers and servant girls in all the cities, towns and settlements sought investments in the mines of Silverland, by purchasing the worthless wild-cat stocks of these vast fraudulent companies. Montgomery Street, San Francisco, and C Street, Virginia City, were hourly thronged with busy crowds buying and selling stock. Three magnificently furnished stock board rooms were in full operation in San Francisco, and every city of any size in California owned its own stock board. In Virginia City there were four, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were made in a day. Every means known to the wily gambler in stocks were resorted to to elevate or depress the stock of these companies. The population of Virginia City ran up to 20,000. Town lots sold for \$400 per

front foot, and buildings were erected with lumber purchased at \$500 per 1,000 feet in gold, and were rented at 10 per cent. on the investment. But it was all wild gambling and the most insane species of speculation. Not one in a hundred of these mines was ever worked or intended to be developed by the companies organized upon their barren rocks. The bubble burst late in the spring of 1864, and the disaster and ruin was wide-spread, involving all the leading stocks, as well as the wild cat. Gould & Curry shot down from \$6,400 to \$840 per foot; Ophir, from \$4,000 to \$400; while the "wild cats" were buried in a common grave. The good went with the bad. All over the mining districts of Nevada were to be seen hundreds of partially opened mines, once of recognized value, but utterly valueless, with their shares quoted at a nominal value. The sound of industry ceased, their shafts filled with water, their galleries untrod by miner or unfretted by pick or bar. Not a single assessment could be gathered from the disheartened holders of stock to preserve from immediate decay and ultimate ruin the works that had cost hundreds of thousands to create. And yet the mines were as rich as ever, and perhaps just beyond a thin veil of rock lay hidden the glittering deposit of silver, the mighty bonanza that would have enriched the multitude and made millionaires of the principal holders. A lucky chance oftentimes decides the fate of monarchs and of empires, and so it might have been with many of Washoe's mines, had their early owners but driven their picks a little deeper before the day of abandonment arrived.

Still there is another side to the story of mining. The Mexicans have a proverb that "it takes a mine to work a mine;" this is true in many respects. To run a tunnel or sink a shaft, frequently blasted through solid rock for 500 feet, will consume the labor of six men for six months. Generally large quantities of water are struck, which require expensive pumping machinery. Drifts and galleries must be cut and safely timbered to prevent caving in. To open, drain and thoroughly prospect a first-class silver mine, will cost from \$50,000 to \$100,000. It is nevertheless true that a mine opened at a cost of \$100,000 may yield a million each year and pay dividends of over 100 per cent. on the original investment. But the majority of mines do not pay over 20 per cent. profit on the gross value of the bullion extracted, and many do not average that amount. The Gould & Curry mine produced during one year three-fourths of a million per month in

bullion bars, and the dividends to the stock-holders during that period were not over \$200,000 per month. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the discoverers of the richest mines, generally poor men, do not reap any part of the subsequent harvest. They are compelled to part with their interests for a trifle to those who possess the capital to develop the hidden wealth. Such has been and ever will be the history of mining. Washoe was no exception to this rule. Comstock, after his great discovery, was so poor as to be compelled to leave the scene of his great discovery for other fields, and mined with indifferent success in the Boise country. Gould, the discoverer of the great Gould & Curry ledge, afterward cut shingles for a living, and Billy Chollar, the locator of the famous Chollar mine, at one time worth \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000, continued to prospect for a long time and gained but a precarious living. Such, indeed, is the history of the men who first brought the great Washoe District to the notice of mankind.

## CHAPTER XLII.

WASHOE AND REESE RIVER—MANY INTERESTING DESCRIPTIONS OF LIFE IN THEIR EARLY SETTLEMENT.

SUCH was Washoe in early times. When it was my fortune to visit its memorable precincts a half a dozen years thereafter, the change in some respects was great. Virginia had grown to be an emporium of trade resembling a metropolitan city. Large and substantial houses of brick and stone, some of them four stories high, had taken the place of sage-brush tents and mud hovels, which Ross Browne had so vividly described. Gold Hill had likewise risen to the proportions of a city, and was, in fact, part and parcel of Virginia. Everywhere the evidences of a more refined, yet busy life were presented in full force. Engine houses shaking with the motion of their ponderous machinery were lodged in almost inaccessible points; quartz mills lined the cañon, and well-constructed buildings of brick were on either side of the main street. The entire hill appeared honeycombed with tunnels, shafts and abrasures that told of the immense toil the hand of industry had laid upon its barren sides. There were hotels, telegraph and express offices, stores of all kinds, saloons and restaurants, and even a newspaper to record the scenes and transactions of daily occurrence. Between Gold Hill and Virginia a continuous scene of toil met the eye as we wandered on over the historic levels. The same rough miners were at work, ripping open at almost every available point the sides of the grand old mountain, while the music of many mills was heard stamping and crushing with their ponderous hammers the rich ores from the mountain's veins and arteries. Within the narrow streets of Virginia were beheld again the evidences of business prosperity founded upon its silver wealth. Coyote caves had been converted into ornamental homes. Palaces of hotels and stores compared with those of the early day, met our inquiring view. Busy throngs of men gathered everywhere in pursuit of the one common object—wealth. Great trains of freight wagons labored along, heavily laden with ore for the mills or merchandise for the stores.

For a great distance the hill was honeycombed, and engines clattered and black smoke-stacks belched their clouds of smoke upon the ambient air, and batteries were hammering and pulverizing the rich ore. Houses were springing up everywhere, and the sound of workmen's tools vied with the "music of the mill." Stores were filled to repletion, with every variety of merchandise, the auctioneer was knocking down and off his goods, gaudy saloons with wide open doors exhibited a throng of thirsty men worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus, and painted Jezebels sang ribald songs and danced with the "honest miner" in a drunken orgy to the wheezing tunes, of the "hurdy-gurdy;" new theaters were preparing for the evening entertainment, while news-boys cried aloud the contents of the daily press. Along the streets and over the rocks and amid the storm of flying dust rushed the rattling stage-coach, with its live freight and load of precious metal all dumped out together well-nigh instantaneously at the office door of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express. Crowds lined the street awaiting the distribution of letters, papers, packages from home and abroad—a hungry multitude whose souls were yearning for that "tender touch of a day that would never come back" to them. Yes, all is life and activity, business, gain, avarice, mingled with the lusts and damning deeds of the baser passions. Society had been elevated outwardly, but the old nature still remained. The canvas tents had given place to the gaudily-decked saloon, but the whisky was the same, and so were the crowds of motley men who poured down the fiery liquid—only some of them wore better clothes than formerly and some others worse. The same spirit of hell characterized their movements; the revolver hung loosely in the belt; the knife was always handy; the shotgun not far off in case of an emergency. The names of the saloons were a little more refined than those of old, and a little more in consonance with the tastes of the surroundings. Instead of "Warm Hole," "Roaring Camp" and "Last Chance," you beheld on neatly-painted signs—really an adornment—the names and titles of "Miner's Retreat," the "Welcome" "Home of the Boys," "Saint Elmo," etc. But the same element congregated nightly and the same fiery liquids maddened and stupefied the brain and the same fierce brawl and murder and riot were now to be seen, and heard perhaps not so frequently as when the wind whistled through the door cracks and the snow filtered through the crevices of the tents in the days of the first winter in Washoe.

However, according to a late writer,\* all this was changed for the better in Nevada. She tells how the "best society" gave her excellent drives and placed their fastest teams at her disposal, and so they drove over to Washoe Valley to see the palatial residence of the man who was created a millionaire in its early days and who had died in poverty but a few months before her visit, and was buried behind the great house he built in the wild adventurous speculative days that characterized the earlier years of the battle-born State. With true womanly feeling, she is glad "that the mills are mostly idle; they should not with their clangor have ever invaded this peaceful spot. They have scared the fishes from the waters and the wild fowl from the sedges. Let them perish." 'Tis true, she beheld in the present condition of Virginia and its surroundings an emblem of the unsettled and unfinished state of the country—a speck of civilization and grandeur dropped upon its illimitable waste of savagery. Behind it was the quarried mountain from which it sprang, and before it the beautiful lake which lay like a silver horseshoe dropped upon fields of snow. In the glad summer time this valley to her was one of the most beautiful, surrounded by the taller peaks of the Sierras. Its meadows were emerald green; its acres of wheat and barley swayed in the gentle breeze, and yonder, where the long bridge spanned the dark tule-bed, bloom thousands of yellow water lilies. She tells of balls and levees at Carson, of the drive homeward by Empire and Dayton, of the penitentiary with the great granite quarry behind it, and the Warm Springs beside it, of the great stone baths where you can drown all your sorrows if you choose by casting yourself beneath their waters, of the approach to Empire marked by the great brick house and dilapidated reduction works of the Mexican Company, and of the fortunes that lie buried beneath the ruins of its buildings and machinery, a monument of the speculative period; of the fine mill of the Yellow Jacket Company, its busy surroundings and the dull thud of its stamps long after its red walls have faded from sight; of the long drive across the flats and over the Chalk hill, and of the busy mills and heavily-laden teams bearing the wealth of the mountains to the crushing mills; of Dayton's red brick court house and the judge's home, made famous by the innumerable divorces granted to ladies who ignore their first loves, formed in the immaturity of youth, to aspire to wealth

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\* Louise M. Palmer.

and position in the hands not hearts of another; of the drive from Dayton through Silver City and Gold Hill to Virginia; of the scenes of activity that meet the view—the clangor of mills, forges, foundries and work shops, mingled with the red-hot oaths of exasperated teamsters whose mules had foundered on the road, and the innumerable saloons and drinking shops that round out the town of Silver City; of the miles of mills and sluices that convey her thence to Gold Hill, with its gorges, houses, dumps of ore, yelling teamsters and burning oaths; of the glory of Mount Davidson, beneath whose crown and crest lies the city of Virginia; of the yawning galleries of the Savage, the Chollar, the Potosi, the Gould & Curry, the Ophir, and the host of other mines that warn her of land caves and the tremor of a sudden convulsion that cry to them to flee the wrath to come; of the ladies' midday lunch parties of chickens, cream, ices and champagne, the five different cooks she had the last year, the escorts of unmarried men with the married ladies whose husbands are playing at billiards or some other game of ball or of chance with the fickle goddess; of the rules and fashions of society in general and the approval in particular of the course determined upon by Mrs. R. to divorce herself from her husband because he has lost a hundred thousand dollars in his last speculation.

Such is the evidence the fair writer presents to convince the world that times have changed in Virginia City and Nevada “since Ross Browne wrote and Mark Twain taxed his brain for horrible and fictitious locals.” But while she tells of church festivals gotten up especially for the ladies, evening parties, dances, club and public balls, interspersed with card and dinner parties, very gay and fashionable, where they exhibit their precious diamonds and ancient laces to the eyes of rival mine and mill men's wives and daughters with as much eagerness as displayed by the New York and Parisian belles, she admits that what Ross Browne said of the hotels still remains true, and that there are still as many saloons. “But a man for breakfast” is not now to be had every day, and ladies of the *demi monde* no longer expect to eat the dinners and grace the parties of the *haut ton*. My honest readers, has she really proved the difference she claims?

The Washoe excitement of 1860-'61-'62 was repeated in the Reese River country in 1863. In the early spring of the previous year a man, hunting his stray ponies in the cañons of the Toyahe Range of the mountains, struck a streak of greenish quartz, closely resembling that

in Gold Hill. It proved to be a rich deposit of silver ore. On the 10th of July following the first miners' meeting was held in that country and the mining district of Reese River established. The original discovery was named "Pony Ledge," in honor of the Pony Express. The excitement spread, emigration poured in, and the town of Austin was founded. On the 19th of December the "Oregon Ledge" was discovered and located, and ten days later the "North Star" and "Southern Light." They were the first true discoveries of rich silver ore in that country. Six miles farther south the famous "Comet" was located, famous for its promise and the barren rock it proved to be. The yield of the Oregon Ledge was so extraordinary, from the assay at Virginia City, of specimens sent there for that purpose, yielding several thousands of dollars to the ton, that the wildest excitement resulted. It was the richest discovery yet made in all the mineral districts of Nevada. In January, 1863, the great rush began. The same scenes were inaugurated by the same class of men who, two years before, had made Washoe so famous. Merchants, doctors, lawyers, brokers, mule-drivers, all were off for the glittering fields of the new land of silver. Not a house was there, no food and shelter for the multitude—but what of that? The silver was there in vast abundance, and hunger and cold and sore privations were but a small recompense for that wealth which would enable its possessor to live the remainder of his days in ease at the "bay," or in the early home of his childhood. Five thousand people gathered about Austin in the spring and summer of 1863. Tents lined the hillsides. Freight trains laden with lumber, food, raiment and liquors blocked the roads. On a trip to California in September, of that year, one man \* counted during a part of the journey 274 freight trains, carrying freights at 20 cents per pound, nineteen passenger wagons, three pack-trains, sixty-nine horsemen and thirty-one footmen between Austin and Virginia City. Another counted 400 teams of all descriptions in a stage ride between the same places. At the same time emigration poured in from Salt Lake City and other eastern points in almost as great proportion. The road both ways was crowded with people in wagons, stages, carriages and carts, on horseback, muleback, donkeyback, with or without saddles, with hand-carts, wheel-barrows, on foot with pack on their backs, and in every other conceivable mode of conveyance, all

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\* M. J. Farrell, State senator.

rushing madly to Reese River, the new silver land of promise. Not only food but water was scarce, and the dust-begrimed traveler on reaching a sage-bush tent or a wooden shanty soon found that water, as a commodity, was almost as dear as whisky. One enterprising firm retailed it in carts, clearing \$1,200 per week thereby. An Austin bath was described to be "two inches of cold water in a big tub, a piece of brown soap, a napkin and a dollar and a half." A whole section was laid off into building lots, streets, blocks, mining claims and water rights. City lots sold all the way from \$100 to \$8,000, according to location. Building operations were carried on with tremendous energy, and 366 houses, in addition to innumerable tents and shanties, were erected in the summer of 1863.

Many parties from California brought their houses with them in sections ready framed to erect on arrival at Austin. The whole community was kept continually in a state of feverish excitement by new mining discoveries made almost daily. New districts were organized, new towns laid out, and thousands who had rushed rapidly to Austin departed as hastily for the new fields. Still the capital city of the Reese River district contained a population of 10,000. Everything appeared prosperous. Money was abundant and twenty-dollar gold pieces as numerous as "feet" on the mines, but also as valueless for trading purposes as nobody could change them. There was no small change in the district. Provisions, however, were as correspondingly high. Flour sold at 50 cents a pound by the hundred weight and every other species of goods was disposed of at proportionate prices. Every avocation of trade and industry was filled and all the professions were represented. Saloons, drinking-shops, gambling dens, hurdy-gurdy's and houses *de joie* were as numerous as the demands of the rougher and wilder portion of its population.

Lines of stages were likewise numerous and endeavored to meet the wants of the community. They ran regular, almost daily to Watertown, Canyon City, Big Creek, Washington, Ione, Yandleville, Yankee Blade, Butler City, Geneva, Coral City, Jacobsville, Lander City, Pizarro, Clinton, Centreville, Augusta, Bolivar, Unionville, Star City, and to every mining camp whose necessities demanded communication with the larger cities. During that period the scene was ever busy, varied at times with other delights than those of labor. Pack-trains were constantly arriving from Utah and California, and once

"an air of oriental magnificence was imparted to the scene by the advent of a long train of camels loaded to an astonishing extent." The usual train of evil followed such busy scenes of labor. Vices predominated among a certain class and murders were frequent. Once a duel was fought. The names of the participants ought to have been preserved as a memorial of one day's fair play, or shooting, or at least



CAMEL TRAIN BETWEEN AUSTIN AND VIRGINIA CITY.

an equal chance for life. But religious influences were alike at work, and a Young Men's Christian Association was formed, a rare thing among the heterogeneous population of that day and place, and the many vices indulged in upon the remote borders of civilization. Nevertheless there were to be found young men who were brave enough to face the music, and to array themselves on the side of Christian and religious training, and their work at times was effective. Let me tell you

that it requires much more courage in such a community to organize and uphold an institution of that character than to receive the fire of a desperado without flinching—and all honor to the men who thus exhibited their nerve. The *Reese River Reveille* was established prosperously. A half dozen stamp mills were likewise erected that year and the following spring. From ten to twenty mining organizations were incorporated daily, a vast postal and express business inaugurated “and more than fifteen hundred offices were opened in San Francisco for the sale of the hundreds of millions of stock of the thousands of Reese River mining companies.” United States post offices were established, but Wells, Fargo & Co. continued as before to be the reliable agents for transmission of mail as well as bullion and express matter.

Lander Hill, Central Hill, and Mount Prometheus were spotted all over with “claims.” Every man who owned a pick and could dig a hole in the ground instantly made a location, called it the “Mammoth” or “Midas” ledge and offered it for sale at stupendous figures. It was the grand period of speculation when everybody wanted to sell out everything at enormous rates; when lodgings in a sheep corral had to be paid for at 50 cents per night in advance, and when it was a luxury to sit all night by a stove or lean against a post without charge for your slumbers. One man digging a post hole struck something blue. It seems to me that it would not be difficult to strike the “blues” all the time in such a land, but this man declared it to be a rich mineral ledge, and its fame went out far and wide that the ore of the wonderful “Post Hole Ledge” contained the best character of chloride of silver. He staked off the ledge in accordance with the mining law, putting down the names of numerous friends who reconveyed to him, and was immediately offered \$60,000 for his mine. Much to the surprise of every one, who supposed he had a million in sight, he accepted the offer, pocketed the coin and “lit out” from the country. Everybody called him a blasted fool until the assay was made, which revealed the fact that the ore contained chloride of lead instead of silver. He grew immensely in the estimation of the public. The purchasers took him for a countryman and found him the shrewdest “verdant” they had ever struck.

As already stated, during the year quite a number of five and ten stamp mills were erected, attended with great labor and expense. It

was exceedingly difficult to obtain the proper kind of timber to construct all the mills. Lumber sold from \$250 to \$500 per 1,000 feet. Every foot of lumber brought from Sacramento cost 18 cents to bring it. It was a most laborious task to transport the heavy mill machinery across the mountains, and after the mills were erected and the machinery in motion, and the crushing and amalgamation began in earnest it was found that the results did not equal the expectation. Finally the "roasting process" was adopted, with much greater success.

Furnaces were erected and placed in successful operation. The yield was fair, and each ton of mineral ore produced from \$150 to \$2,000. The first-class chlorids averaged from \$300 to \$500; the second-class from \$150 to \$300; and the third-class from \$100 to \$150; but they were not worked while there was an abundance of superior ores. The bare cost of working the ores in those days was \$80 per ton. During the year 1864 about \$2,000,000 were invested in mines, mills, and working the ore. The total amount of bullion shipped to San Francisco in 1863 was \$50,000, the amount shipped during the next year was \$600,000. The following year matters began to decline. In fact before the close of 1864 a panic seized upon the stocks of Reese River, and the wild speculations of the previous year became apparent. Very little work had been done on the ledges, and some of those whose shafts had been sunk to a depth of seventy or eighty feet were found to contain barren rock, and the impression grew that the most promising ledges were not permanent. A state of great depression followed. The supplies from San Francisco ceased. Stockholders would not pay their assessments, and work on the ledges almost entirely ceased. And yet ore was taken from a mine on Lander Hill, which yielded an assay of \$7,000 to the ton, and from another of \$10,000 per ton. Eastern capital took the place of that on the Pacific coast, and many New Yorkers became interested in the development of the country. The miners who had held on to their claims during all the dark days of depression were compelled finally to seek the aid of capital and flooded the New York market with their ledges. Eastern capital erected the large mills on the "Midas," "Keystone," "Yankee Blade," "Confidence," and the Parrott Mill on Big Creek, nine miles south of Austin, each of which cost over \$100,000. The trouble with the Austin mines, and that which ultimately proved its ruin, was the high cost of reducing the ores. The Washoe mills made a fair profit on

ores ranging from \$20 to \$100 per ton, while at Austin none but those of a superior quality could be worked at a profit. All the Reese River ores have first to be roasted before amalgamation, which adds from \$80 to \$100 per ton to the cost.

Austin was the Nevada City whence started the wonderful sack of flour which realized so many thousands of dollars in aid of the Sanitary Commission. It originated from the payment of a bet made by R. C. Gridley, democrat, with Dr. H. S. Herrick, republican, both well-known citizens of Austin. The wager was made upon the local election of that place for mayor, I think, and resulted in Gridley carrying upon his shoulder a sack of flour from Upper Austin to Clifton, a distance of a mile and a half. A vast concourse of people assembled to witness the novel ceremony. The best of good nature prevailed. A great procession was formed, consisting of the newly elected city officers, followed by musicians on horseback, who alternately played a national air and "Dixie." Next came Gridley with a sack of flour, attended by two standard bearers, carrying aloft the Stars and Stripes. The people followed, filled with hilarity, lively songs and shouts of encouragement to the bearer of the sack of flour. On arriving at Clifton it was suggested that the sack of flour be sold at auction to the highest bidder, and the sum realized be presented to the Sanitary Commission for the benefit of the Union soldiers in the field. The proposition was adopted and the flour disposed of accordingly, but the sum was so small that the purchaser donated the sack to be resold on arriving at Austin. Everybody attended the auction, and the bidding was lively. Everybody bid, democrats, republicans, men of all parties, there were no Greenbackers or Mugwumps in those days, but everybody else bid for the sack of flour, and it was finally knocked down to a Reese River capitalist at \$3,000. The sack was again donated, and on the following day resold for \$1,700. The patriotism of Gridley was aroused, and he started on a tour to San Francisco, selling the sack at every town on the way. At Virginia City it brought \$8,000; at Sacramento, \$10,000, and at San Francisco, \$15,000. Tremendous excitement followed the sack everywhere. Nearly \$40,000 was obtained in California, and Gridley started for the East, selling the sack of flour at all the larger cities on the way until he reached the Atlantic coast. The final result attained was \$100,000, which he paid over to the agents of the Sanitary Committee, with great *eclat* in the city of New York.

It was a grand speculation in aid of a grander cause ameliorating the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals and softening the asperities of camp life of those in the wintry fields. But Gridley did not suffer by the enterprises thus exhibited. Not alone did fame become his, but fortune likewise. Enlisting the favor and good will of certain financiers in New York, he obtained sufficient capital to return to Austin and start a bank, which proved, ultimately, to be the foundation of the great banking establishment known as the First National Bank of Nevada, one of the most solid institutions on the Pacific coast.

Thus doth reward follow good deeds—sometimes. Perhaps some other man of moderate means and good luck may take advantage of the next great war to make a bet of a sack of flour on the result of a municipal election, manage the business so as to lose it, sell the sack for some sanitary purpose, travel from city to city throughout the land, reaping a golden harvest for the cause, enjoy himself hugely and become the most conspicuous if not a noted man of his times; impress his enterprise and good business qualities upon the financiers who will stand ever ready to join him in a business venture 4,000 miles away, and finally start a bank which will continue to pour endless wealth into his lap. Get up a war and try it.

Time and space forbid any further description of Washoe and Reese River scenes of other days. While we have noted many of the ruder and more exciting events of these early times, and depicted the results upon security of unlicensed law, the rule of riot and the thirst for gain, we have all the while been standing face to face with nature's mightiest wonders. We have trodden the ground where for silent ages Titanic forces were at work guided by the invisible hand of mysterious divine law to produce that which the art, genius and toil of man hath brought to view. We depart from these scenes with a broader view of man's hopeful, untiring nature, and a grand appreciation of his labors, with the conviction resting deep down in our heart that the greater share of our admiration should be bestowed upon that brave and steadfast race who have grappled with the mountains, and on their overthrow surmounted barriers and conquered those adverse forces of nature before which a Hannibal or Cæsar would have stood appalled and irresolute. Farewell, Washoe, good bye Reese River.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

MINES AND MINING ON THE PACIFIC AND IN THE TERRITORIES—LAWS RELATING TO MINING—CHARACTER OF MINERS—THE VAST MINERAL PRODUCTIONS—QUICKSILVER MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

ONE of the chief sources of national wealth, as well as national progress in the arts and ways of civilization, is that of mining. It is the means of supply for the mineral or inorganic world. Its products in general are imperishable, but its sources are not perpetual, and once exhausted can not be renewed. These sources are not equally distributed among the nations of the earth, and those who possess and utilize them obtain great industrial and commercial advantages. The title to all mineral deposits has ever rested in the general government, separate and distinct from the ownership of grazing or agricultural lands. This legal principle is of ancient origin. At an early period the sovereign's peculiar right to the metallic treasures of the earth was based upon divine ordinance. Compliance with the forms of certain modern statutory laws invest the individual with title of possession. As a medium of exchange and measure of values the precious metals are pre-eminent through all ages. The Phoenicians, the Egyptian kings, the ancient Greeks and Romans and their tributary tribes, the Etruscans, Salassians, the tribes of Gaul, the Britons and Carthaginians, all engaged industriously in mining the various minerals and metals. Through the first two Punic Wars Rome secured the mines of Sicily, Sardinia and Spain. Those of Asia Minor, Greece, Macedonia, Asia, Egypt, Gaul and Britain were added by successive conquests, and became the property of the State. Nevertheless the Roman law invested the mineral right in the owner of the soil when his title was absolute and complete. The condition was similar to that in the United States where, according to the English common law, the dual title exists; where the Government is possessed of all mineral rights of the public domain while the private owners of land in any State or Territory own its mineral deposits likewise.

The ancient widespread democratic principle of mining freedom, while always an issue of conflict between the subject and sovereign,

first found absolute expression in the thirteenth century among the Germans, and which secured to every citizen in the community where the mineral existed the right to mine as the first discoverer of the precious deposit wherever he could without encroaching upon the mining rights previously conferred upon others. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries an elaborate system of mining jurisprudence grew up in Germany, based in the main upon the foregoing principles. It embraced the publication of the notice of discovery; the issue of a permit; the survey, location and regular lease of the mining ground, after the deposit had been uncovered and exposed to view; the obligation to prosecute the work continuously, unless prevented by natural causes; the payment of royalty and the furnishing of mine timbers by the crown forester. These mining leases covered a certain area of the surface and a space below, either bounded by vertical planes or by surfaces parallel with the dip of the vein, and was permitted to follow the vein downward indefinitely. Here we find the first legal dawn of the principles now operating in the present century. Time has enlarged and made them more absolute. Under the common law, as held in this country, the mineral right of whatever character originates in the ownership of the soil, although it may be alienated and separately conveyed by the act of the owner, who must, however, grant also the right to enter upon his land, dig and transport the minerals thus obtained. Such are also the mining laws of England, and those of Australia and Canada follow the principles save as modified by old grants of the crown, and the possessory right of the local governments of colonies upon large areas of unoccupied public lands, to favor their own mining laws.

In the United States there have been many acts with regard to the regulation of mining under the powers granted to Congress by the constitution to dispose of the public lands. A system of leases similar to the German code was adopted in 1807 with the lead mines of the Upper Mississippi, but it was its first and last experiment in such a direction, and the policy was changed to actual sale by the act of July 11th, 1846, authorizing the sale of the reserved mineral lands in the States of Illinois and Arkansas and the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa at an increased rate of \$1.25 per acre.

The act of March 3rd, 1847, provided for public or private sales at \$5 per acre. The act of March 3rd, 1849, organizing the interior

department, transferred to it all powers exercised with regard to the mines of the United States. The act of September 26th, 1850, repealed the acts of 1847, and placed the mineral lands in these districts on the same footing as other public lands of the United States as to sale, private entry and pre-emption, and the courts have held that by a United States' patent the mineral right was conveyed to the grantee, as the patent gave a full title in fee according to the common law. The discovery of gold on the Pacific coast, and the vast and sudden emigration that took possession of the country in advance of the public surveys, presented usual sales of the public lands, and for a period of twenty years without hindrance on the part of the national authorities, the miners entered upon the public domain and extracted and exported its precious minerals and metals without asserting any claim to absolute ownership. They were governed entirely by the local mining laws, enforced by a miners' court, establishing the principle of recording claims and deciding conflicts of title in favor of priority of record, very similar to the essential principles of the German code. The miners were virtually trespassers on the public lands, but permitted to remain so by the passive attitude of the Federal government until finally, by a series of decisions in the State courts and in the United States Supreme Court 3 Wallace, 97, it was held that their possessory rights as against all claimants except the United States were capable of being transferred, taxed and valued in money. Subsequently, the act of Congress of July 27th, 1865, provided that actions for the recovery of mining claims should not be affected by the paramount title of the United States, but should be judged by the law of possession. This principle was again recognized in the act of May 5th, 1866, establishing the boundaries of Nevada. The act of July 26th, 1866, was the first general law relating to the mines on the public domain. It fully opened to exploration and occupation all mineral lands surveyed or unsurveyed to all citizens or those who had declared their intention of becoming such, subject to such regulations as might be prescribed by law and subject also to the local customs or rules of miners in the several mining districts, so far as the same were not in conflict with the laws of the United States. It likewise provided for the issuing of a patent under certain rules and regulations for the land containing the mineral vein of deposit, determining the price at \$5 per acre. It also established the number of feet to be located for each

individual location at 200, with an additional 200 for the discoverer of the claim. There were many other provisions embraced within the act. The act of July 9th, 1870, provided for similar proceedings as to placer claims, including all forms or deposits except veins of quartz or other rock in place, not to exceed 160 acres for each person or association at the maximum price of \$2.50 per acre. This act proving defective in some respects was corrected by the subsequent act of May 10th, 1872, which is incorporated in the Revised Statutes, and is now the paramount law of the land relating to the location and possession of mining claims. These laws are based upon the theory that all mineral deposits except coal are in form of the ideal fissure vein, *i. e.*, a body of ore possessing a certain definite thickness, dipping at a steep angle, and holding its course downward. Upon this assumption the discoverer, as already stated, is entitled by law to a certain number of feet upon the vein, with a width of 150 to 300 feet on each side of the outcrop, and to follow the vein wherever it may lead outside of his side lines. Were all mineral deposits of this type the right, in most cases, would prove good; but the ideal fissure vein is imaginary. Mineral deposits occur in every form, beds, contact-veins, masses of miscellaneous shapes, segregations, "blow-outs," and, in fact, in every form but the "true fissure vein," and the law does not cover them. In many cases the line of outcrop can not be determined, and side and end lines have to be placed at random. The law, therefore, affords infinite opportunity for litigation, and it is well-nigh an axiom among miners that "a mining title is a title to a lawsuit with a mine thrown in." Possession, however, is more than "nine points," and a shotgun title is frequently the best. The whole trouble arises from the attempt to convey the mineral deposit separate from the land, and to reverse the proceedings and to convey the land with all mineral deposits would obviate the difficulty in an absolute manner.

The history of the gold and silver discoveries upon the Pacific Coast and in the Territories is of marvelous interest. In the autumn of 1848, two months subsequent to the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which California with other territory was ceded to the United States, gold was found at Sutter's Mill on the Sacramento River. So great were the discoveries that immediately followed, that the surface of the earth seemed covered with it, and with each spadeful of white gravel the yellow ore was upturned. The soil teemed with it, washed

down from the auriferous mountain, and the beds of dried rivers appeared as if laden with the precious metal, from the fine grain to the ponderous nugget. The news of this marvelous deposit of untold millions aroused the cupidity of the world, and the mighty gold hunt began from the four quarters of the earth. From Europe, the Atlantic States of America, Mexico, South America and Oriental Asia they poured by thousands. They came crowded and half starved in foundering ships, for fifteen thousand miles, round wild and stormy Cape Horn, across the Isthmus of Darien, struggling through the fevered forests of the tropics, over southern mountain ranges damp with the dews of death, and most laborious and dangerous of all, they crossed the wilderness of the American Continent. In three years California's population was 250,000 and its gold exports \$60,000,000 per annum. It was a homogeneous class and all men were on a level in the mines. Every man started substantially even in the race—the well-clothed and the ragged, the high-born man of manners and the untutored plebeian, the good and the bad, all were alike in terrific struggle for gain. Gold was so abundant and its sources apparently so inexhaustible, that the power of wealth for the moment was lost, and social and financial inequalities were swept away. Each man worked for himself with his pan and pick, and the chances for sudden wealth so equal, that no menial could be found. The richest miner in the camp could not hire a servant to wait upon him, for to-morrow he might "strike it rich" and himself be a king instead of a servant. They preferred to dig their own claims. The veriest "pilgrim" or "tender-foot" was as likely to uncover the richest deposit in the gulch as the educated professor of geology, and the richest claims of to-day might suddenly cease to "pan out" on the morrow, and the baffled miner beg a handful of dust from his more fortunate neighbor, to make another start and search for better results. No one was ever permitted to suffer, or ask in vain for aid. The vast treasures of the Sierras were in sight and their mighty vaults unemptied; and besides, the successful man of to-day might need the same help from his neighbor to-morrow. Thus genuine and unconventional hospitality ruled the miner's camp from the Sacramento to the foothills of the Sierras.

Some of the most remarkable gold deposits were found in the gravel beds of California, which mark the course of ancient rivers that long since ceased to flow. They mark the course of extinct rivers the

same as bowlders and detritus of moraines mark the course of extinct volcanoes. They offer a broad field for geological study and research, and a strange and peculiar sight strikes the beholder as he gazes "far in front of him across a mile of gravel bed, where busy miners and hydraulic appliances are at work out of view, where once a deep primeval river, a mile broad, flowed in slow and stately course through a lonely valley, untenanted by any tribe of man. The mammoth, the great elk, and the most ancient North American moose-deer may have stood drinking by the wide stream at morn and even-tide, and with blank-gazing eyes may have beheld, to the north, the far-off mountains of quartz shooting their white pinnacles to the clouds, thick-flaked with gold, a dazzling, glittering mass of light, visible from afar as the slanting sunshine gleamed on their snow-white sides and summits—whiter than any marble, and sparkling with gold. Next these glittering mountains vanished, sinking in ruin into the bed of the great river. Then the sides of the valley, too, sank away, and the great river itself disappeared, seeking lower channels, and finally its old course was left on high ground, where only tiny rivulets are found, far too small to meet the wants of the miners now toiling in the dry bed of the vanished river—a mighty Pactolus of primeval times."\*

As already related, the first mines discovered in California were the rich placer beds on the Sacramento river. From 1849 to 1854 the yield from these sources was unparalleled in the history of mines, reaching in a single year, 1853, sixty-five millions of dollars. After the placers, which were soon worked out, came the discovery of quartz mines, located principally in the Sierras, whose unceasing outpour of wealth places California in the front rank of bullion-producing States. Placer mining, however, is still prosecuted to a very great extent by the hydraulic process, but the days of "pan" and "rocker" are forever gone. Placer mines are classified as those that lie near the surface and those covered to a considerable depth by barren rock. They are not confined to floats or bars in the high-water channel of streams left dry by the receding of the waters, but are found on benches, bluffs and hills. They have also been found and worked successfully in the beds of living streams by turning the channel of the river. They are worked by means of sluices, tunnels, dry washings and the hydraulic process. The most ordinary is the sluice, a long, narrow box, open at the top,

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\* *Edinburgh Review*, January 1879.

set on a slight incline, with cleats across the bottom at short spaces. The rich dirt is thrown into the head of the sluice, through which runs a stream of water of sufficient volume, with the incline, to wash down the sand and the gravel. Thus borne along, the particles of gold, being heavier than the dirt, fall to the bottom and are caught against the cleats or "riffles," as the miners term them. The great expense attending placer-mining is the bringing of water from long distances. Frequently the placers are so valuable that companies are formed and large amounts of capital invested in constructing wooden flumes and ditches, by means of which water is brought from great distances, sometimes for twenty miles or more. In 1871 there were 516 mining ditches in California aggregating 4,800 miles in length, an average of more than nine miles each. Their daily supply of water was 171,000 miners' inches, meaning 20,000 gallons each, or a total of 342,000,000 gallons. A "miner's inch" is that quantity of water which will flow through an aperture one square inch in area under a given pressure or head, and about forty miner's inches are approximately equal to a flowage of one cubic foot per second. This may appear to be a vast quantity of water for a single day's consumption, but its necessity may be readily comprehended when it is considered that a single hydraulic claim has been supplied with 3,000 miner's inches or 60,000,000 gallons per day to perfect the hydraulic process necessary to project a stream of water under a pressure of from fifty to seventy feet head against the face of the bed. By this system labor is performed on a large scale, and the work of many days by the primitive pick and shovel is contracted into that of a few hours. Although requiring in the beginning a large outlay of money, many placer beds are made to yield remuneratively that otherwise would be worthless.

To comprehend the vast amount of mineral wealth extracted from the soil and mountains of California, it may be stated that according to the authority of Hittell the estimate of the same from the year of the discovery to 1873 may be placed at \$1,000,000,000. According to the census returns the total production of gold, silver and lead during the four years preceding 1880 in that State amounted to over seventy-three and a half millions, with a constant average of between eighteen and nineteen millions.

As stated, gold quartz mining is likewise carried on to a very profitable extent. From not more than a dozen quartz mines the magnificent sum of \$32,000,000 has been obtained, chief of which are the

Princeton mines of Mariposa, and Gold Hill and Massachusetts Hill, of Nevada county.

Silver has also been found in California in small paying quantities on the coast east of the Sierras. Copper is abundant in many counties. Coal is found at some points, but not in sufficient quantities to meet the demands of home consumption. Lead is also abundant in most parts of the State in the form of galena.

Frequently valuable deposits of gold were found in the form of nuggets, sometimes of enormous size. A recent report of the superintendent of the United States Mint states that the largest nugget ever found in California was valued at \$21,000. This has been disputed by old miners and residents of that State, who declare that a miner named J. J. Finney, nicknamed "Old Virginia," discovered a piece of gold six miles from Downieville, in Sierra county, on the 21st of August, 1857, weighing 5,000 ounces, which, valued at \$18 per ounce, reached the sum of \$90,000. As far as known the Finney nugget was the largest ever discovered, as the great Australian nugget of the Ballarat gold fields was valued at \$60,000. When the noted silver discoveries were first made at Washoe, "Old Virginia," the discoverer, journeyed thither, and from him the famous city of Virginia derived its name.

Another great mining industry of California is that of quicksilver. Before the discovery of the mines in California the production of that mineral was mostly confined to the Almaden and Idria mines of Spain, which had long proved the main source of the world's supply. Although rich and profitable to a great degree, the mines of California surpass them greatly in production of the valuable mineral, and have proven a "mine of wealth" to their possessors. They are named after their world-renowned prototypes of Spain.

The New Almaden mines of California are situated on a range of hills below the main coast range in the valley of San José. The rocks forming the subordinate range containing the quicksilver are chiefly magnesian schists, sometimes calcareous and rarely argillaceous. The mine is opened at various points for a distance of five miles in a north-east direction, but there are no well-defined veins, the quartz and its associate metals occur in isolated masses segregated from the general mass of metamorphic rock and connected obscurely by thread veins of the same mineral. Sometimes these narrow threads are the only means of rediscovering the metal, lost after a former working, and it often

happens that the mine for a time appears to be completely exhausted of ore; this, however, is but temporary. With the productions of the New Almaden and New Idria mines, California ranks foremost among the quicksilver-producing countries of the world. Nevertheless it was not until 1824 that the vast wealth concealed in these mountains was made known, and it was not until 1845 that any considerable portion of the wealth was unfolded from its rocky beds, at which time the mine was opened by authority of the Mexican Government. After California had been ceded to the United States, much litigation ensued as to its title, and finally the supreme court determined its ownership to be vested in its present occupants. The mines are located at an elevation of 1,700 feet above sea level. A tunnel, many hundreds of feet long, and ten feet wide and high, is supported by massive timbers to its full length, through which runs a railroad, whose cars are operated by hand. In a large chamber hewn out of solid rock stands the engine, which hoists the ore from the various levels many hundreds of feet below. Far down on the lowest level a blacksmith shop is in full operation with all the busy scenes of the occupation, and, passing through a drift, a large chamber is reached, from the floor of which is a descent, by a flight of stairs cut in the rock, to a dismal cavern still farther beneath, where the sound of pick and shovel and the sharp clink of the borer's hammer, as it strikes the bar with which he is drilling blasting holes in the surrounding galleries, falls upon the ear. The dim light of a candle hung on the wall shines in the Cimmerian darkness and furnishes the only light to the miner plying his avocation. These mines are worked on shares, and the system of co-operation of capital and labor finds a complete exemplification.

Mining tools and utensils are furnished by the company and a small amount of money per day, until a deposit is found, when the miner is paid an agreed price for the quantity of ore he extracts, the value of the powder and steel used in prospecting operations being first deducted. By this means a mutual benefit accrues to both company and employees.

The smelting process employed at these mines resembles the apparatus at Idria in Spain, and cast-iron retorts which possess all the peculiarities suited to the volatilizing and condensation of mercury are in use. The mercurial vapors are condensed in a chamber which is divided into sixteen compartments, partitioned by their brick walls,

pierced with holes in the bottom and top of the walls alternately. Through these chambers the draft carries the vapor over the first partition, under the next, and so on through the whole series. Most of the mercury condenses in these chambers and attaches itself to the walls like dew or drops into the gutters at the bottom. The uncombined vapors find their way into a larger chamber filled with water, in which the most of it condenses before escaping, through the long slanting flumes, to the atmosphere. After removal from the walls, the quicksilver is packed into iron flasks, one of the few metals not dissolved by the application of mercury. Each flask contains sixty-seven and one-half pounds, worth 70 cents per pound. From a ton of average ore about one hundred and fifty pounds of mercury are obtained.

The New Almaden mines have produced 48,000 flasks annually, employing in their operations more than one thousand men. Their operations of late years have been in a decreased ratio, probably following the example of the Spanish Government in reducing the aggregate yield with the view of maintaining the market value of mercury.

The New Idria mines are similar in every respect to those of New Almaden, and a description of the labor and machinery engaged in extracting the valuable ore from one is the counterpart of the other in all things connected with their development. Both are rich fields of industry, wherein much capital and labor are blended and from which many millions of dollars have been obtained as a reward for the energy and skill displayed in unfolding and creating this new industry of the State of California.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

MINES AND MINING, CONTINUED—NEVADA, THE SILVER LAND OF THE WORLD—THE WONDERFUL PRODUCTIONS OF ITS GREAT MINES—THE BIG BONANZA COMPANIES—DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN COLORADO—THE VAST SILVER AND LEAD DEPOSITS—THE RISE OF DENVER—LEADVILLE—THE MINERAL WEALTH OF DAKOTA—THE BLACK HILLS—GOLD AND SILVER MINING IN WYOMING—BAD-LANDS—BONES OF GREAT ANIMALS—MINING IN MONTANA—ITS VAST MINERAL DEPOSITS—VIRGINIA CITY—THE MINERAL RESOURCES OF IDAHO—WASHINGTON TERRITORY—SILVER MINING—ITS MINERALS—OREGON—UTAH—ITS MINERAL WEALTH—THE MINES OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA—ANCIENT RACES—THE PATHWAY OF CIVILIZATION—THE UPBUILDING OF EMPIRE.

NEVADA is the great silver land of the world. In 1859 the wandering prospector, rambling beneath the shadows of Washoe, suddenly beheld silver veins cropping out of lofty Mount Davidson. Still greater discoveries were made in rapid succession; princely fortunes followed the working of the mines, and the excitement extended to all the great money centers of the world. All the wealth or prosperity which Nevada, as a community, possesses, is due entirely to its vast mineral deposits. Its past productions have been fabulous, and its annual productions, according to the census reports, at present surpass any other of the States or Territories. Nevertheless, these values fluctuate from year to year. In 1874 its productions of precious metals amounted to nearly thirty-five and a half millions; in 1879 they had fallen to 22,000,000, and in 1880 to 15,000,000. Nearly all of this vast wealth is silver, extracted from vein deposits of all formations, from the true fissure vein to segregations. The mine first discovered was the famous Comstock Lode, which, from its wonderful deposits, gave it and Nevada a world-wide reputation. Its width at the surface ranged from 250 feet to 1,100, but decreased irregularly as it proceeded downward, at times narrowing to 20 feet. Only a portion of the great mass of rock is metalliferous, some of it being entirely barren, and others of a very low grade of ore. The rich ore is contained in pockets or horses (bonanzas) dispersed through its veins. In 1874 the "Big Bonanza," the richest in the world, was

discovered on this ledge. These horses or bonanzas are great lenticular masses, sometimes hundreds of feet in length and breadth, and ranging in thickness from two to two hundred and fifty feet. Ten of these pockets or bonanzas have been thus far discovered of the following dimensions:

	LENGTH FEET.	BREADTH FEET.	THICKNESS FEET.
Mexican and Ophir . . . . .	600	650	2 to 70
Gould and Curry . . . . .	600	540	3 to 100
Savage . . . . .	500	300	5 to 60
Hall and Norcross . . . . .	520	600	3 to 40
Chollar-Potosi . . . . .	580	500	5 to 85
Gold Hill . . . . .	1,040	550	10 to 100
Yellow Jacket . . . . .	340	500	5 to 60
Kentuck . . . . .	300	400	2 to 40
Crown Point and Belcher . . . . .	600	600	5 to 60
Consolidated Virginia and California (Big Bonanza)	700	600	20 to 250

The average yield per ton from the last has been \$110. The annual yield of the Comstock lode from its discovery to 1876 is as follows:

1860	\$ 100,000	1867	\$ 13,738,618	1874	\$ 23,051,496
1861	2,000,000	1868	8,479,769	1875	24,885,617
1862	6,000,000	1869	7,405,578	1876	37,000,000
1863	12,400,000	1870	8,254,272		
1864	16,000,000	1871	10,644,704		\$234,074,309
1865	16,000,000	1872	13,159,093		
1866	11,769,100	1873	23,216,062		

The sum disbursed in dividends by the two companies owning the Big Bonanzas up to the close of 1880 amounted to \$74,170,000, of which the California company disbursed \$31,510,000, and the Consolidated Virginia, \$42,660,000. The present value of the former mine, as estimated by the price of its stock, is \$1,000,000, and the latter \$1,500,000. The proportionate amount of gold contained in the ore ranges from thirty-three to seventy per cent.

All of these bonanzas have been worked out, and the labor now expended is in search of new pockets at still greater depths. This labor involves still greater expense as the depth increases. The great distance the rock has to be hoisted, the large accumulation of water and the intense heat to be endured by the miners, add largely to the cost of the labor. The temperature at the lowest level attained rises to 130° Fahrenheit, and new shifts of workmen replace the others every twenty or thirty minutes, otherwise they would perish.

At present none of these mines are paying dividends, but are being worked at the expense of the stockholders upon whom are levied assessments for that purpose.

There are other productive mining districts in the State, of which the Eureka is the best known and most prolific. This company has paid sixty-one dividends, amounting to \$4,500,000. The Tuscarora district has likewise produced large amounts, but their value is entirely dependent upon the pockets they strike, and the veins are of the segregated character, and not true fissure veins.

In 1863 discoveries were made in the Reese River country that gave rise to great excitement, which is elsewhere described. The White Pine district likewise produced for a while great results, but the veins suddenly ceased to yield after being worked a few years, and at present but a few mines are being developed.

The great need of Nevada now is the means of working the low grade ores at a profit. Tens of thousands of tons of this class of ore lie all over the State, but with the present processes they can not be made to yield a profit.

In 1880 \$75,000,000 of gold and silver were produced in the mineral-bearing States and Territories, of which California, Nevada and Colorado produced \$55,000,000.

Another mineral production of Nevada of note, and which under favorable auspices would prove a rich industry, is the vast salt formation in many parts of the State. On the Rio Virgin, Lincoln county, there exists a deposit of pure rock salt. This vein is exposed for two continuous miles, and has been traced for nine miles; it is half a mile wide and of unknown depth. In places cañons have been cut through it more than fifty feet deep. It is of ancient formation and covered in places with basaltic rock and volcanic tufa, showing its early origin. It is so tenacious that it must be blasted like rock, and so pure and transparent that the pages of a book may be read through blocks a foot thick:

In Churchill county at Sand Springs there is another deposit, fourteen feet deep, entirely free from any foreign substance, which has been quarried at the rate of five tons a day per man. Another great salt field is the Humboldt, six by fifteen miles in area. A remarkable phenomenon is attached to the great salt deposit. When the summer heats have evaporated the surface-water, pure salt, to the depth of four

or five inches may be scraped off and used as a commodity without further cost. Immediately beneath this surface deposit is a stratum of the purest rock salt of unknown depth. Soda, borax and other valuable minerals likewise exist in large quantities near these vast salt deposits. What a wonderful industry might be created out of these mineral deposits! A considerable business is already established in gathering borax on the line of the new Carson & Colorado Railroad; but if the capitalist who spends his time roaming around looking for some safe investment at five per cent. for his money would become possessed of sufficient courage to develop these mines and open a pathway to the meridian lines of commerce, what a splendid return he would obtain for his venture! Run your railroads to remote points, sink your shafts and tunnels in their luminous and transparent depths, and in a very little while you will command the salt markets of the world.

In 1858 gold was first discovered in Colorado, in the Rich placers on Cherry Creek and other streams at the base of the mountains. The wonderful tide of emigration which had inundated California ten years before turned to the new El Dorado. The mighty crusade wended its way over mountains, and deserts to this second El Dorado. The physical results were not less surprising than the mineral. In a night, almost, Denver sprang from a stage station to a city, and a stirring line of settlements became established along the eastern base of the mountains. As time went on so did the wave of humanity that swept over the mountain barriers and cleaned up the placers of South Park, California, and other gulches in the valley of the Arkansas. They swept beyond the Elk and the San Juan mountains, and were only halted by the inhospitable deserts and the tide of Indian violence that followed the incursions of the white man. It created a new State, whose assessed value of property in 1878, according to the census of 1880, was \$43,072,648, not one-third of the actual value of its varied wealth and industries. The path of empire seemed to be outlined by the lofty peaks that overshadowed the cities of its earlier triumphs, and with the finger of destiny to point the way far southward, in whose untrodden fields newer and grander trophies were to be obtained by the arm of industry. And so the southward march began. In 1877 enormous deposits of silver and lead ore were discovered in the regions surrounding Leadville, which gave a still

mightier impetus to the settlement and development of the State. The old times of '49 in California, and Washoe and Reese River in Nevada, seemed to be re-enacted in the silver land of Southern Colorado. Within three years the State gained in population over 100,000. The city of Leadville, built up in the wilderness, became an *entrepot* of trade, commerce, industry and art. Railroads connect it with the mines and with all parts of the Union, and it is fast becoming a populous city of affluence and refinement.

Other discoveries of value have been made all over the State, and more than thirty thousand men have been mining, trading and prospecting in the Elk Mountains region since 1880. The total production of the mines about Leadville since their discovery in 1878 has amounted to more than thirty millions of dollars in gold, silver and lead, and not one of these mines is exhausted. The total production of gold and silver in the ten mineral-producing counties of the State for the year 1880 amounted to \$21,821,500. Besides the precious metals, Colorado possesses large deposits of iron, copper, lead and coal.

The mineral wealth of Dakota is centered in the Black Hills. For many years there was a tradition that gold existed there in large quantities. In 1874 General Custer explored the country, and some miners connected with his military command discovered gold placers of paying quality. The placers were soon worked out, but their sources were discovered and developed. These mines produce gold only. The veins are true fissure veins in form and very wide, but the ore is all of low grade. This mineral-producing region covers an area sixty miles long and thirty miles wide, containing 6,000 square miles of mineral-bearing rock and gravel beds, and the conditions are favorable for rapid extraction. In 1880 the production of gold was \$4,123,081. Large deposits of coal are also found of good quality in many places west of the Missouri River.

In Wyoming gold mining has been prosecuted for a number of years at the southeastern base of the Wind River Range of mountains, the Sweetwater country and the Summit Mountains, but not to that extent which has characterized other adjacent Territories. Silver mines have also been discovered and developed in the Park and Medicine Bow Ranges, near the south line of the Territory. The principal deposits of coal are also found in the southwestern part of the Territory. The first discovery of gold was made by a party of hunters on

the Strawberry and Sweetwater streams in 1866, and the following year 5,000 miners and emigrants spread over the country and built the now deserted towns of South Pass and Miner's Delight. The places were of little value, but the quartz veins promised large results, the ledges being well defined and very broad. A considerable amount of eastern capital was invested in the mines and half a score of stamp mills, ranging from five to twenty stamps, erected. Many of the most promising veins, however, became exhausted at a depth of 100 feet, and others contained so large a quantity of barren rock as to prove unprofitable. Some, although narrowing greatly on development, were exceedingly rich, assaying hundreds of dollars to the ton of rock. In 1871, while at this stage of experiment, an incursion was made by a war party of Sioux, who burned and otherwise destroyed the mills and mining property, and drove the miners from the country, the United States Government refusing to extend a sufficient military aid to protect the miners in their pursuits. Since then the mines, for the most part, have remained in their undeveloped condition and the deserted cities a home for owls, bats, coyotes and rattlesnakes. Without doubt, however, the country is rich in mineral deposits, and at some future time will be fully developed. It is of the same mountainous formation as other Territories of great mineral wealth. In the northern part of the Territory the formation is alternate mountain and valley. On the east the Big Horn Range runs from the plains 1,200 feet above the sea level. Then follow the Big Horn Basin and Wind River Valley beneath the crown of the tall Wind River Range, with their glaciers and eternal snows. Beyond them rise the volcanic peaks of the Yellowstone Range, and within their shadow lies the wonderful National Yellowstone Park, described in another chapter of this book.

Just beyond Wyoming's border, in the angle between the Niobrara and the Wyoming line, lies one of the most singular formations in the great West. It is the *Mauvaise Terres*, or Bad Lands, a sterile desert spot, without water, wood or pasture, and containing no living thing. And yet this scarred and blasted region, which, on first beholding, a famous Indian-fighting general excitedly exclaimed: "Well, this is h—l with its fires put out!" was once the home of a mighty congregation of animal life. Careful scientific explorations of this region by Prof. Samuel Aughey, of the State University of Nebraska, reveal some of the most curious remains in the world. The almost vertical

sections of white rock have been chiseled by ages into unique forms. Indeed, as viewed from a distance, they reminded the explorer of one of those old cities which exhibit alone their ruins, as reminders of their ancient grandeur. It is in the deepest cañons, says the Professor, at the foot of the stair-like projections, that the earliest of those wonderful fossil treasures are found, which have done so much to revolutionize our notions of the life of Tertiary times. Here are found the remains of rhinoceri, titanotheriids and old-time river-horses, much like the hippopotami of modern times. Higher up in the deposits are found countless numbers of turtles mingled with the remains of land animals. Among them are the wonderful orontodons, which Leidy calls ruminating hogs, because their cutting teeth and their canines and their feet are like those of the swine family while their molars are patterned after those of the deer, and the upper portions of the head are much like those of the camel. Several species of fossil monkeys have also been found in those sediments. The vast numbers of these animals were kept within proper bounds by gigantic carnivorous animals, such as sabre-teethed tigers, lycaenodons, wolves and others of like nature. Such is the natural history of this blasted region, where no tree or shrub or living thing now exists, and yet once in the dim ages was a tropical region abounding in such prolific vegetable life, that myriad swarms of monkeys fed thereon, and watered by such deep and living streams that immense turtles and hippopotami dwelt therein, or stalked forth upon the land like the ruminating hog in search of food; where lions and tigers hid in the jungle, awaiting the frolics of their monkey prey, and where, doubtless, roamed the pre-historic man, molded in giant proportions, armed with his mighty war-club to contend with the wild beasts for the mastery of the soil.

The first discovery of gold in what now comprises the Territory of Montana was made in the year 1852, on Gold Creek, one of the headwaters of Clarke's Fork of the Columbia River by François Finley, a French half-breed who was passing through the country on his way from California. Six years thereafter James and Granby Street, and a miner of the name of Robinson fell in with Finley, and were told of the rich deposits he had discovered on Gold Creek. These men proceeded to the point designated and gathered a considerable quantity of the precious metal, but were driven by Indians

from the country. It was not until four years later that gold was discovered in Deer Lodge, and at Grasshopper Creek, a branch of the Beaver-head. The tide of emigration that followed this later discovery founded the city of Bannock.

In 1863 the vast gold deposits on Alder Gulch were discovered from which \$60,000,000, were gathered in four years, which included a territory of but thirteen miles in extent. Virginia City resulted from this immense emigration, and when the placers became exhausted, the tide rolled away to other and richer fields, and Helena, the present capital of the Territory, sprang suddenly into being.

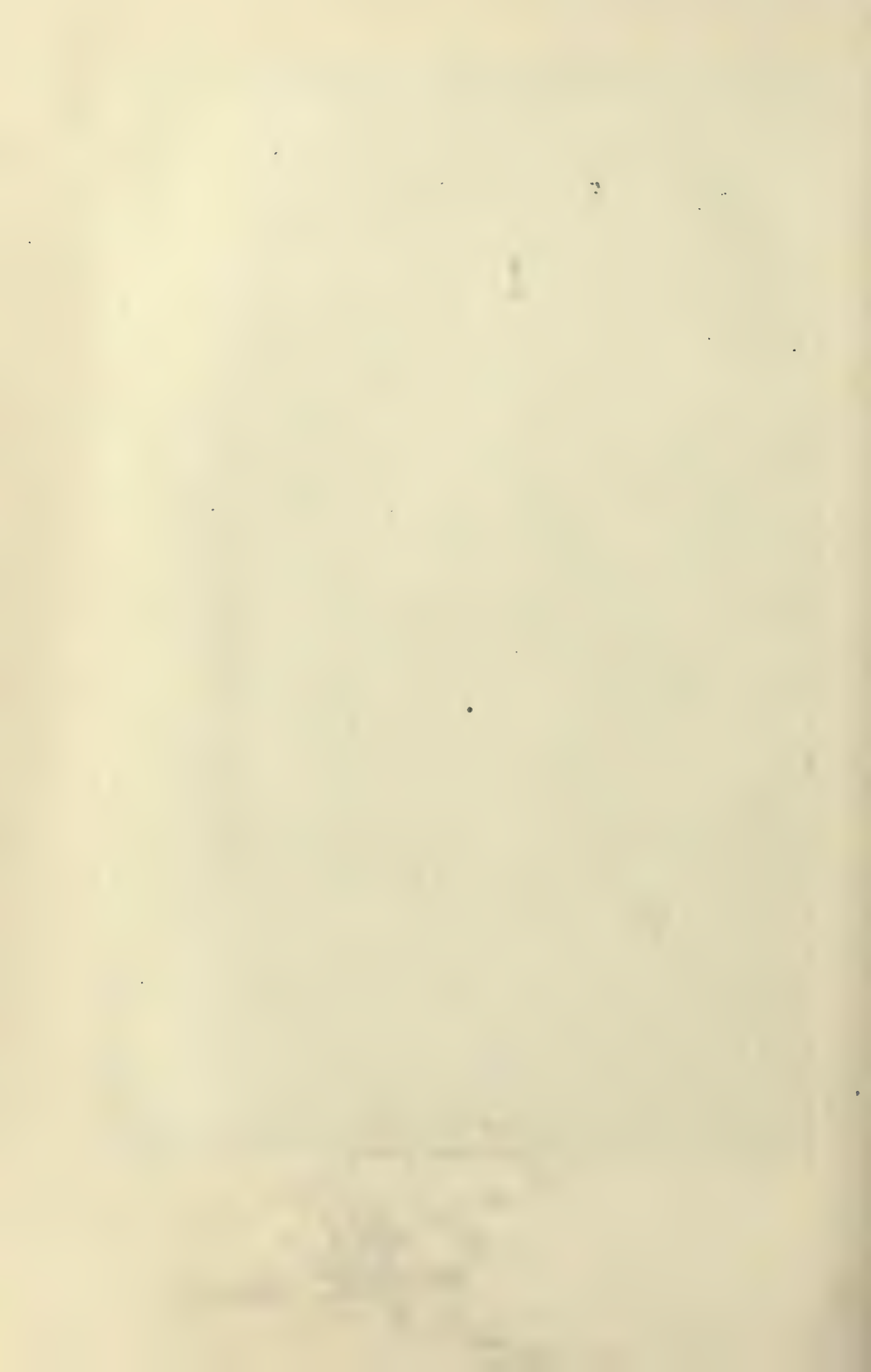
A conservative estimate of Montana's total yield of gold is \$150,000,000, greater than any of the other Territories. Where placer exists, its source quartz is always to be found, and to the quartz veins of Montana the attention of the miner and capitalist is now being turned. Silver also exists in large quantities in every direction and forms an important element in the mining industry of the Territory. It is a vast domain, and many parts are yet unknown to the prospector. Until recently destitute of railroad and other facilities for the rapid transportation of the ores, only those of a very high grade could be made available, and exploitation itself has been limited, superficial and imperfect where attempted. Many prosperous mining communities exist in various parts of the Territory.

Deer Lodge leads in placer mining, and has since the days of Alder Gulch. It also possesses veins of gold, silver and copper. The great Anaconda Reduction Works are located in this county, and are connected by a branch line of railroad with the Utah & Northern. Their capacity is 500 tons per day, and the cost of the plant was a round \$1,000,000.

Silver Bow is the pride of Montana. Its population is from 15,000 to 20,000, of which Butte City claims 10,000 to 12,000. It is situated but a few miles from the terminus of the Utah and Northern Pacific Railroads. The freight handled in 1883 was 169,000,000 pounds, and in 1884, 250,000,000 pounds. It is one of the greatest quartz mining districts in the world. Two hundred and fifty lodes have been patented, of which but twenty-five yield a monthly sum of \$300,000. The number of stamps at work aggregate 200, and fifteen furnaces likewise are in constant operation. The mines of the Helena and



STRUCK IT RICH.



Boulder districts are quite as valuable as those of Butte district, awaiting solely the hand of development. The completion of branch lines with the Northern Pacific will provide an available market for the medium and low grade ores, of which there is a quantity sufficient to surpass the net results already attained in those of the higher grade.

Central Montana, through which extends the Rocky Mountain system, is a region of lofty ridges and lower spurs and ranges, interspersed with beautiful and fertile valleys. This is the great silver and copper mining region of the Territory, and its product of the precious metals since the first discoveries of 1862 have alone been surpassed by California and Nevada. Granite Mountain is the richest silver mine in Montana. Fifteen hundred tons of rock, worked by contract, yielded \$300,000, and the ore in sight is estimated at 200,000 tons.

One of the most remarkable timber belts on the American continent for a hundred miles lies in Northwestern Montana and Northern Idaho. The Territory is 540 miles from east to west and 275 from north to south, possessing a superficial area of 145,776 square miles, three-fourths of which lie upon the Pacific Slope. This vast territory is watered by the Missouri and its tributaries, together with Clark's Fork of the Columbia, and are navigable for a distance of 1,500 miles, within the boundaries of the Territory.

Eight thousand ledges are recorded in the county records of Montana, each representing an average of 2,200 feet, aggregating a gold run 4,000 miles long.

The mineral resources of Idaho are but slightly developed in comparison with the riches that lie hidden within its broad domain. Still its mines have been worked for many years and have been found very productive. Rich placers were discovered on the Boise and Salmon Rivers from which large quantities of gold were obtained. Since the discovery of the precious metals it is estimated that \$100,000,000 have been extracted from its mines. The mines in the Owyhee district, in the southwestern corner of the Territory, yielded larger returns, but of late have been almost entirely neglected. The famous Wood River district was discovered as late as 1880, but are now the most prominent of all Southern Idaho mines. They have yielded millions of dollars since their first development, and the ore bodies grow more extensive as development proceeds. Located in an excellent grazing and agricultural country, with ample supply of water and tim-

ber, it possesses all the elements necessary for cheap mining, and the completion of branch lines of railroad to the very center of the mining district furnishes an unlimited transportation at low figures and makes them easy of access. The ores range in value from \$75 to \$200 per ton, and are composed of argentiferous galena, averaging from 100 to 200 ounces of silver and from 40 to 70 per cent. of lead. Sampling and smelting works have been established, and the home production of bullion has been considerable. There are many rich mines in the district, among which may be mentioned as an illustration, the Parker Group, located in August, 1883. Its dividends for the first year were \$80,000, and the grade of ore has increased with the depth.

The Sawtooth mines are located sixty-five miles west of the Wood River district in the range of mountains of that name, derived from the peculiar way in which its lofty peaks are linked for many miles. This has proved to be a rich field for developing its precious minerals. The general character of the formation is granite with porphyry streaks and belts running with and across. Veins of silver and frequently of gold are found in the porphyry and sometimes galena ores with zinc and antimony.

The mining belt of Central Idaho, lying principally in Alturas county, has been compared to an open fan. The lava beds from the end of the handle terminating in the Black Buttes, near the American Falls. The fringed edge of the demi-sphere circles around from Rocky Bar, distant 200 miles from the Butler to the country of the Seven Devils, to Cape Horn and to Custer City in the Yankee Fork Region. The lower rib of the fan represents the veins of gold-bearing rock from the Spring Creek Mountains to Rock Creek, Little Smoky, Rocky Bar and Atlanta's famous gold mines and bars, 120 miles away. The next rib, running parallel with the gold veins, are the rich silver leads of Bellevue, Bradford, Bullion, Deer Creek, Galena, etc. The rich ruby silver, bordering on the gold ores, from Vienna and Sawtooth, 150 miles away to the Antelope district, constitute the next rib of the perspective fan. Next the large copper belt, crossing the head of Lost River and circling over a wide expanse until it winds up with the northwest casing of the fan, rich again in gold from the basin of the Salmon River to Yankee Fork and thence to the southeast country. Within this region terrific upheavals naturally define the mineral veins which, in many instances, are projected from the mountain sides in eminence,

traceable on the surface for many miles. It is held to be the true land of fissure veins, carrying gold, silver, copper and lead, rich beyond computation. And yet how inconsiderable are the mining developments of Idaho Territory compared to its inexhaustible mineral wealth. The last census reports represent the joint product of the year 1879 and 1880 at little less than four millions of dollars. Further developments since then, especially in the Wood River and Alturas districts, have materially increased the sum, but that which is needed the most



THE TRAPPER.

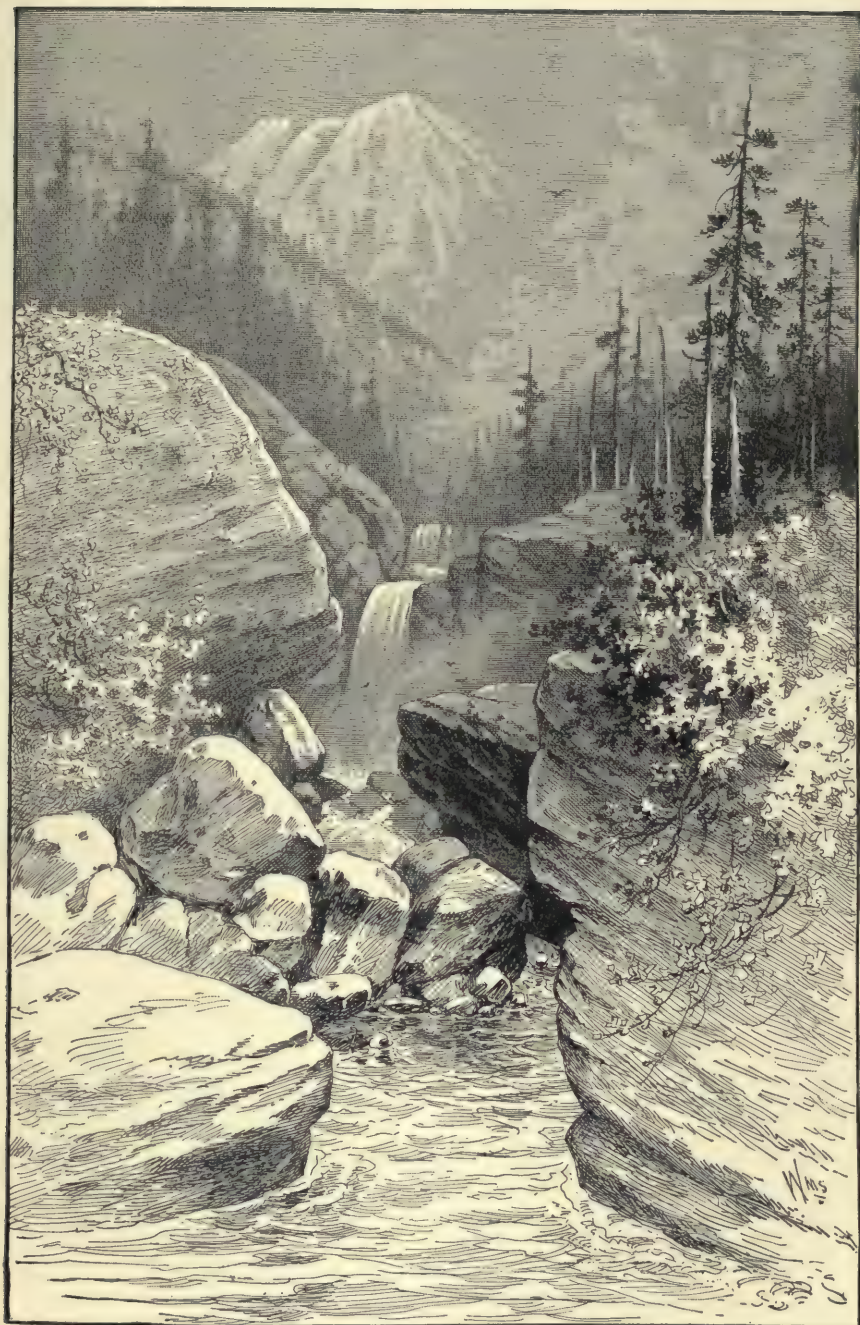
are many earnest workers with small capital and great brawn and energy, who will convert a "prospect hole" into a mine. They are more heartily welcomed in every mine of value, and of far more service to the general interests of the country than the capitalist who pays half a million for a fully developed mine, declaring promptly its regular dividends. Such men will, by earnest effort, reap great harvests in the result.

Washington Territory is the most northwestern of all the States and Territories, and divides our country from the British Possessions on the north, while its western shores are washed by the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Its first settlements were made by the fur traders, and

for a long period they were the sole remote owners of the soil. It is noted for its lofty mountains and tall volcanic peaks, many of which exhibit evidences of recent eruption. At the present time there may occasionally be seen with the naked eye smoke and steam escaping from crevices and rolling over the hot stones at their summit. It is related by old settlers that one of these lofty peaks has been in the throes of convulsion since the advent of the white man. Mount Adams rises to the height of 9,570 feet above ocean level; Mount Saint Helena, 9,750 feet; Mount Baker, 10,719; Mount Hood, 11,225; and Mount Rainier towers above them all, 14,444 beyond the waves of the ocean shore line. These lofty crags are covered with a dense forest of valuable timber, from which 300,000,000 feet of lumber are annually cut, one half of which is exported to Oregon, California, and to the adjacent Territories.

The mineral resources of the Territory are but slightly developed. Silver deposits have been found in several parts of the Cascade Range of Mountains, but have not been developed to any great extent. The annual production of precious metals does not exceed \$100,000. Between the Columbia River and the Cascade Mountains gold is being successfully mined, and fine prospects have also been found in silver, copper and iron. Bituminous coal has been found of excellent quality, and late researches have shown that the coal-bearing strata covers a district of at least 20,000 square miles. Washington Territory boasts of a mining industry unknown in any other portion of the Union. It is that of ice mining. One of the wonders of the Territory is its ice caves, which lie about forty miles from the mouth of the Salmon River, and are reached by a ride through a picturesque portion of the Cascade Mountains. From the lofty table-lands you gaze upon the ranches far below, dotted with orchards and roaming cattle. At your feet sparkles the white Salmon, and above you are the leafy forests of mountains rising ridge upon ridge until seemingly veiled in the clouds. Threading a narrow trail through a wilderness of green brush, you emerge into beautiful openings of bunch grass and wild oats with an occasional lofty tree to break the continuity of green ocean, whose billows are sometimes red with flames that creep down from forest fires and subdue the wild growth of vegetation.

On arriving at one of these caves you enter through an opening in the ground ten feet square, formed by the fall of a portion of its



MOUNT HOOD.



roof. You find that they were channels in the basalt through which streams of lava flowed in the eruptive period, and on their walls and floors traces of the fluid matter are still to be seen. Both ends of the cave are open to the passage of the winter air, whose intense refrigerating power operates upon the waters that flow therein from the surface in small percolating streams, and thus freeze, layer upon layer, solid from the bottom. The summer thaw is not rapid nor of great degree compared with the large ice formation. This, in part, is prevented by the freezing temperature of the air within the cave, protected by their deep covering from the sun's rays. The main body of ice has a level appearance, indicating a subterranean drainage, which relieves the caves of water from the wastage of the ice. At the entrance the channel turns at right angles and runs in one direction 200 feet and perhaps 600 in the other. Some of the caves are larger, and their galleries run for miles, but the ice formation is not so great as when it is more condensed in space. Along these galleries lie the layers of ice firmly packed to a height of twenty feet. Here the miners pick and gather the article, pack it upon the backs of mules and horses, and convey it to the steamboat landing. On the road you meet these heavily-laden trains, each animal conveying two sacks containing 250 pounds each at the starting point, but which melts to half the size on the journey. Such is one of the wonders and one of the profitable mining industries of this remote Territory—gold and silver in the minimum, but ice in abundance.

The mineral wealth of Oregon has not been developed to any appreciable extent. Gold placers have been successfully worked for a long period in Jackson and Josephine counties. In Grant and Baker counties both placer and quartz mines have been discovered and worked to some extent. The yield per annum, however, from all sources has never exceeded a million dollars. Copper has been found in the southwest, both native and in combinations. Iron ore is abundant, and coal has been found in large quantities in many locations.

The mining industry of Utah Territory is mainly confined to the Wahsatch range of mountains, east and southeast of Salt Lake City, although other valuable discoveries have been made and developed to advantage in the Western and Oquirrh ranges. The metals found are mostly silver and the ores galena and chlorides of silver, and the deposits are in the form of fissure veins. According to the last census

reports the production of Utah for the year 1879 was \$5,468,879, of which but \$211,640 was gold. The production of 1880 was \$6,450,963, an increase of nearly one million of dollars.

There are a number of smelting works in this Territory which are made profitable by the reduction of the ores, and the following is a detailed statement of the amount of gold, silver and lead produced by these works, according to the census report of 1880:

2,892,478 lbs. of refined lead . . . . .	\$ 144,624.90
26,442,093 lbs. of unrefined lead . . . . .	661,052.32
3,783,566 † ounces of silver . . . . .	4,161,922.60
8,020 † ounces of gold . . . . .	160,400.00
Total } † Silver valued at \$1.10 per ounce . . . . .	\$5,127,999.82
† Gold valued at \$20 per ounce . . . . .	

Large deposits of coal have been found in the Territory, principally in the valley of the Weber River. Discoveries of large deposits of bituminous coal in the upper coal measures have likewise been made in Castle Valley and in the cañons of Grand and Green Rivers. Iron ores likewise exist in immense bodies in various parts of the Territory.

Although this Territory has been settled for many years, it has been only of late that its mineral wealth has at all been developed. The Mormon theocracy discountenanced all attempts on the part of its people to engage in mining for the precious metals. All efforts in that direction, by special command of the Mormon leaders, were confined to the working of coal and iron mines. This was occasioned by the dread of an influx of Gentiles in their midst, should the knowledge of Utah's hidden wealth be communicated to the outer world, and such proved to be true when the fact in reality became known.

Under the old Mexican and Spanish control of the Territory of New Mexico the development of its resources amounted to nothing. And later, when the Territory became a part of the United States, those of the small white population who possessed the energy or inclination to engage in that industry found their labors circumscribed and the title to mining possessions entangled with the countless land grants which rose up to disturb their activity. These grants were of two kinds. Those which in terms conveyed the mineral to be found on the grant, and those which did not. The greatest number of the grants did not convey the mineral, and recent rulings of the court affirmed the principle, that although mineral lands be contained within

the grant, it is not covered by it, but remained sole and distinct, of separate title. These decisions paved the way to a more successful and promising condition of mining affairs in the Territory, and far greater interest than before has been taken in their development. Owing to the want of capital and the scarcity of water, a large number of very rich placers were not worked. The railroad has materially altered this state of affairs. Capital is now at command, and great works are in progress and partially completed to conduct the water necessary for their successful development.

Innumerable mineral bodies have been discovered, and some of them are proving very profitable. The richest mining district in New Mexico at present is that of Silver City, in the southwestern part of the Territory. According to the census returns, the joint product of the precious metals for 1879 and 1880 amounted to nearly one and a half millions. The total productions from 1848 to 1880 amounted to \$78,073,000; the last five years averaging half a million annually, nearly all of which was silver. Copper exists in large quantities, and the mines are being worked to great advantage. Among them is one on the San Pedro grant, which possesses a bed of ore thirty feet thick which runs fifteen per cent. pure copper. The railroads have proved the *open season* of this Territory. It is now traversed by the iron horse east and west, north and south—some leading to the doors of the mines, and soon one of the richest mining fields in the West will be opened to the skill and energy of man.

Arizona is the most remote and inaccessible of all the Territories. Its title was acquired through the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo and the Gadsden Purchase. Of all the Territories it is the least populated and developed, and possesses the most romantic history mixed with darker scenes and events. The wave of civilization has oftentimes been broken against the spears of the warlike Apaches, and its furthest fields watered by the blood of the tolling immigrant. Its first exploration was made by Varquez de Coronado during his celebrated search for the Seven Cities of Cibola. He conquered all the Mogul towns on the high mesas of the north and thence moved to the wall of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, near the mouth of Cataract Creek, and one of his scouting parties traversed the Colorado to the foot of the Black Cañon. He opened the lonely pathway for the Spanish Friars who traversed the Territory, established their missions and partially

civilized and Christianized many of the Indian tribes on the Gila and Colorado.

The soil is dry and arid, and the sparkling streams that flow from beyond the volcanic peaks and from the highlands on the north and east become alkaloid and diminutive from mingling with the soil, and find their way in muddy rivulets to the mighty gorges of the Cañon of the Colorado, 7,000 feet beneath the sun-lit surface of the earth. On this acrid soil—dreary wastes of desert plains—grows the giant cactus. Sometimes reaching a height of thirty feet, it stands upon the parched plain like a lone sentinel, its naked arms outstretched as if in wonder at the traveler who has invaded its silent desert solitudes. Marvine, the geologist, writing of this peculiar region in the report of geographical surveys west of the one Hundredth meridian, Vol. II, remarks:

“To stand upon the edge of the Pinal Mountains upon a quiet day and look off upon the wonderfully silent and arid plains, with their innumerable ‘Post Mountains,’ rising like precipitous islands from the sea, all bathed in the most delicate tints and lying death-like in the peculiar intangible afternoon haze of this region, which seems to magnify distant details, rather than to subdue them, impresses one most deeply. The wonderful monotony seems unenclosable by an horizon, and one imagines the scene to continue on and have no end. Though the gulf and ocean are 300 miles away, yet here is the continent’s real southwestern border.”

The mineral resources of Arizona are yet in the infancy of development. In the rude parlance of the toilers of bed and rock the country has been merely “scratched.” It is true that near its southern line, in the region lying adjacent to Old Mexico, mines of gold and silver were worked by the Spaniards many generations ago. Centuries rolling away and blotting out forever much that then existed have not obliterated the evidences of their rude labor. Men of the present day, in their attempts hitherto to unearth the wealth of Arizona’s hidden depths, have constantly fallen beneath the savage blow, and discouragement has continuously followed their efforts. With the advent of the railroad, however, a larger immigration has poured in, and a partial suppression of the scourge of savage violence has given an impetus to mining industries in hitherto inaccessible places. Since 1870 the population has increased from 9,000 to 40,000, a gain of 319 per cent.

Progress has been made in many directions. New mines have been opened in all parts of the Territory, and the old ones are being worked with renewed energy. The new industry has awakened general interest, and old miners are flocking there, believing it to be the long-sought "promised land." For the calendar year of 1880 the mineral productions in Arizona amounted to \$5,660,000, thus placing it fourth in production of the precious metals. Since then it is estimated the yield has increased to \$10,000,000 per annum.

To comprehend the difficulties with which the miner has contended in prosecuting his industry with the savage tribes of Arizona, it is sufficient to state that not less than 30,000 Indians inhabit the Territory and roam over its entire length and breadth. Many of these tribes are warlike, but some are peaceable, having for a long period been under the spiritual control of the Spanish missionaries. Of these the Moquis are the more advanced, dwelling in towns built for protection upon the high mesas. Their life is mainly pastoral, possessing many herds of sheep and goats. They cultivate the soil sufficient to raise their own supplies of grain, fruit and vegetables. They still retain, however, some of the ancient customs and superstitions of their tribe, among which is the revolting Snake Dance, related in a previous chapter.

Altogether, Arizona is interesting to both student and progressist. Within its limits are the remains of a former dense civilization far in advance of the most civilized of the present tribes of Indians. They inhabited towns built with the plumb line. Their walls of defense, their ancient castles and watch towers and the ruins of their cities and aqueducts, all denote a race of a high order of intelligence. Truly it is a land of wonders and of romance, where an inspired pen might write, from "the testimony of the rocks," the history of a renowned race, versed in the arts of civilization, who, like the ancient Gauls, were blotted out by the fire and sword of a more barbarous and war-like band of conquerors.

All in all, the history of the mining industries of the Pacific Coast and Territories is more marvelous than any page of romance that has excited the wild imagination of man. Monte Cristo's have lived in all ages, but the grandest prototype is to be found to-day amid the vast gold fields and shining silver lands of the far West. There the wildest imagination is dwarfed by the reality that lies before you in the Aladdin wealth secreted in the hills eternal. It is difficult to contemplate

the riches that have already been acquired, and those which still lie hidden. The export of the precious metals on the Pacific Coast since 1848 has amounted to nearly thirteen hundred millions of dollars, while the product of the mines during the same period has amounted to nearly twenty-two hundred millions of dollars.

It is estimated that nearly five thousand millions of gold and silver have been extracted from the earth since the discovery of gold in California and, shortly thereafter, on the plains of Ballarat. While the vast harvest of wealth in the two great gold fields of the world has continuously diminished, the annual production of the precious metals has not materially diminished, inasmuch as with the decrease of gold the harvest of silver has as rapidly increased. In the United States the silver product has more than doubled within the past ten years, and largely exceeds the gold.

Nothing has contributed more to the financial independence of the United States than its enormous wealth in the precious metals. In 1876 the Government began to prepare for the resumption of specie payments, which by the act of 1875 must take place January 1st, 1879. On January 1st, 1876, the total amount of gold and silver in the National Treasury equalled \$79,824,448; on 1st of January, 1877, \$96,517,418; on January 1st, 1878, \$139,518,405; and on the 1st of January, 1879, when specie payments were resumed, \$224,865,477—the accumulation in three years having been \$145,041,029. During the same period the exports of specie over imports amounted to \$13,324,965. Resumption in the United States was accomplished without drawing a dollar from the hoards of the Old World or creating any disturbance in its financial circles or without decreasing its power to consume or its attendant demand for the product of the agricultural and manufacturing industries of our land. No other country in the world could have done likewise, and we alone, through the beneficent aid of our mining industries.

## CHAPTER XLV.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE—HISTORY OF THE ACQUISITION OF TERRITORY—THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE—THE TREATY OF GAUDALUPE HIDALGO—THE CONTEST OVER THE QUESTION OF THE NORTHWESTERN BOUNDARY—"FIFTY-FOUR FORTY OR FIGHT"—THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER BY AN AMERICAN SEA CAPTAIN—OUR TITLE BASED IN PART UPON THAT DISCOVERY—THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE PACIFIC COAST—THE TERRITORIES—THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES—THE SEATS OF WESTERN EMPIRE—LEARNING'S CAPITOL ON THE WESTERN SLOPE—MANIFEST DESTINY OF THE VAST AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

A REMARKABLE train of events, spreading over many years and following each other in due succession, each bearing an important relation to the other as well as the final result, has not only crowned the far West and the Pacific Coast with a veil of romance, but determined the ultimate forces to be directed as by the Hand of Destiny in molding that vast political empire, now forming an integral part of the American Union.

More than a hundred years ago Spain, weakened by her wars and the decrepitude of age, with her vast national power, that once made her the foremost nation of Europe and mistress of land and sea, swept away by adverse tides of fortune, was compelled to relinquish her grasp upon her North Pacific possessions and abandon the military posts she had established in the territory acquired north of the forty-second parallel. The British exploring party under Vancouver had traversed Puget Sound, named after one of his lieutenants, and notwithstanding the treaty between the two countries, had sailed along the coast and laid claim in the name of the British sovereign to many points embraced in Spanish territory. But while the great English explorer was thus engaged in the pleasing occupation of extending British empire beneath the English ensign, with a strong naval fleet, the captain of a small American merchant vessel, with no broad pennant at his topmast, nor cannon to awaken their silent depths, unacquainted with the science of navigation, and ignorant of the great results to be ultimately determined by his act, made a discovery which afterward

proved of significant value in establishing the title of his government to a large and important area of Northwestern territory.

The discovery of a long-sought river of the West, that would open up a communication with Hudson's Bay and the North Atlantic, and which was believed to exist somewhere in that latitude, was one of the primal objects of the English exploring expedition. The adventurous Spaniards had noted the appearance of such a stream, but had not extended a particular observation of any parts of its limits. They had never explored or laid claim to the boundaries of this mystical river. Vancouver in broad daylight sailed past an opening of the coast and pronounced it to be but an inlet into which if a river flowed, it was of no especial prominence. Captain Gray, commander of a Boston merchantman, engaged in the business of collecting sandalwood, shells and other inferior articles of commerce which, together with furs, he exchanged with the Chinese for teas and silks for the Boston trade, in the pursuit of his occupation sailed past that same opening and formed an entirely different opinion from that of the English navigator. It is true discovery of rivers, bays or islands was not the business which engaged his attention. He was a simple merchantman, who was seeking to drive a double trade and obtain thereby double profit on his labor and skill. But Captain Gray nevertheless determined, in his own mind, that this inlet, pronounced of no importance by the English commander in a conversation held by him a few days before on being hailed, was the long-sought stream, and so entered it on his log-book. After sailing along the coast and discovering another bay, which now bears his honored name, he returned to the former inlet, determined to make such an investigation as would end the controversy in his own mind. The weather continuing favorable, he sailed without accident through the Northern Channel, across its dangerous bar, and anchored his vessel twenty miles or more beyond the breakers. Here he went ashore and explored as best he could the land with its mountains and magnificent forests. To the broad stream that emptied into the bay he gave the name of Columbia's River. After remaining a number of days he returned and proceeded northward on his business.

Vancouver, after his talk with the American captain, concluded to return and make a closer observation of the disputed inlets. He directed Lieutenant Means to proceed with his vessel upon this work,

who, on beholding the rough breakers on the bar, concluded to cross them in a ship's launch, with which he entered the river and proceeded to ascend it. When about eighteen or twenty miles within the bar, he beheld at anchor a small English trading vessel, commanded by one of his own countrymen named Baker, after whom the small bay was called. He informed the Lieutenant that, having fallen in with Captain Gray a short time previous, he had by him been informed of his discovery, and he himself had crossed the bar to confirm the discovery by personal observation.

Having explored the river for nearly a hundred miles with the launch, Lieutenant Means turned to his ship and rejoined his commander's squadron, to whom he reported his proceedings. Thereupon, notwithstanding Gray had already discovered and named the river and entered it on his log-book, the English commander claimed for the British nation the discovery of the great river of the West upon the ground that the stream did not commence for some distance beyond Gray's Anchorage. And years later, when the great boundary question between the United States and Great Britain was discussed and finally adjusted, this was the argument resorted to by the latter power to establish its claim. Happily, however, it was of no weight; the question of priority of discovery being granted to America.

England and Spain becoming involved in a controversy over the terms of their late treaty concerning the North Pacific discoveries, and the United States being unable to force its claims against those powers, the vessels of all nations were temporarily withdrawn and the country remained as remote and uninhabited by Europeans as before, save the members of the Northwestern Fur Company.

In the meantime great events were transpiring in the Old World. Great battles were fought and the boundary lines of kingdoms and empires changed by the arbitrament of the sword. With these political changes of European territory were likewise the kingly possessions of the New World. Their titles were parted with as baubles in the hands of their rulers. Louisiana, which at that period embraced all the territory not claimed by Spain west of the sources of the Mississippi, and south of the forty-ninth parallel, had, many years before, in 1762, been ceded by France to Spain. With the guns of Napoleon, France once more, in 1800, became repossessed of Louisiana. The Eagles of Bonaparte had crossed the Julian Alps, fought ten pitched battles in as many

days, thundered at the gates of the Austrian capital and annihilated the Austrian army. Added to the glories of Marengo and Austerlitz were the successes of the Italian campaign, and added to all the splendor of Napoleon's civic reign. But war is costly, and vast military campaigns can not be planned and executed without money in large quantities. In 1803 Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States for \$15,000,000. At that time it embraced nearly all of the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota Territory, Indian Territory, part of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington Territory.

In 1804 the southern portion of this vast region was organized by Congress as the Territory of Orleans, and in 1812, with the addition of certain other territory on the Mississippi River, admitted into the Union as the State of Louisiana.

The early settlement of the Pacific coast was made a few years after the Lewis and Clarke expedition, organized by President Jefferson, pierced the untrodden territory and formed a lodgment on the Pacific. In 1810 John Jacob Astor attempted to establish a settlement in the interest of commerce at the mouth of the Columbia. Congress, doubtless impelled by the knowledge that England proposed to contest the title to a portion of our northwest possessions, acquired by discovery and purchase, and the fact that an American settlement would tend toward a peaceful adjustment of the question, agreed to support and protect such an undertaking. The Northwest Company, jealously watching its opportunity, endeavored to frustrate this movement by establishing themselves a settlement at that point. Overtaken, however, by an accident in the interior, they did not reach the mouth of the Columbia until Astoria had been built and in a condition to defend itself from any encroachments of rights. But a combination of circumstances, embracing the War of 1812, defeated for a while American occupation of the shores of the Pacific. The Northwest Company, through the treachery of Astor's British partners, becoming possessed of his trading posts on the Columbia River, obtained control of the country for trading purposes, and being finally merged in the Hudson's Bay Company retained this control for a period of ten years under the sanction of the treaty of 1818, which left the boundary question in an unsettled condition and permitted the subjects of each country to hunt, fish and trade west of the Rocky Mountains for that length of time.

A diplomatic struggle now began for the settlement of the boundary question. The claim of Great Britain by discovery rested upon a light foundation. It embraced the fact that Sir Thomas Drake had seen the coast in 1580; that Cook had examined it slightly in 1778; and that Vancouver much more thoroughly in 1793. All of these, however, were but re-discoveries. The claim was further based upon the trading posts established in the Oregon country by the fur traders,



RIVAL FUR TRADERS.

but these were matters of private employment for temporary purposes, and no attempt was made at permanent settlement south of latitude forty-nine.

The claim of the United States was based upon the Spanish title acquired through purchase from France, which perhaps alone would not have proved sufficient to establish the validity of the claim. But it was further substantiated by the right of discovery founded upon the voyage of Gray and the expeditions of Lewis and Clarke. On the

strength of Gray's discovery, the United States claimed all the territory drained by the Columbia River. As a question of international law the title thus acquired might not have been tenable. Added to this, however, were the subsequent explorations by land of the Lewis and Clarke expedition, organized by the Government under the immediate direction of President Jefferson, which crossed the Rocky Mountains, struck the southern headwaters of the Columbia, passed down that river to its mouth and fully explored the Oregon country. The British fur traders were not in Government employ, and their explorations were north of latitude 49°, while the expedition of Lewis and Clarke was made under Government authority and covered most of the territory south of 49°. In addition to this was the American claim of settlement. As remarked, in 1811, Astoria was built and captured by the British in the succeeding war, but returned to the United States in 1818. It was, however, abandoned by its private owners. In 1822 and 1827 attempts were made to establish American fur companies, but without success on account of the powerful rivalries of the British companies already firmly established. They opened the way for a more permanent settlement with which the British Government could not compete. This was by immigration, which began in 1832, and had so far increased in 1845 that the American population amounted to more than three thousand settlers, and the occupation of the country was legitimate and complete. All of this chain of title rendered the claim of the United States valid up to latitude 49°.

As shown, the second article of the convention of October 20th, 1818, fixed latitude 49° as the boundary from its intersection with the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. West of the Rocky Mountains, the whole territory, as above stated, was to be open for ten years to the vessels, citizens and subjects of both powers, without prejudice to the claims of either. By the convention of August 6th, 1827, the joint occupation of the Oregon country by Great Britain and the United States was continued indefinitely, with the provision that either party might annul and abrogate it on giving twelve months' notice to the other. As American immigration increased, the perils of the joint occupation increased. Jurisdiction over the citizens of one country could not be exercised by the magistrates of the other, and therefore difficulties originating between the citizens of different nationalities could not be settled in a court of competent jurisdiction.

In 1838 Congress attempted to organize a system of justice in the Oregon country by imitating the British system of erecting forts and providing magistrates for the trial of offenses, without the design of terminating the joint occupancy.

The year following, the settlement of the Northwestern boundary question filled with excitement both countries, and a strong war party originated in the United States who went so far as to insist upon what was known as the Russian boundary of  $54^{\circ} 40'$ . The Shibboleth of this strong war party was "Fifty-four-forty-or-fight."

In this state of national feeling the Democratic National Convention of 1844 assembled and declared for the "re-occupation of Oregon" on the ground of our perfect title to the country. The triumph of the party on this question, and the determined tone of President Polk's message to Congress aroused intense feeling in Great Britain, and preparations were immediately made for war by that power. Action in the United States was likewise taken toward that end by efforts to increase the American navy. This excitement continued in both countries and war became imminent. Finally, as a compromise measure, the British ambassador offered, June 6th, 1846, to accept latitude  $49^{\circ}$  as the boundary to the channel between Vancouver's Island and the main land; thence down the middle of the channel and the strait of Fuca to the Pacific, with free navigation to both parties of the channel and the Columbia. This being submitted to the Senate by the President, that body advised its acceptance, and ratifications were exchanged at London on July 17, 1846, and the Oregon question was finally settled. It is an undoubted fact that the solidity of the American claim to the vast Oregon Territory acquired by the treaty of 1846 was based upon the settlement of the country by American immigration. Between the periods of settlement of the two boundary questions immigration from the Western States flowed into Oregon, and at the time of the ratification of the treaty of 1846 there was an American population of at least 8,000 souls. The Hudson's Bay Company, though still a powerful monopoly, could no longer prevent commerce to the same extent as formerly, and they were compelled, by force of circumstances, to unite with the American settlers in supporting a provisional form of government, modeled after American principles. The constant and imperative demands of this American population undoubtedly forced the American authorities to finally annul the treaty of joint occupancy by

serving the required notice. Year after year they memorialized Congress to extend over them its protecting care and receive them into the bosom of the nation. Finally by and through this settlement of the Oregon pioneers, the United States was enabled to retain the whole of the territory south of the forty-ninth parallel, one of the vast "gardens of the West."

About the time that Oregon clamored for a territorial form of government and arms and soldiers to protect her from savage incursions the United States became involved in warlike difficulty with Mexico. England, anxious to recover in some way a recompense for her lost territory, conceived the idea of seizing California as soon as war should be declared. Our Government, aware of this movement and the knowledge that a British man-of-war had been dispatched to that coast for such a purpose, transmitted secret instructions to the commander of our naval forces on the Pacific, and to Captain Fremont, then engaged in a scientific exploring expedition to California, to unite in preventing such action on the part of the British by seizing California as soon as war was declared. The orders were to wait for the proclamations declaring war between the two nations before seizing it, unless they had reason to fear the British would forestall them. The American commander arrived at Monterey Bay one day before the British admiral had effected a landing and seizure. On the day following, Admiral Seymour, commanding the British man-of-war "Collingswood," arrived, but too late to execute the orders of his Government. California became ours first by seizure and occupation and subsequently by the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. This gave us the entire seaboard from the 49° of latitude to that of 24° 20' latitude, and all of the territory west of Kansas and south of Dakota to the Pacific Ocean not embraced in the Louisiana purchase of 1803.

Beginning with the small and disputed territory on the Pacific coast, through one of the waves of destiny that roll over a nation's history and mold its events, the Mexican War added not alone the star of Texas but the constellation that illumines the Pacific's shore. Far back in the century was the dream of Jefferson, and the footprints of his adventurous pioneers were seen on the sands unwashed by Time. Between the Missouri and the coast lay what our fathers believed to be an impenetrable desert, where dwelt savage tribes feasting on human



ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES AT MONTEREY.



flesh. Through desert and wilderness and gorge and sunless cañon, across mad rivers, leaping wildly over rock and boulder, and thence over the crags of lofty mountains, seeking a passage through their rocky walls to the peaceful waters, crept the adventurous Fremont, son-in-law of the great Missouri senator who, inspired by the heroism of the young explorer and the scientific knowledge unfolded by his exploits, uttered the prophecy in 1844, that the generation then alive would live to behold the Asiatic commerce traverse the North Pacific Ocean, enter the Oregon River, climb the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, issue from its gorges and spread its fertilizing streams over our wide extended Union. That the tranquil surface of the North Pacific Ocean and the vast inclined planes, spreading eastward and westward from the base of the Rocky Mountains, would be swept by the magic vessel and the swift-flying car, and that great city on the Missouri would find herself as near to Canton as she was to London, with a far better and safer route by land and sea to China and Japan than she at that time possessed to France and the British kingdom. Within three-fourths of a century from the day when Lewis and Clarke departed from the little hamlet of St. Louis to open the trail of the white man through the untrodden depths of the mighty and mysterious wilderness, and within a quarter of a century from the hour these prophetic words were uttered, mankind beheld the accomplishment of all these grand works of art, skill and genius. Following the trail of Fremont came the Mormon pioneers fleeing from the cities of civilization to found in the heart of the wilderness "a gem of the mountains"—a great recruiting camp for the hundreds and thousands of goldseekers, who, guided by the hand of destiny, planted the seeds of civilization and laid the foundations of empire on the remote Pacific coast.

Spanish adventurers had long before effected a lodgment upon the coast and sent its cowed and beaded missionaries to sow the seeds of a Christian faith in the savage soil. Around these outposts of Christianity had gathered for three centuries a race of Castilian blood, who feebly tilled the prolific soil and herded their vast bands of cattle on the *haciendas* that stretched from the coast range to the ocean. The adventurer, the idler and the grandee each found his home and occupation amid the life of ease on those silent plains. The vast wealth that lay at their feet was undiscovered. The annals of history contain

nothing surpassing the bold achievements of Hernando Cortez, who, with a handful of brave men, subdued the empire of Mexico. The vast spoil of treasure that fell into the lap of the conqueror he was told came from the far north and west of the capital in whose halls he made his warlike camp. Inspired with the hope of possessing this land of wonderful wealth, whose pearls and precious metals were as the sands of the sea, he dispatched his officers on voyages of discovery. Many were the journeys by land and sea until the year 1534, when Ximenes landed on the peninsula of Lower California. He called it the Isle of Pearls, or the *Islas Carolinas*, which, in the succeeding year was changed to the Islands of California, on the personal visit by Cortez. The voyages of Francisco d'Ulloa, Alarcon, Pedro Cabrillo, and the land expeditions of Coronado and Cabeza de Vaca through the Northern Mexican States, from 1537 to 1544, furnish evidence of the eager search for gold and empire long before Sir Francis Drake landed upon the coast. The missionary explorations of the Spanish friars, Francisco Xavier, Salvatierra and Eusebio Kino, toward the middle of the seventeenth century, resulted in the discovery of a land route to California and the occupation of the country by the missionary priests, whose establishments extended through the greater part of Upper as well as Lower California.

During all these centuries of research by the Spanish explorers in the hot endeavor to discover the precious metals, they lay hidden from their sight, awaiting the hour when, moved by destiny, the Anglo-Saxon should uproot the soil and unfold the vision that, centuries before, had troubled the dreams of the Spanish conqueror. When the starved and dying band of men led by Fremont for the first time crossed the rocky defiles of the Sierras and came down upon the grassy plains of the Sacramento, they fell fainting into the arms of the Swiss settler, John A. Sutter. The armies of Napoleon being scattered, beneath whose silver eagles he had fought, he had wandered by sea to this remote spot, and established a *ranch*o on the banks of the Sacramento River. Here, in his mill race, after the stirring events already recorded which added California to the Union, Marshall, the Mormon soldier, picked up the grain of gold that set the world on fire. From this hour dates the period of its rise and progress. From all parts of the civilized earth came the motley bands of adventurers, who filled its cañons, gulches, hollows and ravines and river beds in

the mad search for sudden wealth. No event in the annals of modern times produced such an immediate and far-reaching beneficial effect upon the commerce of the world, the expansion of territory and extension of civilization as the discovery of the vast gold deposits of California. No human mind can compute the immensity of its results or penetrate the myriad channels of the world's vast highways and marts of trade through which the enormous treasures passed and repassed in a multitude of forms, which have been gathered from the beds of ancient streams, and wrested from the grim old mountains by battles strokes of industry, more powerful than cannon-shot or mortar shell of besieging armies. It can be safely asserted that during the period between the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast to the present time, more than two thousand millions of dollars have been added to the metallic currency of the world by the States and Territories of the Union—the offspring of this first great discovery. Its influence extended far beyond our own limits. It aroused the adventurous spirit of the world. It renewed the wasting energies of helpless races in distant lands. Its inspiration spread throughout the continent of Europe, and toiling thousands from the worn-out workshops of the Old World beheld hope in the distance as they journeyed toward the new El Dorado. Not alone England and Ireland and other parts of the British realm, but Germany, France, Italy and distant Russia poured upon our shores a large proportion of their surplus population. Commerce, the arts, agriculture, manufactures and mechanical skill followed in their train upon the Pacific coast. Mexico, the South American States, and China exported it laborers, and there was work and abundance for all. The area of discovery extended over the whole Pacific slope, and beyond its mountain walls. New States and Territories sprang into existence. Treasures poured in from the Sierras, and from every gulch, ravine, sandbar, bank and bluff throughout the broad expanse of territory thus opened up to the hand of industry by the hand of destiny. The spirit of American progress and American ideas asserted itself in the substantial form of permanent settlement, and towns and cities grew by the side of the golden sandbars. New channels of labor were opened, new demands for capital created, and deserved prosperity crowned their united efforts. A series of political divisions, equal in the aggregate to a third of the continent, arose from out of the dark wilderness, and came within the

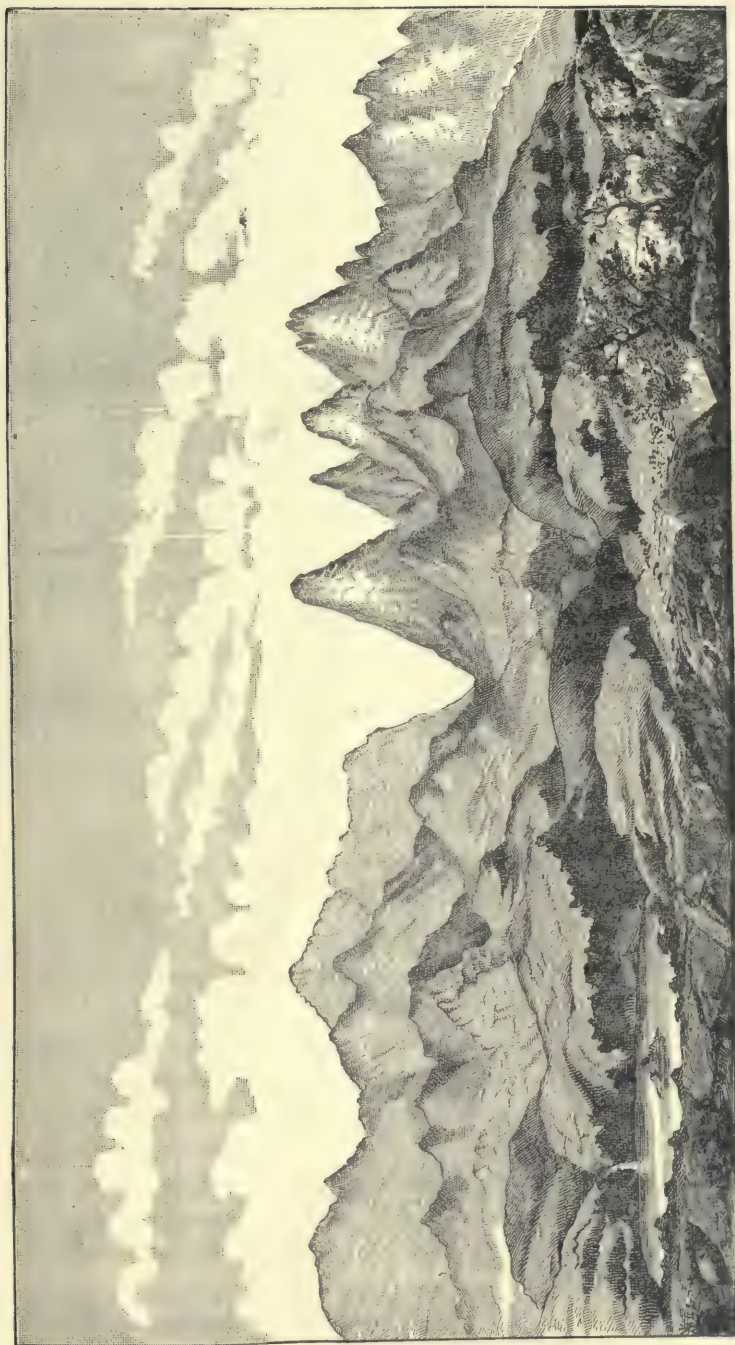
sunlight of civilization and the influence of labor and industry. That which had been but the home of wild beasts and the nomadic savage became the outposts of civilization. With settlements came trade and commerce, and the means of inter and transcontinental communication. Roads were opened; rivers were bridged and telegraph lines erected; stage and express companies established to every mining camp as well as town and city; railroads built, binding ocean to ocean; new branches and fields of labor developed, employing tens of thousands of skilled workmen; millions of acres of wild land reclaimed and cultivated, and a desert wilderness of mountain and plain transformed into a throng of imperial States and Territories, stretching from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. In this vast territory, so recently a wilderness, unknown and unexplored, within a comparatively unimportant period of time there has been developed the most wonderful growth in all the industrial and professional pursuits of civilized man, from the rudest forms of manual labor to the loftiest training of the human mind in the schools of art and science. Here has been laid broad and deep the foundations of social and political society, whose influence has spread beyond the seas. Its ports command the commerce of the Asiatic realm. It has aided most materially in opening up the vast empires of China and Japan to trade and intercourse with the world, and has proved a leaven in molding reforms in the political societies of those ancient and exclusive empires. In California alone the population which in January, 1849, was but 26,000 is to-day 1,500,000, and her annual exports of wheat, flour, wool and wine, to say nothing of her bullion and miscellaneous productions, amount to more than fifty millions. Her corporate dividends are annually above \$30,000,000; her banking capital more than \$150,000,000, and the yearly transactions of her mining stock range from \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000 more. Her hotels, banking houses, commercial chambers and public buildings equal the finest of the Atlantic States or Europe, and her lines of ocean steamers encompass the commerce of the world. With her rolling-mills, manufactories, forges and foundries, her agricultural development and the operation of her mines, with her ship-building and commerce, her railroads and telegraphs, her factories, mercantile and mechanical pursuits, and her vast industries of every degree pouring its wealth into the lap of mankind, we behold her colleges, universities, high schools and system of public instruction

adding the education and refinement of her people to these other brilliant achievements that have crowned her labors with imperishable renown.

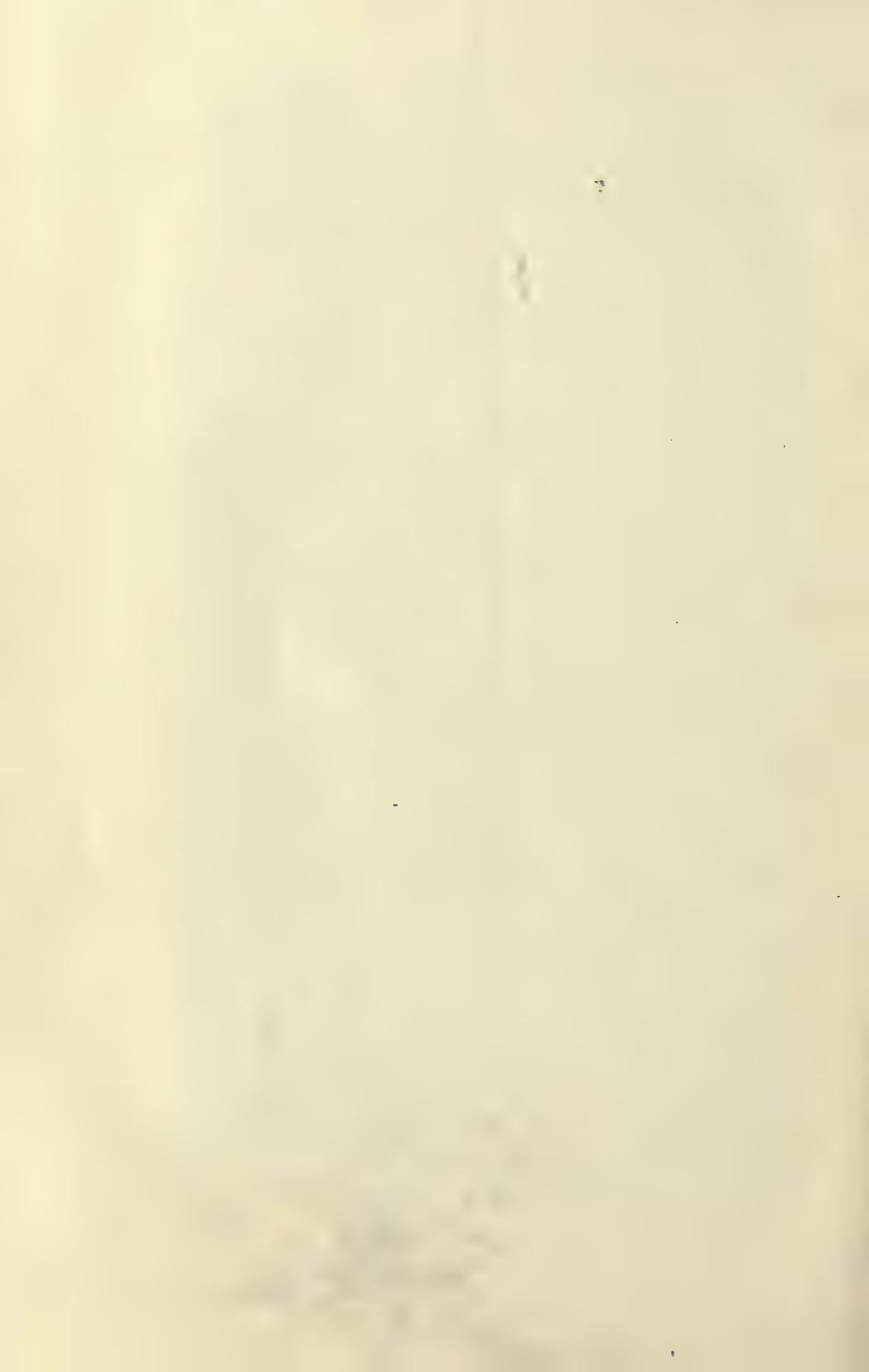
And nowhere in the world is there a broader field for the restless energy of man; nowhere is there a land where man's senses are so quickened and sharpened by contact with the resistless energy and force of humanity which has carved an occidental empire. Nowhere have such conditions appeared which, seized upon by the far-seeing, steel-nerved men of that land of activity, have enabled such colossal fortunes to be builded in a year, a month, a week, a day. To some fortune has not come by sudden movement upon the chess-board of life's great game of chance, but by gradual accumulation and severe thought and labor. Many who have accumulated a moderate fortune in the varied pursuits of life have, with a sudden impulse, drifted into the stock market and become great millionaires in an incredibly short period of time. Still they were, first of all, educated to the business. They have labored incessantly, worked in the levels, crawled through tunnels, dropped down shafts and for years lived the life of a slave. Suddenly they have appeared upon the stock boards and cleared five millions in a single deal in Ophir or Yellow Jacket. One man possessing this knowledge has stood alone, with the courage of a Marlborough, contending with all the dealers on the Pacific coast and the Bank of California, and outwitting them all, has broken the bank and gathered immense wealth. And yet such is the recuperative vitality of that business sphere, the self-same bank which had closed its doors with a debt of \$14,000,000 has, within a few years, paid every cent of the incubus and elevated its stock to double its former value. But greater than the mining millionaires are those who have built and operated the railroads. While the wealth of Baldwin, and Fair, and Flood, and O'Brien and Mackey will reach the colossal sum of \$60,000,000 in the aggregate, the accumulation of the railroad men go far beyond that lofty sum. The estate of Mrs. Mark Hopkins is estimated at more than \$30,000,000; that of Crocker at \$40,000,000, and that of Leland Stanford, the president of the Central Pacific Road and the present United States senator from California, at \$50,000,000. Besides these great representative estates are countless others, diminutive compared with those of the leaders, and San Francisco, the city of the Golden Gate, is the gateway to such golden deposits, such fabulous individual

wealth as make it the richest city in the world commensurate with its population. All that might be curiously stated of the mountains of gold that lie hidden within the vaults of the imperial Pacific city would be but a vague outline of the real facts, a mere shadow of the positive substance, a dream, of the wonderful fictions of Aladdin's lamp.

What California has accomplished by the conjunction of affairs, formed by the hand of destiny, awaits in greater or less degree the larger area of territory surrounding it. Time will unfold its resources. Excellence crown its efforts. The grandest possibilities lie within its reach. Destiny itself is within its control. From chaos it has already reached the paths of industrial glory, and ere long it will spring, in the strength and beauty of its morning life, into greater States of the Union, sharing its common blessings as well as its national strength and renown. Education will lie at the very base of its foundations. Education in all the mechanical arts and sciences; in all the branches of its varied industries; in each motor and valve of labor; in its mountain and fallow land; in the product of the mine as well as the mill; in the form and shape of its social structure; in its schools and institutions of learning; in the embellishments and ornamentation of society; in the cultivation of the soil as well as the observation of the stars; in the laying of the rail and the building of its cities, and in the teaching of the press as well as the pulpit—for nowhere has the press made more advancement than on the Pacific coast. It has proven the herald of the new age of progress. Its power was prophesied in the far past. More than 3,000 years ago one of the grand old seers spoke of the "living spirit of the wheels." Was it "the living spirit" applying the forces of nature to the wheel of art and industry—driving the ship across the seas and the car over the land and through the heavens on the pinions of light, or was it the civilizing, Christianizing, educating press of America, thrown off by the cylinder wheel? Let the modern seer tell. Nowhere has such an an originality of thought and ideas held such supreme sway as on the Pacific coast and in the Territories. It has been the pioneer educator of the wilderness, and it has embodied the most original and prolific thought from the most original of men—they who have gathered their inspiration from nature, the grandest of all founts. Nowhere in the world has there arisen to delight and inspire mankind with thoughts of sublimity as the race of men who have embellished the literature of the



FREMONT'S PEAK.



far West. No *El Dorado* of the earth ever gathered together such an array of genius from the old schools and educational haunts of the civilized and refined East as are to be found in the mining camps of the great mineral belt of the West. The change from the sober, staid, quiet days of the East to the wild and adventurous life in the West, added a robustness of expression and a depth of thought totally unknown in their former abode to the educated drifts of their mind. It was a union of art and nature. I have seen men driving stage coaches and jotting down thoughts in their mind for subsequent expression that thrilled the reader in distant lands. In a little packet of papers, carefully folded away from the sight of men, was a degree of master of arts, gained by actual labor in the classics and sciences. I have seen a man in a gray flannel shirt, with a broad *sombrero* on his head, drive into Salt Lake City a band of California horses and, after placing them in the corral, sit on the porch of the hotel and discourse upon the hervas of Homer, and afterward charm the ladies at a governor's reception by the music of his voice and the polite gentility of his manners. He had been a professor of languages at a leading university of one of the Western States. I have sat down by the side of a prospecting hole beneath the shadow of Fremont's Peak and listened to a profound discourse upon the science of metallurgy by a man who had been digging all day in the sand and gravel. He was a learned physician of wealth who, from love of nature's solitudes, had sought a home in the mountains. Instances might be multiplied. These were but the representatives of that class. The physical aspect of the country operated upon their cultured minds. The lofty mountains whose serrated domes had resisted the lightning stroke, the illimitable stretch of plain, the deep valleys of verdure, where roll the mountain torrent, the dark forests of fir and pine, over whose solitudes upon the hills of gold and purple of the heavens rest with the descending glories of the sun—all are filled with the rapture of an ecstasy that enlivens the human mind far beyond its richest expectations. It broadens and deepens with the current of thought and emotion, and the still waters are upmoved by the mysterious forces that lie within the soul of man. Thought springs into action and man becomes a hero through the indwellings of his dormant nature, aroused by the grand influences of his mighty surroundings.

Such is the race of men who are laying the foundations of empire in the wilderness. The Napoleon of industry who smites the rugged

mountain to gain its hidden wealth, who turns the water course of rivers, who builds cities of civilization within the trackless wastes and rears an imperial state from the rude elements of labor and society is likewise laying the foundation of a great commonwealth of learning and education that will some day shine above the world of literature with greater luster than the evening planet which casts its scintillating rays over the lone miner's camp amid the foothills of the rocky Sierras. And these elements are perpetual and imperishable. I have somewhere read a reverie on the everlasting indestructibility of gold. That the acids which burn into the vitality of all else, roll harmless from its polished surface. While air and water decay all baser metals, to gold they are innocuous. Bury it through long ages in the bosom of the earth, and when the rude tool of the excavator again brings it to light, while everything around it and originally associated with it has returned to dust from which it sprang; while the delicate form which it adorned has become an inappreciable, impalpable powder; while the strong bone of the mighty warrior who smote his way, sword in hand, through serried legions, crumbles as you gaze upon it, and his trusty sword lies a mass of shale rust, the delicate tracery of gold which adorned it, or the finely-wrought tiara which encircled the brow of his queen, is there in its pristine beauty, perfect as when it left the workman's hands and became the pride and joy of her fleeting years. Yea, days, years, centuries have rolled by; mighty empires risen and fallen; dynasties that dreamed their power should be everlasting have passed away; armies that marched and conquered have become nerveless with the death of age; cities teeming with population and commerce have become the dwelling-places of owls and bats; the very pyramids themselves, raised in the pride and power of the ancient Egyptian kings, and destined to linger forever upon the wave of time, have been seared and marked by its avenging hand and made ready to crumble when its gnawing tooth shall have performed its perfect work; and yet the thin filament and delicate tracery of gold have stood unchanged through all the ages—with their mighty work of transmutation—as fair and beautiful as when, three thousand years ago, they adorned the queenly Athenian brow or the ruler of the ancient cities of the plain, or by the sea of Tiberias, the Mediterranean or Euphrates.

But more imperishable than silver, more indestructible than gold, is the Hand of Destiny and the Spirit of Progress, that leads

triumphant the nations of the earth in the subjugation of nature and the upbuilding of empires. It rises above the empire that it builds; above the kings that rule and moulder; above armies that march and conquer, and cities that teem with people, beside the rivers of the earth. It is the spiritual force that survives the wreck of matter crumbled by the tread of time. It is co-existent with the forces of nature, and lives when the rocks and mountains and pyramids have crumbled into soil for the myriad generations that follow in the divine order of their being. Societies will come and go. Kingdoms and nations may rise and fall, but the Hand of Destiny will continue to mould and fashion the rude forces of nature into the imperial forms of State and Empire. It will lead the newborn generations into paths of high endeavor, as they appear and disappear in the order of their existence. The goal of yesterday will be the starting point of to-morrow. The wisdom of one era will be grander the next. The living movement of one age will be transferred to another. The wheels of nature roll not backward, all things move with the spirit of progression. It is the imperishable law of the universe. From the birth of time its impetuous current has rolled on toward the interminable ocean into which the spoils of earth are gathered. Such has been the history of all the ages, all lands and nations, the world, old and new; and here at length, within the borders of our own land, the course of empire takes its way, moved by the Hand of Destiny, operating upon the wonderful forces of nature in countless ways, to create the fairest and mightiest realm of all the ages; "a land of liberty and law, the home of the world, the refuge of mankind, at whose feet are laid the scepters of the earth, to choose where she would reign — Time's noblest offspring."



